

AT THE GATES OF THE EAST ·



Photo. Kaiser & Pinner, Cairo

CAIRO, MOSQUE OF KALL BLY

AT THE GATES OF THE EAST: A BOOK OF TRAVEL AMONG HISTORIC WONDERLANDS

By

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(TRIN. COLL., DUBLIN)

HIS MAJESTY'S INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE

WITH 33 ILLUSTRATIONS

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THESE LETTERS

WHICH ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN "THE
TIMES OF INDIA" ARE NOW INSCRIBED TO

The Austrian-Lloyd Steam Navigation Co.

TRIESTE

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE COMFORT AND
COURTESY EXPERIENCED IN THEIR STEAMERS

DURING THESE WANDERINGS IN THE

DELIGHTFUL BYWAYS OF

THE LEVANT.

J. P. B.

Bombay 1906.

PREFACE

THE present volume has little pretensions as a guide-book—though it will be found useful in that way—still less as a magazine of dry informational lumber—though incidental matters of fact will, it is thought, merit the compliment of acceptance for their accuracy. It is merely a collection of impressions not derived from reading but gathered at first hand, set forth with sincerity, and not manufactured for the market. It may answer some useful purpose if it illustrates the unregarded truism that, mere movement is not travel, that sight-seeing is one thing and the appreciative sense of what is seen another, for something more is wanted in a wanderer than a pair of eyes and an unclouded retina.

Travel is an Art, and as such is teachable, supposing the temperamental aptitudes to be propitious. Without a large capacity of response in the emotions, historic wonderlands are likely to produce no deeper moods than the dumb show of an itinerant diorama. For a traveller, in very truth, is born—not made.

But the book, should it meet with any favour, may do good in a practical way, if it weans the wearied, the plethorous and the valetudinarian from the Cult of the Spas. These journeys, though a continuous festival of delight, were primarily undertaken in quest of the health which we Anglo-Indians are daily sacrificing on the

blazing altars of the tropics. Speaking as a doctor who has been the round, I can truly say it were a thousand times better for their health and spirits if the crowds of ailing people who now follow fashion blindly would break away from the nausea, the tyranny, and the not infrequent disaster of the "health-resorts" with their obligatory after-cures, and betake themselves instead to the best of all restoratives—

TRAVEL!

especially in that unspoilt, little known region, where the world's oldest civilisations are contiguous—

"AT THE GATES OF THE EAST."

INTRODUCTORY NOTE ON THE ROUTE

THE ground comprised in these letters was covered in separate circular tours: Dalmatia and its Balkan Hinterland in the spring; Greece and Constantinople in the autumn. A traveller from Western Europe will find Trieste the most favourable port to start from, unless one happens to be in Southern Italy, when Brindisi is, of course, the nearest point to Corfu and Greece. As Innsbruck (Hôtel Tiröl) had been our winter quarters, I began my tour from there on the break up of winter, going first to Vienna (Hôtel Sacher), then to Budapest (Hôtel Continental—not so swagger as the Hungarian, but most comfortable, and full of those interesting representative people whom I always try to meet and mix with: the comfortable middle class). From there to Fiume for Abbazia on the Gulf of Quarnëro (Hôtel Stêphanie or Quarnëro); thence rail to Trieste (Hôtel de Lorme), having previously ascertained when the weekly steamer sails for Dalmatian ports (head office of the Austrian-Lloyd Co., Trieste). The steamer stops at Pola, Lussin Piccolo, Zara, Sebenico, Traù, Spalato (Hôtel Troccöli). Change at Spalato on Saturday night into the goods (*mercè*) steamer for the Dalmatian Islands, when you will touch at twelve small towns out on the

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

wild wastes of the Adriatic. If rest is what you seek, away from the hubbub of the world, try a week on this oceanic solitude in the pleasant sanitorium of Lesina, with its fine Venetian loggia. It might well have been one of the marine villas of the Doge. Halting at Gravosa on Monday night, you disembark for Ragusa (Hôtel Imperial); stay until you sail on Friday, 8 A.M., for Cattaro, which is reached in three hours. Having arranged by wire from Ragusa for a carriage to be in waiting, drive direct from Cattaro into Montenegro (Cettinje—Grand Hotel), where you arrive the same night. You have now three days for seeing Cettinje, Rieka, Lake Scutari and Scutari town in Turkish Albania, as you must catch once more, on Monday night, the Austrian-Lloyd coasting steamer at San Giovanni di Medua (Turkish)—a man- and God-forsaken hole. You do this by descending the river Boiana that separates Montenegro from Albania, right down to the Adriatic. Your steamer stops at all Albanian ports, and reaches Corfu in time to transfer to the quick service, Trieste—Constantinople.

I went no farther than Corfu on my first tour. From there I retraced part of my route up to Ragusa, where at last you have done with the sea, and where, however often you land, there is an irresistible freshness about the charms of this sweet spot—religious, national, artistic, architectural—as if you were the spectator of some unending medieval grand opera. Here you take train for the Dalmatian Hinterland, Herzegovina, Bosnia, Croatia, and finish your trip—should it so please you—as I did, in Innsbrück, *via* Steinbrück and Laibach. *Vide* letter on Ways and Means, page 254.

THE AUTUMN TOUR

•TRIESTE—CONSTANTINOPLE—GREECE

Although spring is the best season for travel in Eastern Europe, autumn has the advantage of showing, especially at Patras, the riotous profusion of the grapes, and the exquisite flavour of the choicer kinds for table. The harvesting of the olives is also worth seeing.

The quick boat from Trieste to Constantinople halts at Corfù, and, after rounding the Morea, touches at Piræus, and then goes straight on to Constantinople. The return boat lands you at Piræus, where you entrain for Athens, and arrive in half-an-hour. The best hotels are the Grande Bretagne and the Angletterre. At Cook's office you can arrange a tour over any part of Greece.

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"I confess that to my mind an obviously sincere record of impressions, however one-sided they may be, is infinitely refreshing, as revealing at least the honesty of the writer." -LESLIE STEPHEN.

"We are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision." -EMERSON.

"Refinement creates beauty everywhere ; it is the grossness of the spectator that discovers nothing but grossness in the object." -HAZLITT.

CAPITALS OF EASTERN EUROPE

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1955

AT THE GATES OF THE EAST

ATHENS

I

It is best to approach the sights of Greece in a frame of benovolent neutrality. The man of extreme views, either way, who has "made up his mind," will meet with many a jar to upset his preconceptions, to acidulate his likings, and, in a great measure, to spoil his trip. People usually come here either in the cheerful glow of prepossessions with souls aflame under the exaltation of historic enchantments, or, remembering the old gibes about *Græculus æsuriens* and *Græcia mendax*, wrap themselves up in the obstinacy of prejudice and in the midst of that wondrous spectacle—the Parthenon by moonlight—see nothing but the marvel how patriotism so sublime, how genius so resplendent, could be mated with souls blackened by the meanest of the passions—suspicion, jealousy, avarice, falsehood, ingratitude, idleness—for the Greeks saw no dignity in labour, and only their helots worked. But the traveller will do well to possess his soul in patience and lean to neither side. If you cannot help remembering how the Athenians charged such a man as Pericles with theft and fined him to the tune of over £12,000; that they accused Phidias, the master sculptor of the ages, of embezzling the moneys voted for the statuary of the Parthenon, and treated him as a common thief; that they broke the great heart of Socrates before the

hemlock passed his lips; that, to their imperishable shame, bits of the sherds are still extant with the names of the greatest men in Attica whom they doomed to ostracism: it is just as well to remember also, as a set-off, the merits of this democracy which gave us such names as Marathon and Salamis; the Periclean poets and artists; the architectural and sculptured wonders all over the land; the character and daring that founded from row-boats, triremes, and 10-ton ships the colonies of the Hellespont, Ionia, and Magna Græcia; the culture that has spread through all the world from the philosophic groups that followed Plato by the Cephissus, up and down the olive groves of the Academy. Indifference is of course a mood beyond the temper of any cultivated traveller. But in the midst of so much material to interest you even where it occasionally repels, it will be well to exercise your faculty of detachment. The tremulous shuttle of your thoughts before you land will probably move somewhat in this strain: "There must be some strange charm about this morsel of mountainous peninsula—(no part of Greece is forty miles from sea)—with its poor stony soil to have been selected, in the decrees of fate, to be the 'rugged nurse of liberty,' where Athens became the school of Greece, and Greece became the University—*prima primaria*—of the thought and general culture of the world. I want, therefore, to see Greece as it verily is, the Greece, alas! of the decline and fall, but still the immortal mother of the Arts and the Philosophies, in order to discern whatever of sorcery there may be in, perhaps, its climate, its conformation, its present day people, the routine of its market-places, the spirit of a future resurrection that haply survives the overthrow of its great past. I must not let the glamour of antiquity mar the impressions offered to me from the surface life of actuality. I wish to forget a little,—hard as the task is—all about the poets, orators, warriors, artists, athletes with their

res gestae, who in the long ago made Greece one vast shrine, with its inner priesthood in the plain of Attica and its leading altar in the keep of Athens, ay, in the very cella of the Parthenon, whither for some twenty-five centuries all that is noblest in humanity have turned for inspiration and courage and the serene assurance of an unconquerable hope.

There is much, and more than much, to fascinate the traveller in the sea and landscapes through which you move in the interior. There are scenes of utter loveliness never to be forgotten almost all the way from Athens to Patras. The train bears you along the rocky shore past Eleusis, with your eyes upon the Sacred Way and your fancy busy with the torchlight crowds that came thronging over the Pass of Daphni, a procession twelve miles long from Athens, for the celebration of the Eleusinian Mysteries. Then comes Megara, hardy mother of colonies, with its twin hills and its handsome faces, and so on to Corinth, where from its commanding Acropolis—the Acro-Corinth—you have a feast of scenic splendour possibly unequalled, assuredly unsurpassed. There across the Gulf rises above the ruined shrines of Delphi the snowy form of Parnassus, flanked by Helicon and Cithæron among the massive ranges of the northern hills. To your left are the Ionian islands, with Salamis and Ægina on your right. Where will you find so brave a conjunction of alps and bays and islands, framed in one vast picture by the glittering arms of the open sea? But along the external perimeter of Greece there is little to satisfy the eye or take captive the imagination. It is mostly barren-looking rock with very few serrated peaks rising as spires do from natural cathedrals. Here and there are inlets of the sea, range on range of lowly mountain, scheme on scheme of broken curves. But what a wondrous medium! See how all this commonplace material is transformed, glorified, spiritualised, you may truly say, magnetised, by the eerie qualities of its atmos-

phere. There is a sleepy shimmer in the haze of light, an iridescence of a thousand, not aggressive but suggested, hues, as if the rainbows, unwilling to surrender all the glories of their prismatic individuality, had distilled themselves into a single nuance of colour, and clothed therewith as in a compensating raiment these uninteresting hills. Who knows whether it may not be with some such ritual that the anima of the Muses and the Graces became corporeal in the skies of Greece? Call it only haze, if you will, for such is the poverty of human language there is no nearer name to give it, but it is the haze that resembles the nimbus round a sanctuary. It is in such an ether that Shakespeare must have conceived the birthplace of the fairies and of their merry godmother, Queen Mab. The hazes of the Alps, that bring the influences of poppy land and lotus into those strenuous climes, are very beautiful. But these marine effects in the firmament of Greece have the thrall of an incantation. They seem to lift you upwards and bear you along out of the current of your earthly consciousness into the presence-chamber of the Hereafter, that insubstantial world where the reverent spirit is made free of the illustrious Captains of Humanity, and you seem to recognise their faces with a familiarity that is too sweet for dreams.

The Athens of the present is a triumph of sentiment over utilitarianism. It is not designed by nature as an emporium of trade. Piræus, its busy little port, and the sands of Phalæron Bay are some five miles distant. The poverty of Attica, always notable, reveals itself to the naked eye. It must have had woods, for the poets speak of the charcoal-burners. It must have been rich in olives—the gift of the divine Athene—but though there are olives still, you look in vain for a single specimen of those gnarled and twisted veterans that in whole plantations cover the central valley of Corfu. Its water-supply is scant, and its quality held in general suspicion.

If you are prudent you will drink the water bottled in the island of Andros, which also sends the best servants to Greece. The two rivers, Cephissus and Ilissus, are mostly represented by dry beds, and only a Greek imagination can discern water in the famous spring of Callirrhoe. No industrial life is possible without abundant water, and yet Athens, such is the vitality of national sentiment, from a slum of some 300 hovels has expanded in 70 years into a city of over 100,000 people, with a plentiful display of marble mansions and public buildings, and also, from the nature of things, a plentiful dearth of shady boulevards and parks. As an indication of effort the small public garden is praiseworthy. It does its best. Had the Greeks only looked to material interests they would have found perhaps a more remunerative capital near the isthmus, at Corinth, let us say, or Megara; but no consideration would suffer them to break away from the citadel that holds the best traditions of their country, and so travellers from all the earth can flock to Athens for refreshment for their souls without sacrificing any of those comforts which civilisation takes for granted as indispensable for their bodies.

The Plain of Attica, as visible from Athens, is only about 14 miles long and 3 miles across. Though the *coup d'œil* is flat, it is really a shallow concave with its easy eastern slopes taken up with the modern city. The pits which you see cut here and there in the bed of the valley reveal great depths of reddish clay, which only seems to need the fertilising touch of water to grow anything. This is the very clay that formed the exquisite Attic Amphoræ—red figures on a black ground—in which the old Pinacothek in Munich is particularly rich. The barrenness of Attica would seem to lie not in its soil so much as in the reluctant clouds that will not break over it. Figs and olives prosper, and latterly so do vines. But the whirlwinds of dust that make Athens

the dustiest spot in Europe, and the anæmic droop of the frowsy roadside trees, sufficiently attest the struggle for sap that every green thing in nature has to undergo for a stunted existence.

The population of Greece to-day is much the same as it was at its apogee under Pericles. 446 B.C.—that is to say, about two million citizens, not including the million slaves. Is it not an amazing fact that Attica in the height of her prosperity and glory had only some 150,000 freemen, all told, and Athens only 30,000 adult citizens? Yet from this insignificant muster sprang the statesmen, orators, poets, artists, fighters, historians, physicians, and philosophers who have made her name immortal, the bond and symbol to this day of the highest culture attainable by mankind. Almost everything for which the world has to look up to Greece as to a mother, from Marathon to Aristotle, was produced in 150 years, and the very best of this appeared during the executive life of a single patriot, Pericles. Considering the shortness of the period of evolution, the paucity of population and the stage which human progress had at that time reached, there is nothing comparable with this meteoric outburst of genius. It was no graduated rise. Greece had no models to work from. The birth of her greatness was intrinsic, not led up to from without: she was her own creator. It was an instantaneous effulgence, and the auroral light then born still streams down into the studio of the humblest craftsman, dignifying his labours, for he knows it has given an undying majesty to art. Whither could the Greeks have gone for inspiration? To Egypt? But the African artists were first and foremost engineers. You are overpowered by the massiveness of their employments. You are struck dumb with the immensity of their powers. They only dealt in monoliths. They gloried in pyramidal masterpieces. Theirs is the apotheosis of the gigantic, but their art, like their hieroglyphics, was restricted to the rigidity of straight lines and angles. I am unable to recall a single curve

in the monumental masonry of Lower Egypt. The art of the Greeks on the contrary is essentially curvilinear. You have only to cast a glance at the Parthenon to understand. What conception does a pillar give you in its long axis, or the steps that lead up to a church? Is it not flatness and a mathematical evenness of line? But this is not the Greek idea. They tell you, not in empty postulates of paradox, but in the irrefutable paradoxes of their models, that if you want your straight lines graceful you must mould them into curves. The Parthenon columns do not rise in a straight line from base to capital. They seem to do so, and so far they mock while they charm the eye. Scan them closely and you will discern the delicate outline of a convex wave. Nothing brings the spectator so close up to the soul of beauty, nor bears him with such fascination into the glowing sanctuary of the artist's thought, as the gift of insight into unobtrusive effects that, to the neophyte, seem so trivial. But it is these very trifles that, in the aggregate, separate the journeyman from the master and achieve, by their finish, perfection for the work. And so again before entering the temple you will pause, and stooping throw your eye along the length of the steps that seem so level, for lo! do you not see the horizontal line is broken by an almost phantom slenderness of upward curve. Thus the Egyptian majesty of mass gave place to the Athenian majesty of grace, and flowing curves have ever since dominated the art sense of the world.

No wonder the Greeks loved curves. From the hour they were born their eyes rested on no other forms in nature. There is not a violent angular effect perceptible in the entire vale of Attica. It is itself a scheme of curves sloping up on either side from the central bed of the Cephissus which splits it like a keel. The ancient harbours of Piræus are nearly perfect circles. The bay of Pnyx is round. Eleusis Bay, which every Athenian had good reason to know by heart, is a circular water. The Pass of Daphni is a gentle convex ridge.

"The white mound of Colonus where
Nightingales of a choice repair,"

celebrated by Sophocles in the *Œdipus*, is only a bulging convexity of rock near the site of the Academy. The prehistoric plateau of the Pnyx is arched, the centre for the ecclesiæ or general assemblies. The Areopagus, on which you look down from the porticos of the Acropolis is only an oval wen of rock from which at one point a few immense blocks, rent as by an earthquake, have tumbled into a gloomy dank recess which the Athenians, unaccustomed to these Lilliputian precipices, promptly devoted to the Furies. Though the hill of Lycabettus is a cone it is approached by sweeping curves and has no abrupt effects. It would, therefore, have been in the fitness of things if modern Athens had been laid out with some regard to this *genius loci*. The designer was a German, and so the geometrical disposition is dominant in stiff lines and stiffer angles like the newest Western town. Though modern Greek is a patois, and Æschylus would be unintelligible to a Greek audience now, there is something curious and stimulating, and indeed disconcerting, like a voice from the dead, in the sight of the street names in ancient characters and the startling oddness of the pronunciation. Concord Square is "Plateia tes omonoiias." There is, of course, Mercury Street, Æolus Street, Stadium Street, with Christian reminders in the street of the Apostle Paul. But what a shock to hear our old school friend Alcibiades metamorphosed into "Alkibiades," with the accent on the "a," and so of Miltiades, &c. Euripides is called "Evripeedes," and Thucydides, "Thukideedas."

You remember Byron's passionate reproach in *The Isles of Greece*—

"You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?"



ATHENS: THE ARLOU VOTIS
Temple of Theseus, view to the Rocks.

After many inquiries I never met a Greek who could tell me what the Pyrrhic dance is like. Can a national footstep become silently extinct in two or three generations? Whatever it was, its mention leaves the present day patriot's blood unwarmed. One would like to feel that, at least on festive occasions, the people of Athens for old sake's sake would be proud to array themselves in the peplum, the chiton, and the chlamys. For the stranger who hopes to see some national suggestiveness in the general attire, Athens might just as well be in provincial England. The only citizen I saw in kilt or fustanella was a soldier, and of course he had to wear it. There is no spontaneous adoption of the picturesque garb. From the Philhellenist point of view perhaps it does not matter, for the fustanella is an Albanian fashion which would probably shock what was left of the modesty of Helen, besides driving Agamemnon wild. One likes to think that some of the people with whom you exchange glances of curiosity in the street are lineal descendants of Miltiades, Themistocles, or that splendid Theban Epaminondas, but if you go back to the death trance of the dark ages and the story of the irruptions of the Northern Balkan tribes, no fairy tales will convince you that there is a tolerably pure-blooded Greek of the heroic age alive.

It is a noteworthy fact that in Greece alone of all the lands in Europe the Jews have made no way. I was told there were none in Athens. In such a democratic country this is not the result of sectarian hate. It seems to be a tribute at once to the thrift and keenness at a bargain of the modern Greek, who, unlike his progenitors, stoops to work, undercuts the Jew, and prospers.

It is a fine trait, which it is a pleasure to chronicle, that neither in Athens nor in the wilds of the Peloponnesus was there any molestation from beggars. The very children seem to have in this matter at all events an instinct of self-respect. There is no doubt about the

intensity of national sentiment. Even Greeks whose business keeps them in foreign lands are mindful of their country with lavish gifts. At the present moment the entire stadium is being rebuilt in Pentelic marble by a Greek gentleman of Alexandria at a cost of $1\frac{1}{2}$ million francs.

In one particular the modern Greek is own brother of the men of the old democracy. In spite of all that can be favourably said, there is still too much of the "idleness of the market-place." Go into Constitution Square and join the crowd in the café over their *petit verre* of Koniak (Cognac) or Mastich, wasting their nervous sap in passionate discussion over the paltriest dregs of journalism. In one sense Greeks should make the cleverest reporters in the world, they have such an eye for happenings, but their want of the faculty of discrimination would make them useless to a newspaper. People to whom "news" is as the breath of their nostrils are apt to miss the sense of its relative importance. Their inveterate capacity for gossip makes it not improbable that an Athenian baby's first ejaculation properly understood is, "Whatever is the matter? Isn't there any news?" and when it gets querulous from teething or too much loukoumi it is put to sleep, not with dill-water, but a draught of the news of the day. One is apt to wonder whether mothers are as proud of having brought a male child into the world as of having provided their Deme with an item of news.

When you learn for the first time that the old sculptors, both in Greece and Egypt, painted their works, you are apt to shudder and deplore what seems so obvious a solecism. That the coarse drab stone out of which they carved the Sphinx should be the better for a brushful of colour is neither here nor there. The solution of, woad that is still visible in faded patches on the folds of the head-cloth, is a curiosity, not a discord. But that the walls, friezes, pedimental sculptures, and tym-



EDITH (18) STAY

panum of the world's masterpiece should have had their marbles painted too, sounds something like a sacrilege. It seems against the very genius of the cold chastity of marble to make it garish with the rainbows of the courtesan. And yet, as might be expected, the Greek school were right. Let any sceptic betake himself to the Boulevard of the University and examine the effects on the handsome building of the Academy of Science. It is of classic design, with Ionic colonnades and statuary all of pure Pentelic marble. It is a little gem. The stone is not overlaid, but picked out with colour decoration. The curves of the volutes and the fillets between the flutings are outlined in gold. There are bright cheerful blues and reds, so effectively bestowed on the sunken panels of the ceiling and the ornaments of the frieze, as not to obscure but to throw up the marble. Whatever the purists of a coterie may think about it, the average art-lover, for whom after all the arts exist, will carry away with him from these marbles memories of a keen delight.

But *paulo minora canamus*. A word about some of the humdrum tritles of life, an asset of the breakfast table, say, honey. Mount Hymettus—that ridge that plunges into the Ægean along the south-east boundary of Attica—was famous for its honey. Distrustful of the produce served up in the hotel, an Athenian gentleman was kind enough to procure some for me fresh from the comb. An epicure would pronounce it disappointing. Of a brown sherry colour, its density and stickiness scarcely make it an agreeable sweetmeat for rounding off a meal, but the flavour remains what it always was, redolent of thyme. This seems to be the only plant to suit the taste of bees that forgather on Hymettus. As the old Greeks had no sugar, it is no wonder that the praise of honey should pervade their songs. Hymettus looks bare enough as seen from Athens, but its eastern

slopes are fertile and produce famous figs. The honey of Laconia, derived from flowers in the Peloponnesian highlands, is thinner, clearer, of a more golden hue and finer flavour than the honey of Attica. It is a blend of many flowers from a higher altitude, whereas the little Attic husbandmen mostly regale on thyme. But no Greek honey can match the luxury you get among the Sennereien of the higher Alps. The flowers that thrive along the meridian of the snows offer the most delicate pasture for fastidious bees. But for a single-flower honey, there is nothing like that distilled from the hedgerows of rosemary in Lesina, among the Dalmatian islands, one of the most restful spots on the face of the earth. The sophistication of honey seems to be carried on unabashed in factories. Possibly the stuff is only golden syrup put through the mill with a percentage of comb to give it a bouquet. It is nectar and ambrosia to the holiday tourists, who consume it in enormous quantities without being a penny the wiser, and probably not a ha'porth the worse.

ATHENS

II

Books cannot impart so vivid an insight into the psychology of the Greek character, its deeps, shallows, cross-currents, its storms of explosive effervescence, its wayward childish obstinacy, but, in spite of all, its fervent soulfulness, as even a cursory tour in Greece. To behold the configuration of the land is itself a source of illumination. Who has not felt the difficulty of understanding from mere reading how, in so small a country, people who are, as it were, next door neighbours should show such a line of cleavage in temperament and ideals? Until you have looked upon the lie of the land, you think with bewilderment of Bœotia, which is about the size of an English county, having had eight independent city states. Medieval Italy, singular in the modern world for the multiplication of urban independencies, was a somewhat shadowy replica of Greece. If there is analogy there is no real resemblance, because despotism and freedom do not belong to the same plane. The perusal of Greek books which appeal so potently to the imagination leaves behind wrong perspectives of distance, and the understanding is perplexed. This is the reason that, although it is impossible—because we owe so much to Attica—to look upon Athenian foibles except good-naturedly, one is amazed at the success of their “cheek” in handing down the Bœotian brain as symbolic of stupidity. They put out of sight the fact that the impoverished vale of Attica, and its mountain boundaries of Parnes, Pentelicon, and Hymettus are not fit to be compared in beauty and fertility with the gardens of Bœotia, guarded

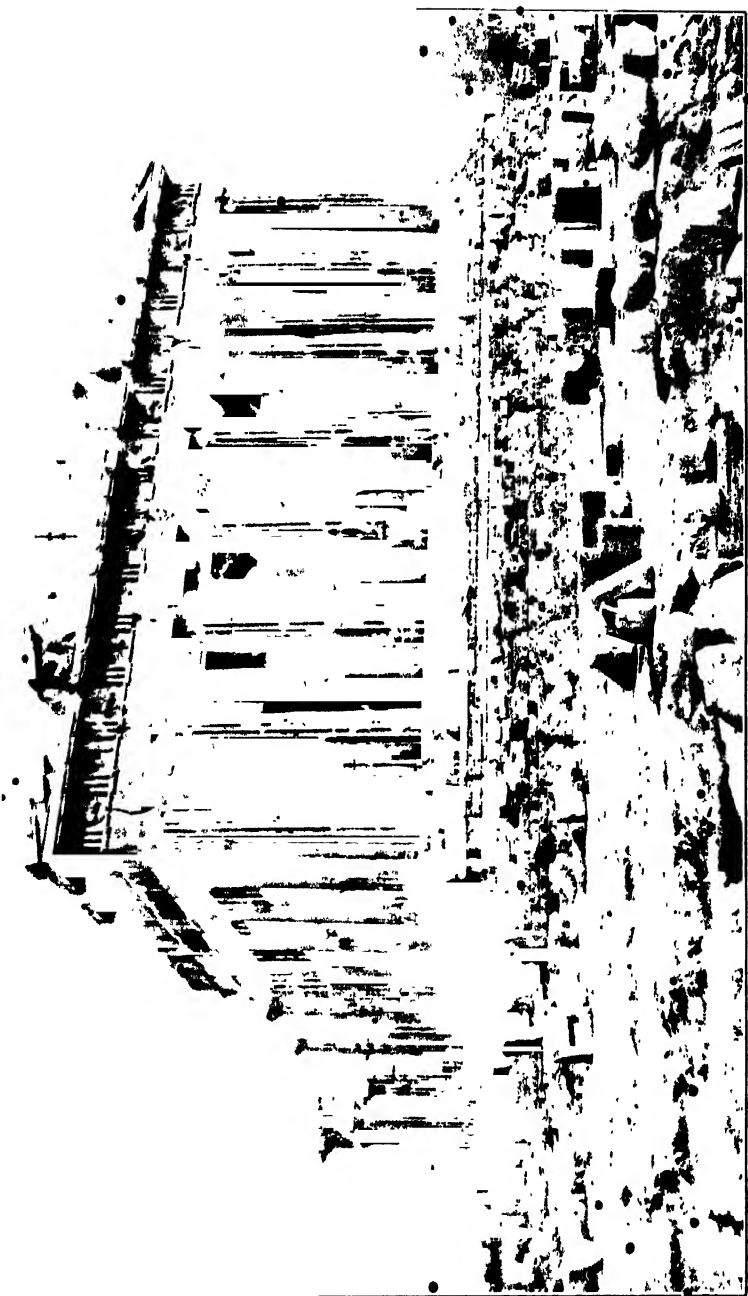
by Parnassus, Helicon, and Cithæron. After all, the art of Greece was not an Athenian monopoly. What daintiness of art feeling, and delicacy of treatment are disclosed in the "figurines" of painted terra-cotta from the Boeotian necropolis of Tanagra! And was not Epaminondas, that gallant gentleman, soldier, and statesman, a mere Theban? And Phryne, the famous hetaira, whose beauty dazzled the Court of the Arcopagus and served as model for Praxiteles, was she not from Boeotia too? If literary quality is a test of cerebration, the world is not likely to forget that Hesiod, one of the coeval rivals of Homer, and Plutarch of the immortal biographies, were Boeotian provincials, while Pindar, the greatest lyric poet of Greece, was a pure Theban, from the very capital itself. Taking the land as the crow flies, Attica and Boeotia might be suburbs of each other, but mark the circle of hills, the intervening pass, the absence of commerce and convenience of communication, and you understand at once how the features of the country explain the isolation in which the separate democracies lived, and the definite set thus given to their character.

Light is let in upon you in another way from the dearth of absorbing interests and the influence of serfdom. A people so gifted require adequate outlets for their energy. They found none in the soil, for the Athenian burgher sat like a feudal lord with his hand out for his rents, blessing Bacchus for his grapes and the gracious Athens for her figs and olives, while pouring malisons on the helots who gathered in the harvest and brought the baskets home. Born with silver spoons in their mouths—four slaves to one freeman—what were they to do—this odd amalgam of an aristocratic democracy—to meet the exuberance of their vitality? As there were no industries and work was degrading, and war, the profession of a gentleman, could not go on for ever, and the whole population could not give themselves over to foot-races along the stadium every day for

fun; and the big Fair at Olympia, and the frenzied bacchanals of the Eleusinia, and the more reputable distractions of the Panathenaic festivals only happened once in a way, what was the poor bored Athenian to do with himself for the rest of the time? Was he not driven, perforce, along lines of development, in the spiritual order of the cosmos? Being insufficiently provided with resources to occupy the energies of the body, there was nothing to fall back upon but the exertitation of his mind—and so were born the Philosophies—and the cultivation of his emotions—and so were born the Arts. Thus side by side with the acumen and brilliance imparted to the understanding, grew up as sentinel over the waywardness of the feelings, a faculty of Taste, that fine temperamental responsiveness to all impressions of the beautiful—that repulsiveness of instinct towards every manifestation of discordance and gaucherie. All the chords of sensibility were kept athrill by the gorgeous procession of forms poured out from the ateliers with prodigious industry by genius at white-heat, and the vast ritual of polytheistic observances plumbed those other depths of feeling that are only stirred by contact with the inscrutable genealogies of the gods. Let not the reader imagine that reflections like these, superficial or vulnerable though they be, are more becoming in the essayist than the sightseer. There is no use going into the world of the past, where every masterpiece is a ruin, unless you help out with the magic of the mind the material presented to your vision. This is only another way of saying that the impressions really valuable to any man are those which he makes his own, and not those which are made for him. And so it is that the scholar who exercises his faculties on what he sees, and gives free scope to any enlightened fancy, will carry back with him from Greece a rarer store of delightful memories than the traveller who trusts entirely to the passive “harvest of a quiet eye.”

In his eagerness to reach the magnetic goal of many a youthful wish across many a parasang of dream-fied wandering, the ardent traveller, instead of following the bends of the road leading up to the Acropolis, will often take the obstacles as they come and scale the northern heights near the Grotto of Pan, or, crossing the orchestra of the Odeion on the south, mount the tiers of marble seats in the theatre, till at last! at last! he can touch with his hand, and—who will be ashamed to confess it humbly?—press with his lips the rock that represents for all mankind the divine possibilities of mere material beauty. Where is the visitor with a soul above the level of a clod who would care to resist the flood of feeling that breaks in upon his consciousness when, for the first time, he passes through these Porticos and finds himself on the spot where stood the gold and ivory presentment of the Goddess in her splendid home—at once a palace, a citadel, and a shrine—the immortal temple of Athene Parthenos? Ruin! Ruin! Ruin! Everywhere is Ruin, not from the “effacing fingers” of 2500 years—for the touch of Time has been most gentle—but from the wanton ravages of barbarians, Christian alike and Turk. It is as if some gracious lady, Empress of the Universe, having gone forth in all the splendour of her Majesty, had been robbed of every adornment, and beaten into the very earth by ghouls, till all that is left to give her adorers an idea of her magnificence is, here a shred of lace, there a bit of embroidery, at this point a clasp, yonder a battered bracelet, or, torn from their coronal, a handful of scattered jewels of great price. It is with such material that the traveller has to conjure up the scene that drew all Athens to the Acropolis when Phidias, lifting aside the veil that hid his masterpiece, used some such words as these:—

“Athenians, behold the figure of your Protectress. I surrender to the guardianship of my native city a work

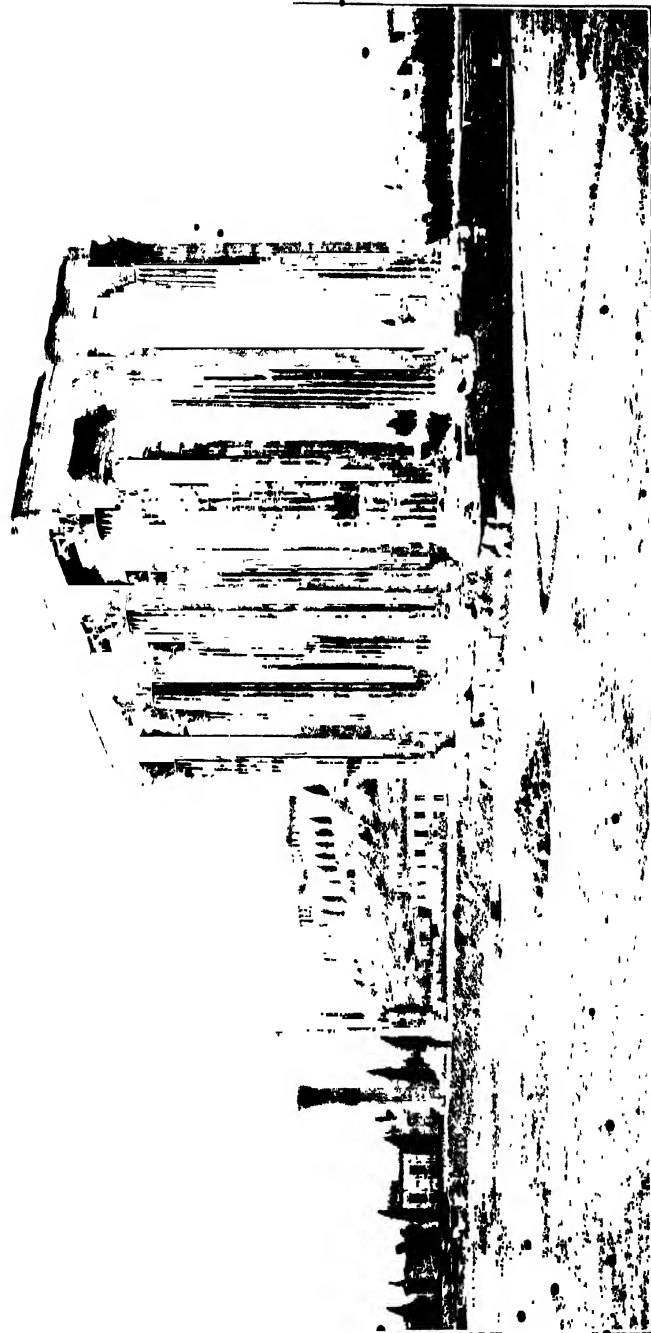


on which has been focussed every burning thought that could lend a thrill to majesty and beauty. It is for you to say whether sculpture has exhausted its artifices and its art. Phidias, at least, has scaled the apogee of his genius."

Yet admiration of the Acropolis buildings will be distributed with a difference. The series of gates and porticos constituting the Propylæa that are on the threshold of the plateau possess a halo which, I fear, is both fictitious and factitious—an acquiescence in an audacious conspiracy of enthusiasts. These blocks will, I think, leave all impartial visitors unmoved. The very ground plan seems askew. There is a sense of crush and huddle. The formless masonry is nothing without its ornament. You cannot place things easily. There is too great a call on fancy to restore the picture to its primitive plan. It is a bold admission that the little temple of the Wingless Victory on the Southern bastion did not hasten, as I was told it would do, the current of the blood. Only a shameless Philistine perhaps would care to pronounce his own doom in this public manner, but travellers who value their own impressions most would join me, I suspect, in many a bold avowal before their tour was done. Quite enough survives upon this ledge of rock, in Parthenon and Eretheion, to warm the heart and thrill the sensibilities without having the soul called up for duty at every turn in admiration of the half-realities and even unrealities obtruded by monomaniacs and guides. Once you have got the set of the localities, dismiss all commerce with books and professional outsiders and enter into the captaincy of your own soul. Commit yourself in self-surrender to the meditative musings that will not fail to present themselves in throngs, and go forth among these marbles by sunlight and by moonlight at your own sweet will. This is one of the rare occasions when selfishness becomes a virtuous duty. You must go to the Parthenon—alone!

The plateau of the Acropolis is an irregular lozenge, but the lines of the plinth of the great temple have no relation to the points of the compass nor to the periphery of the rock. There is thus a sense of 'jar about its orientation. This is not the case with the temple of Jupiter Olympus, which lies due east and west. The remains of this—the Olympieion—is one of the wonderful things in Athens. It does not stand out against the sky-line like the Acropolis buildings with the Portico of the Maidens—the famous Caryatides—but down on the plain, in the obscurity of an outskirt. It is one of the very largest temples of antiquity. From floor to frieze it is some 25 feet loftier than the Parthenon. Of its 100 Corinthian columns only about a dozen remain. Seen through the Arch of Hadrian it is an impressive spectacle. I was quite unprepared for such a revelation of magnificence in ruin, and felt that the Parthenon has much to answer for in dwarfing the grandeur of this beautiful pile. If we could only pose and transpose great monuments with the facility of models in a modiste's window in order to discriminate how much of the general effectiveness is due to site, a good deal of confusion and, I fear me, some material for satire, would arise out of the pronouncements of the sages who have the direction of Public Taste.

You can scarcely move a step in Athens without having it brought home to you what a fiery furnace of lava-like plasticity was the imagination of the Greeks. Is it not one of the marvels of racial versatility that in this numerically insignificant people should be blended all the cold austerity of mind required for elaborating abstracts of philosophy, and all the ardent passion which flames up only in tempestuous souls. There are two little caves in the precipitous side of the Acropolis. They look from below like large broken bubbles in a mass of tufa—shallow, inconspicuous, vertical depressions trying to be holes. These the Greeks have handed down



TEMPLE OF JUPITER OPTIMUS
MAXIMUS IN ROME.

to glory as the Grottos of Apollo and of Pan. Poets and frisky divinities have glorified these nursery caverns as an Alhambra for their ballerine or a rendezvous for their intrigues. If a curtain were let down before them, the space behind would be insufficient for the shuttles of a spider or the respiration of a panting gnat. The Greeks had not the smallest difficulty without laughing in peopling these thimble-boxes with coryphées pirouetting in a crowd of warriors and gods. And will you ever forget the story of Apollo pursuing Daphne in the vale of Tempe, and the nymphs by the Ilissus stream? It may be observed, in passing, that Apollo was not an Irishman, but a poor sort of gentleman entirely, or he would never have indulged his philandering propensities where he could not treat the poor girls to a drink. The Ilissus indeed! It brings to your mind some of the vainglorious properties of a mountebank—this intermittent trickle of an Athenian Mississippi of dry water over a few feet of pebbly bed. But no Greek would venture to poke fun at the Ilissus. The fantastic shadows with which he populates its tiny banks are no phantasms for him. They are the very cream of the Olympian creatures, who cut capers with each other like common mortals, and wanton up and down the country lanes as realistically as the kids in his back yard.

And so it is with the shrine of the Furies, those avenging deities who play such a terrorising part in the superstitious exaltation of the Greeks. At one corner of the rock of the Areopagus there are a few ponderous blocks of riven limestone, with clefts and fissures in the scarp, a few evil-smelling plants, and a capful of unsightly stagnant water. This *mise en scène* of a darkling rock-bound pool that in any other land would be treated to the reticence becoming a cesspit, the Greeks elevated to the level of an awe-inspiring basilica, and this fetid hole became for them a seat of public worship.

Here they pleaded for appeasement, and on this unpropitious spot—the last, to stimulate the sacred fire of a poetic fancy—Æschylus worked out the scene of the Eumenides! Notwithstanding the sallies of Aristophanes, and the unchallenged reputation of Attic wit—Athens was curiously successful in imposing on the world her own proud estimate of her accomplishments—there was, and there is still, a strange dearth of the moderating sweetness of humour to steady the turbulent excursions of the Greek mind.

ATHENS

III

THE hold which surviving creations in marble, sculptural and architectural, have secured on the admiration of the world, obscures unfairly the range and versatility of Greek art. The artists are too frequently pictured as "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," slaves, in fact, to a single medium. There is a note of wonder in the eyes of many people when they learn for the first time that their devotion to marble presented but a single outlet for the plastic genius of the Greeks. Yet they founded in bronze, they modelled in clay, they moulded in wood, they carved in ivory, they engraved on plate, they embossed in *poussé*, they encrusted in gold, they inlaid in metal, they wrought in mosaic, they painted in fresco, and—what is too little remembered—they were past masters in the vast sphere of colour decoration. Paint is such a perishable vehicle that to perpetuate pictorial effects exposed *al fresco* is not among possible things. None of their successes in decorative colour have come down to us. Where will our Rubens and Velasquez, our Titians and Raphaels be in 500 or 1000 years? Little more than memories enshrined, perhaps, in antediluvian bibelots of literary rhapsody, or swathed in the mummy cloth of canvas where lies the corpse of the dead pigments that once sparkled with soulful radiance responsive to the artist's eye. Only traces of this colouring remain on the Acropolis, but that should not dim our appreciation of its brilliancy as it appeared to Pericles and his countrymen when Attica throbbed with the fulness of life. Men with taste so sure as to have produced the

world's masterpieces in statuary and architecture are little likely to have gone astray when they thought proper to follow up the chisel with the brush. If Phidias laid gold and colour on his marbles to heighten the splendour of the Parthenon with polychrome effects, it was done, we may be sure, in a manner consonant with his genius, and with an assurance of enchanting embellishment, let our kindergarten art schools babble about it in jeremiads as they may. If the masters of our day are unequal to such combinations, it is not that Greece was wrong, but that the modern puny world has lost the intensity of gift that could breathe the soul of colour into blocks of bloodless limestone. The Greeks took up the pale cold frame, and with a creative aura akin to the Divine, instilled into the adamant dust the strange intoxication of the birth of the Life Beautiful. Not content with that, they sent it forth arrayed for conquest in symphonies of colouring, just as, by the extrinsic apparatus of adornment, lovely women are made lovelier still. To Athens fell the full fruition of this artistic ecstasy, for, with the sureness of a trained eye, and the enthusiasm of her temperament, she saw that it was good. It is hardly given to mortals to conceive except by way of echo and in bits the spectacle of magnificence presented on the Acropolis when the colossal statue—all in bronze—of Athene Promachos, 66 feet high, was first unveiled on the terrace of the open plateau, and the Athene Parthenos—all gold and ivory—39 feet high, the Phidian masterpiece, robed in the emblems of victory, helmet, lance, and shield, and lit by a chromatic radiance from the walls, drew every eye to the cella of the temple—that spot which held the heart and the religion of this chosen people, the original apostles of the Fine Arts.

It is, as you perceive, something of an accident that the art of the heroic epoch which has survived the stress of ages happens to be in marble. However wonderful the

work in wood, ivory, and colours, it was bound to perish through natural processes of decay. Statues and statuettes in metal disappeared because the unvalued forms could be turned to practical account in a ploughshare, a stewpan, an armlet, or an arrowhead, and so the bronzes were broken up. The marbles escaped, such as did escape, through sheer contemptuous neglect, because Goth and Vandal saw no profit in lumps of limestone. The form of the Goddess in which all the ornamentation of the temple met was not a marble but a compound figure. Built up on a wooden core, the flesh exposures were moulded in plaques of chiselled ivory, while the draperies and accessories were solid gold. Such a work of various substance, organic and inorganic, carried its own death-warrant by intrinsic elements of disruption, even if it had escaped the *coup de grâce* from the barbarian lust for gold. It is for this reason that the world is thrown out of its judgment of Greek art, its vastness and its variety, by the survival of the marbles and almost of them alone. The reference to Greek mastery of colour was primarily concerned with decorative ornament, but there are historic grounds for inference that in portraiture also and landscapes, though not perhaps in genre studies, men like Parrhasios and Apelles—the painter to whom the Great Alexander sat—ranked with the greatest genius in the sister arts. It is this richness of suggestion in many sided thought that, amid glare and dust and, often, utter barrenness, relieves one's walks in Greece of all sense of loneliness and aridity. Whatever there is to charm the eye is carried swiftly onward with a message to the spirit that keeps it refreshed, delighted, and alert.

A wonderful thing happened a few years ago. The sea gave up out of the depths a cargo of old art treasures. Cerigo, the island from which Venus sprang, is at the southernmost point of Greece. Sponge finders there one day brought word of a pile of sculpture at the bottom, where a ship had foundered ages and ages ago. A

number of the marble statues are now in the Athens museum—verily pathetic spectacles. They are stowed away from public view like dishevelled corpses in a mortuary until it is settled how much is worth exhibiting out of this salvage from the sea. No painting could portray so vividly the havoc that may be witnessed on a field of war. Here and there a face survives in all the perfection of its marble purity, a bit of the meander that ornaments the hem of the robe, a bunch of tresses, a hand, a foot, the point of the shoulder, some segment of a solitary feature that had been buried in the stiff clay—a stratified deposit—and so escaped the corrosive properties of the water. The unburied aspect of the marbles is a distorted shapeless mass like the random freaks in stalactitic caverns. One bronze treasure of priceless merit which the waves and all the monsters of the deep were powerless to deface is luckily amongst the saved. It was brought up from the sea in many pieces, but the untiring patience of a man of genius with an artist's soul has fitted in the fragments so dexterously that the "Statue of a Young Man," perfect in pose and beauty, is almost worth a trip to Greece to see, just as the 'Hermes of Praxiteles is more than worth, for itself alone, the tedious pilgrimage to Olympia.

This incident has other pregnant lessons, for does it not let in a flood of light on the wholesale plunder of Greek works of art which was not entirely due to the covetousness of Rome? The Asiatic Greeks of Ionia and the Colonial Greeks of Sicily and Magna Græcia stripped their motherland of her treasures with as little concern as the fellest marauder of them all. Who can tell what shiploads of priceless statues went to the bottom in the treacherous waters of the Cyclades and the Cretan Sea? It was not the temples only that overflowed with statuary and monuments, bronzes and marbles, for they stood out in endless files like forest fanges along the public streets. All round the important

shrines they were parked as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. In a single temple—the Olympieion—there were over 400 statues. Greece is poor enough now in her own masterpieces, but enough is still extant in her museums and more than enough dispersed over the galleries of the world, to make us grateful at once and thoughtful as to what sculpture would be to-day had there not come down to us those marvels of Marmoreal beauty which fill the Louvres and the studios with their choicest models, in gypsum at any rate, where it may not be in stone or bronze. We owe it all, for we owe the very best of it, to the creative genius of those ancient Seers who, from the temple steps, held aloft the oriflamme of Art, and, flinging its gleams adown the glades of Time, diffused over the cultivated world something of the permanent sanctity of inspiration which wrapped themselves in burning fervour at the feet of the Divine Athenian Maid.

“Lifting manhood up
Through broader culture, finer manners, love,
And reverence, to the level of the hills.”

ATHENS

IV

ALTHOUGH it is not easy to tire, in the sense of growing weary, during the couple of weeks which the traveller can spare for Athens—there is so much to see and see and see again, so much food for gracious thought and tranquil musing—still you will naturally break up the period by exploring the country round. There are several delightful one-day excursions which are additionally attractive—the experienced traveller will appreciate this—because the comforts of a well-managed hotel await you on your return. So long as you remain within the city your interest is absorbed by the treasures in detail. But you must get away outside to take in the panorama. Owing to the cradle-like sweep of the valley and the numerous coigns of vantage for perspective “spectacle, mark how Nature has done everything for you to conceal nothing but to throw open to you her illuminated missal on its brightest page. The Acropolis will be your lode-star, for not only every interest but everything in the picture seems to gather round this rock. It stands forth a solitary monumental crag of limestone on the upland of the valley, clothed in purple like an emperor, for the tints have a distinctly porphyry hue. Ovid, when at Athens, made the same observation, for he proclaims the *purpureos Colles*. North and south of it are other dominating hills with interesting hollows, partly covered by the ancient, partly by the modern, town. And here you have the clues to the entire position. The tall cone of Lycabettus rises out of the northern suburb. As you wander up the slopes among

sickly agaves, stunted pines, and apologetic cypress, your glance bears southward over the city, the Acropolis, the lines of Salamis by land and water on to the open sea. Fifty miles away, in this clear air, you can discern the wraith-like outlines of the Pelopponesus in the towering citadel of Corinth and the mountains of Argolis. Half-way up the Lycabettus, your eye is on a level with the floor of the Parthenon. If you happen to get here in propitious light, there is no aspect so beautiful as this. All the majesty of ruin is before, with the more squalid notes suppressed in the mellow middle distance. The decorative background is set in motifs of blue, the ethereal azures of the heavens liquefying on the horizon into the ultramarines and sapphires of the sea. Then, if you go westward and stand on Colonus rock, the home of Sophocles, you can watch the surge of the modern city up along the eastern gradient of the plain, till it breaks against the citadel into two streams for the old and the present day world. Bearing round to the southern heights of Philopappos, the Pnyx or Hill of the Nymphs, and, looking north, see how the profiles alter. The same subjects differently posed are now projected against the deep shadows of Pentelicus, and so wherever you drive outside of Athens there is an ever-changing picture on a proscenium of luminous or penumbral ground.

Piræus is a surprisingly busy little port, quite a 12mo pocket edition of Liverpool. To look at it now with its mills, its shipping, its general air of thriving industry—the commercial heart of Athens—who would think that not so long ago a few fishermen's huts had the place to themselves, and the very name of this fine promontory had vanished? There would have been a better chance of finding out from a London policeman the parallax of the moon, than from this tattered remnant of the conquerors the name of the classic ground that bore them. What was Themistocles to them, or they to Themistocles, that they should think about him?

His memory would hardly bait a catch of fish! Aurungzebe was in all his glory only a couple of centuries ago, and, who knows, perhaps already descendants of the great emperor—such a dramatic stage is life—may be curing Bombay duck in Rewa Danda. To such base uses we may return, Horatio! and to such beggarly proportions had the heroic Hellas sunk, leaving nothing but a Venetian jargon and a memory of Venetian decadence in the name “Porto Leone,” the very quay from which Themistocles put off to meet the Persian on the water. All their lives they looked out upon “the Persians’ grave,” but the Straits of Salamis were no more to them than any common fish-pond. When they put out in their crazy coracles, little they recked of the triremes in the deep beneath their bows, nor of that September day 480 B.C., when from this very spot Xerxes fled and Greece became an Empire. And yet what classical ground it is, this holy land of one of the deathless altars of human liberty! Yonder is the rock on which sat Xerxes on his silver throne to watch the battle with the confident arrogance of an unthwarted despot. With what scorn and rage, as the day dawned, must he have looked down on these *sans-culottes*, these despicable water-rats they call Athenians, who dared, ye gods!—a handful of them—to bid defiance to the King of Kings! You cannot enter the Piræus without passing over the scene of the fight and plunging, as it were, into the thick of the carnage. Your steamer’s keel ploughs a furrow over the grave of the illustrious dead who died for Greece, and making up in daring for deficiency in numbers hurled back, like so much carrion, hordes of Medes and Persians in presence of their proud distracted king. “And when the sun set where were they?”

But while your gaze is bent on Salamis, your thoughts betimes fly northward to the companion spectacle at Marathon, for it was there, ten years before, that Greece first felt her strength and began to be a nation. Marathon

was not only the watchword that gave Athens ascendancy over all the scattered democracies, but the cement that kept the united fabric in its place on land. Then came Salamis, with two memorable Athenian names, Themistocles and Aristides, consolidating her position by supremacy at sea, and thus handing over to her the full reins of empire. And all this thrilling history happened in the twilight of 2500 years ago!

It is twenty-five miles from Athens to Marathon across a spur of Pentelicus, and takes a full day's drive to make the round. And when you get there what is it you see? A poor unpretentious curve of foreshore within a ring of hills, with its swamps, its sedges, its tangle of brushwood, its solitary farm. And is this all? What! Veritably all that is left of epoch-making Marathon? No! There is something more. There is a relic in the midst of this neglected strand of shingle which Greece, poor as she is, would not barter away for all the gold and jewels of all time, for it has grown into a heritage for all that is brave and noble. To the traitor, it is only a heap of common earth. To the true man, it is a reliquary of splendid valour, of enthralling patriotism, one of the most precious possessions of the human race. A tabernacle of mere clay, no storied urn nor gorgeous mausoleum can vie in grandeur with its sublime simplicity. It has not even a name! But from the lowly scrub that trails across its slopes and binds the crumbling loam together with its roots, goes forth the living spirit of the dead—the dead who die not—proclaiming in immortal strains to all the spheres the tremendous sanctity of fatherland, the duty, whatever the odds, gloriously but not vaingloriously, to stand by it unto death. And so before we leave this shrine where Greece does well to give no help from ornament, let us gather up, as in a wreath of olive—which meant so much for them—something of that tumult of the heart that swells exulting on the field of Marathon, that pure pulsa-

tion of the nobler spirit, that sense of reverent homage so kindred to a prayer, and place it, like a sprig of immortelles embalmed in the cheers of distant worlds, on the tumult of the Athenian brave.

The conflicts of the sciolists have only mystified still further the Mysteries of Eleusis. We simply know not what they were. Probably the character which they have left behind is, except in accidentals, wholly undeserved. In ages yet unborn, if the traditions of "Mafficking" survive, it is to be hoped some commentator of those times will rise up in protest against such dog-day antics being considered part and parcel of the worship that went on in St. Paul's. When a writer of Cicero's sobriety of mind stands up for the principles inculcated in the Mysteries, it is fair to believe that the proceedings within the famous temple were not of a corrupting kind. But when you have a whole city, partly, no doubt, somewhat under the influence of Bacchus, and partly—what is much worse—under the neurotic exaltation of religious mysticism, turning out at night in a torchlight procession some twelve miles long, it is not difficult to imagine that the skylarking may have been of an audacious order, unrestrained by the consideration that the terminus of this nocturnal pilgrimage was the temple of Demeter and the road they traversed was the "Sacred Way." In such a thicket of opportunities the Christian, who is not a hypocrite or a simpleton, will think twice before throwing moral paving stones at pagan Greece. And so as you move along the Via Sacra, the whole scene reveals itself before you, and mindful of the spectacle on Margate sands of our own 'Arries on 'oliday, you pass on in amused tolerance saying to your neighbour: "Well, well, if anybody does not care for the piquant humours of a crowd like this, it is 'so easy just to look the other way." Do not let it for a moment be imagined that the illusrious progeny of Grundy only came in since Christians burrowed in cata-

combs. Mrs. Penelope Grundy was such a power in Attica that she was able to poison the dying hours of Pericles by doing her best to make an outcast of Aspasia, the mother of his children who, though only an hetaira, was one of the most faithful comrades and accomplished helpmates that ever won the loyalty of a public man. It is probable that much of the evil spoken of the Eleusinia came from the innuendos of Athenian matrons at Dorcas meetings with some slyboots, arrayed in prunes and prisms, to give the conversation just the shilling shocker set. If some of our popular gatherings—Vauxhall, Cremorne, Rosherville, or even a Hyde Park demonstration—were tracked to their last carouse in the way a censorious tradition has followed the revellers at Eleusis, I wonder whether there would be very, very much to choose between the Pass of Daphni and, say, the purlicus of the Marble Arch.

Allowing for the character of Greek scenery, the afternoon excursion to Eleusis is a very pleasant treat. You drive across the entire Plain of Attica with an almost painful sense of its unredeemed glare and dust and general barrenness. But in the defile that forms the Pass of Daphni the landscape takes on new traits. It lies in a chain of low mountains dotted all over with Greek pines of the most vivid verdure. They seem to shoot not from the soil, of which nothing is visible, but out of solid rock. The view as you descend the pass, and indeed all the way round to the temple ruins, is very pleasing. It is just a pretty little bit of Riviera set in a congenial solitude with a fine view of its Eastern boundary, the four-saddle ridge of Salamis, though landwards there are suspicious stretches of marsh. For visitors with strong archeological tastes the ruins are interesting, for they are large and entirely uncovered. All the buildings seem to have fallen asunder from an earthquake. Except the floor of the inner temple and the bases of the columns it is all pell-mell, and in the

absence of commanding sculptures did not delay me. As there was time to spare, it was delightful to finish the afternoon driving along the Patissia and Cephisia roads and see what ornament and refreshment a line of pepper trees confers upon an avenue. The tender richness of their green and the tressy fall of their delicate umbelliferous tufts interspersed with bunches of red berry, presented the prettiest bit of garden effect that crossed my view in Athens.

The Bay of Phalëron on the east side of the Promontory of Piræus is the summer seaside resort, and is reached by train or steam-tram in half-an-hour. In this treeless expanse under a Southern sun Phalëron can hardly offer remarkable attractions during the hottest months of the year, except to people who, wherever it be to, must run away from stifling Athens. In the evening, with the breeze in from the sea, a fine promenade, bands, bathing-boxes, cafés, theatres, boats—Ostend in little—the place is crammed. The hotel is a handsome building. The walks along the middle heights of the acropolis of the Piræus overlooking the ancient harbours are very interesting. Bits of the foundations of the ancient boat-houses of the Athenian Marine are still visible under water. But here, more than anywhere else, the absence of foliage wears out the eye, and the consciousness that you are at the mercy of the sun, whenever it chooses to become pitiless, would drive you home but for the memories of the great and their achievements, which, if the sands could speak, haunt and hallow every foot of this historic earth.

It is one of the greatest charms of travel that on going into strange lands, however much you have read about them, you can never tell beforehand what is going to interest you most. You go along fancy free, if you are wise, and so the genial excitement is unceasing as to what is going to catch your fancy next. You are never bored, because curiosity is always weaving

wonderful combinations for you. • What matter if reality is always more or less knocking them into small cocked hats. You set the shuttles throbbing once again and the tapestries of the soul present you, hoy, presto ! with another picture. It is not always the things most talked about and deservedly talked about that will happen to captivate you or any particular individual, however endowed with high æsthetic feeling. If we were always candid with ourselves, we should admit, perhaps with blushes, how often we have shrunk away from gatherings obviously glowing with honest rapture at a spectacle that left the frost on our unresponsive faculty unthawed. Too often, alas ! works of art which give other spectators immediate and keen enjoyment which I would enviously share, knock only a very silent spark out of the cold flint of my incapacity, and so what moves one temperament profoundly another will pass by with a shrug. And this is exactly as it should be. The traveller so constituted as to swallow ready-made impressions from various sources, might just as well stay at home. It is, of course, a pleasure for people at a distance to sit down and read what an intelligent writer has to say about interesting lands and peoples ; but when circumstances have brought you in turn into those very lands, it is a defect to be influenced by such second-hand opinions. They should be jettisoned at once or they will be sure to wreck the one supreme unpurchasable delight of travel, that creative personal charm belonging to impressions which are spontaneous and your own. The more you see, the less you will be inclined to wonder why such rare moments of enjoyment come to you from quite little things. Trust me, it is these little things, these unregarded touches, that throw the tranquil lake of your emotions into a ripple of the finest thrills, and not the large flamboyant note in the great masterpieces that brings the zest of a momentary scintillation into the dullest bucolic eye. And there is a sound ponderable

reason for this, because the unnoticed or unheralded little things are your own discovery, your very own. You have not been called upon by those highwaymen, the guide-books and art manuals, to admire them or to die or to go over to the Philistines. When visiting the land which the genesis of art makes sacred, a little story of Michael Angelo, if you have ever heard it, will occur to your mind again and again. He was engaged in putting the finishing touches on some of the small veins in his famous statue of Moses in the Church of St. Peter in Chains near the Forum, when one of his friends half-jestingly said to him: "Buonarotti, what is the sense of wasting such time as yours over imperceptible trifles in spots that will never be seen?" "Trifles!" was the answer: "it is these trifles that make perfection, and perfection is no trifle!" And so it is that trifles light as air to the undiscerning multitude are the very things that bring the sympathetic traveller his sweetest harvest of delight.

Just an example of what I mean by this power of little things to stir the sensibility and liberate new springs of winsome fertilising thought. Leaning against one of the fallen drums that lie across the floor of the Parthenon, my gaze fell on the annuli, those rings that finish off the shaft just as it is about to expand into the capital. As these rings, when the column is in position, are well out of reach of the criticising eye, it would have been enough, would it not? for the artist to have indicated and not elaborated his effects, with a few strokes of the chisel. Yet there they are as clean cut, deep, and dainty as if an engraver and not a sculptor had finished them off. There is something startling in the freshness and candour of the marble, the definition of the edges, the uniform depth of shadow, the precision of the fine lines of this simple ornament. In that world of half-dream into which you are so easily borne when musing amid the wonderland of the great dead past, the very

shadows become substantial, and you almost see the workmen exchanging comments on the progress of the day's work, laying aside their mallets and chisels, gathering up their chlamys into folds against the chills of evening, and bidding each other good-night. And yet the master genius whose eye last scanned this block, and, finding no flaw in flute or annulus, let it pass to its allotted span in the great temple, has been dust some 2500 years! What a train of thought it kindles, this closeness to detail, this minute observance in a ritual of magnificence, this culture of perfection even in the infinitely small! And as your fingers wander among these rings with many a lingering caress, much as a mother fondles the dimpling beauties in her cherub's chin, there is something that brings you face to face in a way which the great relievi do not, with the punctilious honour, the splendid conscientiousness of the spirit that could not tolerate the shadow of a sham even where the public eye could be trusted not to notice it. It is the minutiae after all that reveal the true soul of the sculptor, and he who runs away may read it in these words: "To me my art is all in all, and not the opinion of the public. What I do shall be flawless wherever I put forth my hand, and be perfectly done up to the measure of my ability. I cannot be a party to scraped work, to mock effects, to degradation of my craft, to the smirching of my honour as an artist. Go over it where you will, my work will bear inspection, for I reverence it all as the incarnation of the travail of my heart."

Just one example more to show how objects not starred in the guide-books may be nevertheless precious possessions, and how the glory of a tour with all its real gladness—that note of a continuous festival—depends on the supremacy of the traveller's own soul. Some way down Hermes Street is a little Greek church about a thousand years old. It takes up to itself a small square in the middle of this big street—like St. Mary-le-Strand

—which, not daring to hurt it, breaks up into enfolding arms around it and then passes on. 'It is a thing of gables, domes, semi-domes and roofs climbing on each other's shoulders to get out of the way of an impending earthquake—a sort of architectural helter-skelter with a fantastic trail of merry infancy about it. It is as if children in the long ago, having amused themselves on half-holiday with building porticos out of the Phalæron sands, had suddenly taken a serious turn and said: "Let's play at building churches!" The walls are a jumble of courses of various stone, thin brick, and columns from Lilliput. The windows are arcaded, with here a slab of stone, there a brick perched now at this angle now at that, while panels of stained glass about the size of a knife-blade let in from the baby cupola tiny shafts of light. It is so droll and yet so venerable, so infantine and yet so hoary, so rococo in detail, so staid as a complete concept, so faultless in ensemble, and yet such a galimatias of the cast-off finery of days long dead and gone! You hardly know whether laughter, admiration, or the reverence of bended knees is the proper mood in which to take this *joujou* to your bosom. Ask not your artist friends what they think about it. You will probably get a shrug. But having gazed on it again and again, and come under the sorcery of its multitudinous angles, profiles, curves, appeal to your own consciousness, and say whether you are not ready to fall down and adore this bewitching Byzantine bonbon.

And now before leaving Athens,¹ let us take farewell of the acropolis by night. The moon is rising over the Eastern waters. In the wonderful clearness of the sky, the columns of the temple of Athene stand out solitarily, as in a mirage, like the last sentinels of a dethroned mythology, from the lofty headlands of Cape Sunium.

¹ Fare, including food, from Trieste to Piræus (Athens) is (first class) £9, 1s. 4d. Best hotels about 12 francs a day in Athens.

Across the lights of the Piræus the moonlit ridge of Salamis emerges from the sea. The shimmering waters of its straits beat in upon your spirit as on responsive strings to the thrilling legend of death and daring which makes this shrine of liberty immortal. The columns of the Parthenon throw shafts of shadow slanting along the plateau where you stand, so dark and definite that they might well be graves wherein all the splendours of genius and its achievements are being gathered year by year out of the sight of men back to the heart of the universal mother. You are no longer in a temple. You are in a palace of dreams amongst the living shadows of a people who were given to humanity to raise it, to intellectualise and embellish with every transporting form of beauty its pilgrimage across the chequered orb of time. It is something to have lived before everything had vanished, even now when so little remains of the monuments and so much of the corroding spirit of decay. There is a hill outside Jerusalem that, once upon a time, was made the socket for a Cross. There is a hollow among the hills of Rome marked by the ruins of the Flavian Amphitheatre, where, once upon a time, in a satanic orgy of cruelty, the good and gentle, for being Christians, were flung into the arena as offal for wild beasts. And as you can and muse on the panoramic story of the bygone ages, all the ruth and anguish of the contrasts press like a searing iron into every gracious aspiration of the heart. There is the temporary triumph of a magnificent materialism as well as the unrequited glory of self-renunciation, the crucifixion of the individual and the resurrection of the race, the ebb and flow of evolution side by side with the unsolved harrowing Mystery of Pain. Calvary and the Colosseum, each in separate measure and in its own way, bring home to us as by a symbol the tragic chronicle of earthly vicissitude, at times, indeed, the eventual exaltation of the forsaken, but mostly the overthrow that

in the end seems to follow greatness as the night the day. But whithersoever you go, you will scarcely find a spot in all the world where, as here among the riven marbles of the Parthenon, there breaks in upon the ear of reverie in so full a tide the "still sad music of humanity." .

CONSTANTINOPLE.

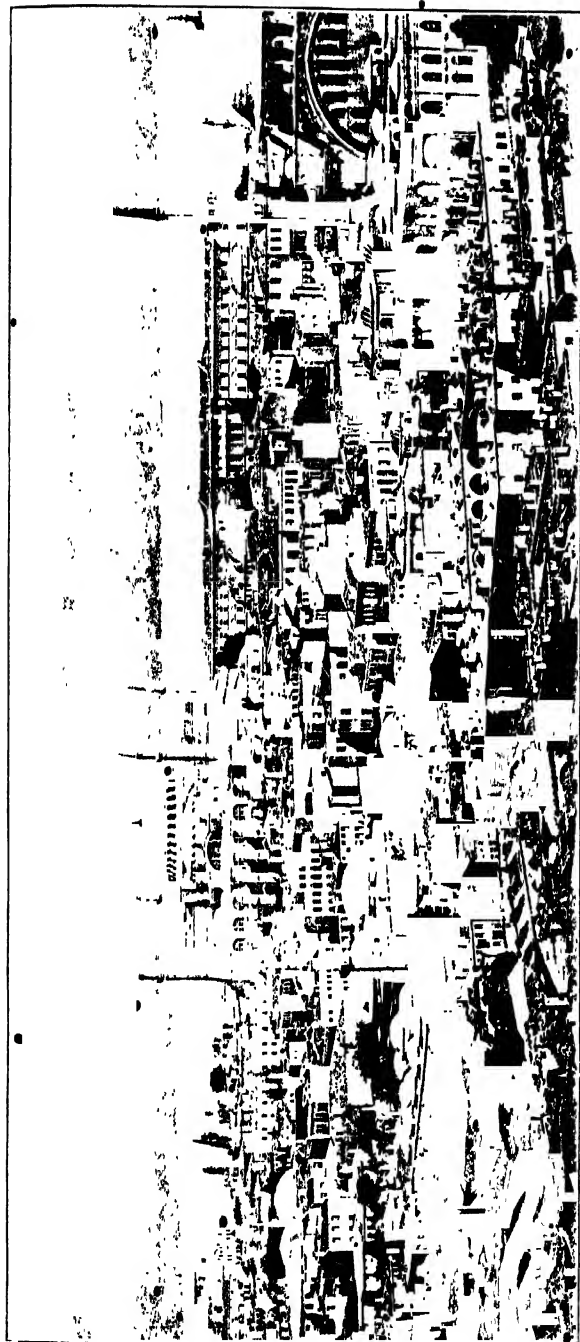
I

THE traveller who would convey with any degree of lucidity his impressions of Constantinople must not be afraid of paradox. An Irishman would probably go straight to the heart of the situation by saying: "The only way to see Constantinople properly, bedad, is not to see it at all." And yet this seeming nonsense contains more pith of reason than pages of laborious description. For it means that if you would preserve your illusions, if you would carry away with you unclouded the voriest shred of the memories of a procession of civilisation; of the fruits of vast and intermingling conquests; of antiquity grafted on antiquity, now noble enough to lift man so high as to make him only a little lower than the angels, now base enough to plunge him into satanic abysses; of all that panoramic story, in fact, suggested to any educated mind at the sound of the word "Byzantium," you simply must not set foot in the Ottoman capital. If you do, you leave behind the sweet breath of the sea to enter a charnel house where the spirits of the last of the Janissaries may well have migrated into the human forms now called a government, in order to spread a riot of misrule round the city, where less than a hundred years ago they were murdered to the last man by their Sultan in the courtyards of the Old Seraglio.

The place ought to be a repository of wonders, every one of which might stand forth as a landmark along the stream of history. It is a repository of wonders of a kind that are an insult to civilisation, even as it

was understood 2000 years ago. There are perhaps a dozen things worth coming from the ends of the earth to see, but, what is there in common between, say, those marvels of sculpture, the Sidon Sarcophagi, and the milieu in which they are now set. For taken as a city, though it be the capital of an empire, Constantinople is a mere huddle of streets and buildings. Its situation alone is sublime. Nature has done everything to stamp the spot with beauty, to make it the betrothal altar where East and West join hands, the focus of the commerce and of the great brotherhood of man, but one poor creature's whims, each succeeding each, has drawn across the scene the blight of every extreme of human viciousness to turn this temple of nature into a cockpit for the damned. The dreamer of dreams who loves to throw a halo of indulgent transparencies round the questionable heroics of antiquity, and the scholar who moves about in the shadow-lands of history thrown open to him by his books, will find here unrivalled material for the fancy and inexhaustible pastures for the mind. But at first, at any rate, they should survey the situation from the deck of a steamer or the stern of a caique. Then when the dream from the sea is over, let them go forth refreshed by sleep, with open eyes prepared to confront the worst upon the land and sustain the thousand shocks that like electric needles stick into the traveller at every turn in the streets of Constantinople.

Is there any city in the world through all the ages into which so much incident with so much vicissitude is compressed—such prosperity and such degradation, such glory and such squalor, such civilisation—think of the Codes of Justinian—and such barbarism—think of the revolting moods of almost any modern Sultan on the list? It is little more than ten years since many thousands of Armenians were butchered in open day, beaten to death with clubs in the streets and tenements, this government



GENERAL VIEW OF SOULIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

by tomahawk lasting into the days in which we freemen live.

The city was founded by Greek colonists some 700 years before the Christian era. Darius crossed the Bosphorus with 700,000 men, and Byzantium became a Persian satrapy. Then came Athenian sovereignty, succeeded by the Spartan, and re-succeeded by Athenian under Alcibiades. Later, Athens, instigated by Demosthenes, 339 B.C., helped Byzantium to render infructuous the siege of Philip of Macedon. The rebuilt city, after its destruction by Septimius Severus, A.D. 196, surrendered to Constantine 323 A.D., when the headquarters of empire were transferred to it from Rome. Constantinople, or New Rome, was substituted for its original name Byzantium, and on 11th May 330—a memorable date—it became the capital of Christendom. The Saracens laid siege to it for seven years, and Haroun al-Raschid looked down upon it from the heights of Scutari. Then came the Crusaders in the thirteenth century; and when we think of their doings in this Christian city, resentment flags in presence of the later horrors, until we remember that the model of conduct, and the estimate of the rights of man, are totally different to-day from what they were 700 years ago, and so a departure from them becomes more reprehensible now in an age of sweetness and liberty and light.

Let us therefore approach Constantinople by sea, and not overland by the Orient express. There is no more delightful trip by steamer than that which starts from Trieste, say, in one of the new beautiful boats of the Austrian Lloyd, the *Carinthia*; halting at Corfu, threading the channel of the Ionian Islands, hugging the coast-line of Greece, unique in the glory of polychromatic haze that envelops its barrenness in a radiance of transparencies, rounding the Peloponnesus, and giving you the first glimpses of the Plain of Attica as you approach the harbour of Piræus—what a

banquet of classical reminiscences ! There before you in the background, are the large curves of famed Pentelicus with the white seams of its marble quarries, the lofty cone of lonely Lycabettus, and the nearer lower levels of the Acropolis rock with its darkling outlines of the Parthenon. It is only some thirty-five hours from the Piræus to Constantinople, but what a vista of memories revives and gathers round each spot you pass in crossing the upper waters of the *Ægean* ! As you near the island of Tenedos, with its pretty town that looks from the sea like a pocket-edition of Ragusa, you are abreast of the Troas, and from the Hill of Elias you can descry the Plains of Troy. Where is the man who, when life was young, having fed on the manna that fell like a gentle dew upon his soul from the elysium of the classics, can realise without emotion that he is within five miles of Ilium, the site of the Trojan war, the centre of those inspirational scenes that gave the world the greatest song in the anthologies ? Dardanus, Priam, Achilles, Hector, Andromache, Penthesilea Queen of the Amazons, Nestor sage in council, and Agamemnon king of men, how they all file past along yon deserted plain with all their greatness, and more than all the unconquerable humanity of their very foibles, as if the ages for the nonce were blotted out. And away in the middle distance to the right, watching in absorbed reverie the procession of the heroes, and seated on a broken shield, is the most venerable figure of them all—only a troubadour, Homer the Immortal, Prince of Troubadours, spinning the whole story into hexameters full of the resonant tumult of the clash of battle, with all the infinite music and pathos of the sea those old Greeks loved so well.

At the back of the Sigeon promontory which forms the Asiatic entrance to the Dardanelles is a wide sweep of sandy foreshore, where in days of old a fleet of yawls—for triremes were, not yet—might have been easily beached, and the Greek warriors could disembark in

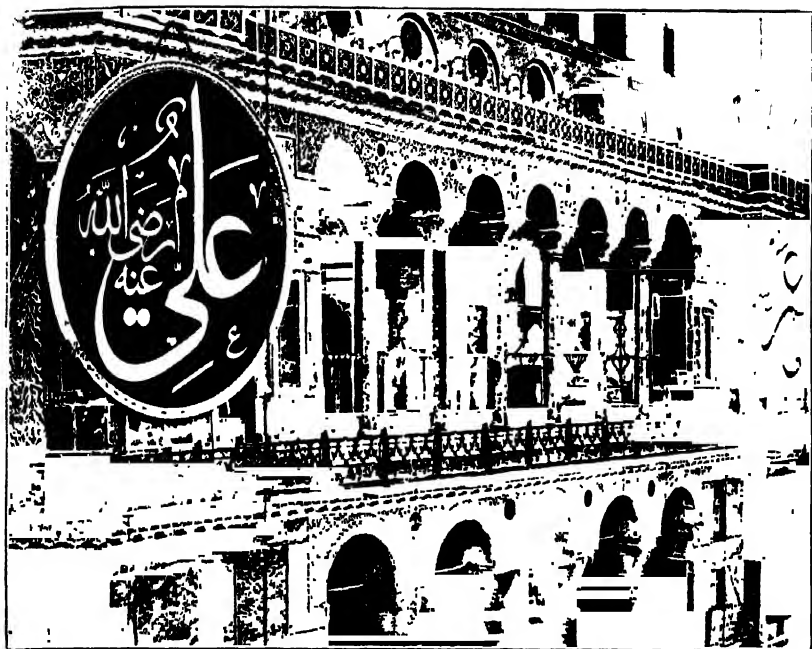
smooth water. This seems a likelier spot for such an enterprise than along the coast where the cliffs are too steep and the weather too uncertain for harbouring the galleys of antiquity. The shallow curve of Besika Bay would be poor protection for them. The Dardanelles and Bosphorus form a continuous roomy deep-sea canal bordered by rocky verdant shore, interrupted only by the vast expansion of the Sea of Marmora, which takes a steamer six hours to cross. As you approach Constantinople from the Marmora the European shore looms afar as an uninteresting flat with no break of hills on the horizon. The Princes' Islands, on the contrary, with their pretty seaside summer towns and line on line of low mountains far beyond, half lost in the blue depths of haze, make the Asiatic side a dream of wonder in the twilight.

Then as you near Stamboul and desery the bastioned and terraced walls of Theodosius all interest swerves to the European shore, and for the last twelve miles of the Marmora you get an unrivalled view of the massive outlines of St. Sophia. Here alone has it the appearance of being lifted into the sky-line on a separate hill with its tier on tier of cyclopean masonry and its Byzantine note of semi-domes in clusters round the mother dome. Even the buff lime-wash that envelops it, caught as if in protecting clamps by transverse bands of Indian red, is powerless to dull the effect of its tremendous majesty. Seen from the Bosphorus or the northern ports of the Golden Horn, it is disappointing, a huddled-up mass of decrepitude leaning on buttresses like crutches, as if mythical giants had been ordered by the gods to put their shoulders to the walls, and in that position, like shapeless caryatides, been left to petrify.

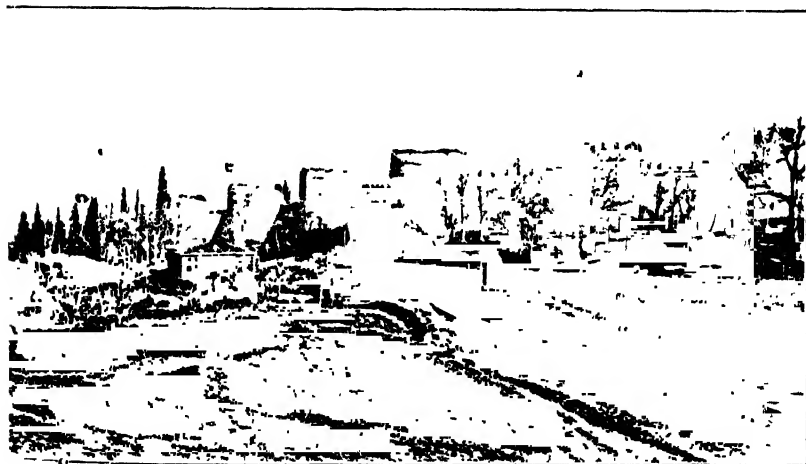
The sights within this fane overflow with Christian interest. The central stem of the cross on the mighty bronze gates of the vestibules remains, but the arms of the symbol of redemption are manifest owing to the tell-

tale indentations of the tool which chiselled them out. One cross at least is visible on the marble just as it was left by the builder. Some of the porphyry columns that support the roof are alarmingly out of plumb. The marble floor of the gallery, where the First Council of Constantinople was held, is shattered and wavy, possibly from earthquakes, probably from the strain on the foundations. The gold mosaics on the roof and arches contrast oddly with the dingy yellow distemper which covers the walls. The flatness of the dome in its leaden shroud is striking, and something of an architectural curiosity. You cannot help wondering why gravity did not pull it down on the heads of the faithful more than 1000 years ago. But then, I suppose, they had not learned in those benighted days the possibilities of contract mortar.

Possibly the drollest sight in Turkey is on your lee as you move up the Hellespont, a picture of her phenomenal absence of humour, of her serene unconcern at the mirth of the world in presence of the way she positively advertises her comical freaks of maladministration. You behold seven disembowelled men-of-war, their machinery extracted or rotting, vainly awaiting in line of battle, as it appears, a knock-down blow from some fatuous marine store-dealer. This is Turkey's woebegone navy. Their black hulls and white sterns dubiously resplendent in bad paint, true antiques from *bric-à-brac* foundries, made a bold attempt some years ago to get out in the *Ægean* for manœuvres, but they got no farther than the bay above the quarantine station at Dardanelles town, and there they have stuck ever since to give a *sauce piquante* to the gaiety of nations. There is a deep distrust of sailors at the palace as of persons who have seen things. When after much resistance a torpedo was at last allowed to be bought, the works were extracted and removed for safety to Yildiz. The shell was returned to the toy-shop—I beg pardon, to the navy to manœuvre with. Bless the children!



FRONT OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE



WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

Let us take them for a walk in the Adelaide Gallery. But we shall first have a peep at the Bosphorus.

Leaving Pera from the Galäta jetty at seven in the morning you can steam along the Bosphorus by the Asiatic shore, past "the sweet waters of Asia" up to the Black Sea, returning along the European riva in time for lunch at the Pera Palace Hotel, the best in Far Eastern Europe. You move amid a panorama of hill and dell, of infinite sinuosities, broads and narrows, tiny capes and bays and baby promontories. The scene is steeped in tones of verdure with here and there spacious sweeps of meadowed upland crowned with tops of silvery birch, and here and there eminences of quarried rock covered with scrub and wild heather. There are a few picture trees of towering umbelliferous fronds, but noble ones are rare. Cypressos and pines are dominant. Most of the houses along the shore are built of mere laths over cloacæ emptying into the sea. The overhanging balconies are supported on crooked sticks that make one breathless, as if the disturbance of a passing paddle should bring them down. They lean, they bow, they bulge, they squat, they totter, they slide, and of course they eventually drop, contents and all, mother and maid and child, into the silent waters, where no coroner's jury this side of Lethe is likely to sit upon their slumbers.

There are no catastrophes in Turkey, only that numbing vocable "Nasib." Not even the gracious face of Nature can dispel the sub-conscious ache of melancholy that creeps into the traveller's every intelligent cell from the incubus of rottenness that lies in a swelter, round about, and through and through every scene you traverse in your wanderings. How welcome are the white lines of the British Embassy at Therapia, conspicuous with their green shutters, and does not something like thanksgiving come to your lips as you think of that other land, that dot of empire in the Western

Seas, where men go forth in the full stature of their birthright of freedom and good order. And how good it is to feel yourself even in touch with the Hard, and all it symbolises as you espy the bluejackets—the men whom all the navies ape but whom none one bit resemble—on the stationary British gunboat at anchor off the embassy, England's trusty sentinel for the protection of her ambassador.

Considered as a spectacle of human movement, or as an engineering achievement of shreds and patches and battered corduroy, the Galata bridge should take rank with the wonders of the universe. The crowd on London Bridge at 6 P.M. is only a fairy-tale beside it. It crosses the broad embouchure of the Golden Horn, joining the busy quarter of Pera with the drowsy life of old Stamboul. It consists of a series of pontoons of all shapes and sizes in all their naked innocence of paint, without even the salubrious suggestiveness of the tar-brush. A scaffolding of dilapidated ironwork rests on these rusty hulks. Thick undressed planks of any size are flung across under a few thumps of the hammer, so that wayfarers in hackney carriages can have the resilience of their spinal column tested for nothing by bumps like shocks from an electric piston. As this rumble-tumble structure is always under some sort of repair, the hole is obligingly left open for horse and man to topple into, for you cannot expect the court lady who gets a paltry £10,000 a month out of the bridge in tolls to spend a few piastres on a bit of paling for your protection when the road is "up."

As Byzantium was once transmuted into Constantinople, so if the congruities were consulted, its latter-day name might very well be Kennelopolis, for it is mainly a labyrinth of kennels, though the official designation is streets. The dogs are the real masters of the highway! If you venture to take an airing on the side walk—where there is one—it is *permissu superiorum*. You

must consider their highnesses the dogs. You find them in broods, a prolific patriarchate, curled up like gigantic slugs on the middle of the footpath, tailing off in a trail of new born puppies over the steps of your hall door. No matter how dense the throng of wayfarers they never budge. You must pick your way through them and over them, so that a promenade in Pera is a zigzag thing of leaps and bounds. If you have the heart to do so, you may kick them out of your way, and they will not retaliate. They move away unangered, with a protest between a bark and a whine, but no blue-blooded genuine son of these streets will snap or turn to rend you. They are born and die quite ownerless, with the key of the streets their sole inheritance. They have never known the touch of a caressing hand, the music of their separate name, the whistle of the man that loves and would share his last crust with them. Can there be anything in the economy of the Turk that shuts out from them one of the gentle felicities in this hard world, the communion of soul between the faithful hound and the eye of the discerning master? And yet no spoilt darling of the boudoir is more meek and gentle than they, so that their friendless lives go straight to the heart of the stranger. Nobody is actively hard on them, it is true; but equally nobody cares. The ill-treatment of a dog is, I believe, unknown, but the accidents of life befall them, and when they are starving, maimed, run over, or sick to death, they must make the best of things on the hospital cot of the public gutter.

And yet they deserve so well. They are in the most real sense the sanitary department of the capital of the Ottoman Empire. Everything capable of putrescence disappears daily under the antiseptic triturations of their comprehensive maw. They never tire. They never take a holiday. They never upset a ministry. They never go on strike, nor do they come up four times a year for leave on urgent private affairs to bury their fiftieth grand-

mother. And being true Turks, they know by instinct that they have no claims upon the Budget for an old-age pension or arrears of pay. Hydrophobia is said to be unknown. Epidemics are uncommon because of the ultra-herculean miracle of thoroughness with which the Augean stable is turned out by those heaven-born ostlers who are nobody's dogs. Under a constitution drawn up in the Dogs' Parliament the city is partitioned into wards, and each ward is a preserve for its own battalion. Inter-marriages are discountenanced as likely to lead to breaches of the peace, and border forays on each other's refuse stacks. Woe betide those intrusive curs that venture wantonly for greed into their neighbours' purlicious, for they shall not possess the land. But no angry snap, no hue and cry greets the stray dog, the accidental wanderer. His innocence of wrong intent is recognised, and so he is courteously escorted over the boundary, passed on from clan to clan until he recovers the scent and finds himself in his own dominion.

What more could any class of gentlemen do? What becomes of these poor dumb mouths when they are no longer able to render offal inoffensive? Has not the city some recording monument, some noble mausoleum, some court of peace — *Friedhof*, as the German tongue so sweetly calls it—for this strange dynasty of its most industrious, life-saving, and disinterested benefactors? Not so. Even in death the dog must make himself useful, surrendering what there still remains to give, and so their skins are tanned into parchment for the drum-heads of the Sultan's army.

CONSTANTINOPLE ¹

II

IN this European city, the capital of the Turkish Empire, with a population larger than Vienna, there are neither telephones, nor electric lights, nor electric trams, and the very last place to find a guide-book or plan of Constantinople is Constantinople itself. Even Cook's could not give me one *sub rosa*, for none were obtainable. Books are regarded as so much explosives—the harmless and necessary Baedeker as a subverter of thrones! Those in want of information from a map as to the shortest cut to the British Embassy, the gateway known as the Sublime Porte, or the jetty for the Bosphorus steamers must have sinister designs, and Yildiz Kiosk will allow no commerce in dangerous gimcracks. There are trams—such trams—whose little horses struggling up the Pera steeps would bless the mediation of the S.P.C.A., and whose vehicles on wet days would storm the nose of a bigarry. There is a cable railway—a baby of a thing that takes you up in a baby tunnel from the port of Galata to the top of Pera Hill in a cattle-truck—no extra charge for smells and overcrowding. Excepting the main road to the Sultan's suburban palace, there is not a single decent-sized street. Even the stretch of riva at Therapia along the Bosphorus, the summer home of the embassies, and with all the possibilities of beauty, has no trimness, no evenness of surface, no culture of fine umbrageous trees, nothing to show that this sweet spot has quite escaped the blight of the national indolence and the corruptional

¹ The fare from Trieste to Constantinople (first class) is £12. 10s. 8d., and includes food.

helplessness of the public works. The Grande Rue de Péra, the street of the shops, and the one miserable promenade, has an imposing name as becomes an imposition. It is short and narrow. It has a bit of interrupted *trottoir* on one side, and on the other two persons cannot walk abreast. You are sure to stumble over a litter of dogs, a shoeblack's box, or a chestnut-roaster. There is not a shop that any arrival from the West would waste a glance on. The restaurants are few, and very second-rate. Turkish tobacco and Turkish coffee—the *né plus ultra* of aromatic luxuries at their best—are at their worst in Constantinople. There is no theatre, no place of amusement, and no countenance is given to clubs. There are one or two *café chantant* resorts in the Rue de Péra. One must go somewhere. I went, and withdrew under what seemed to be the subtle influences of ipecacuanha. Spies are at every elbow, and the stories of the latest assassination or the latest palace freak, matters of notoriety, even European residents tell each other in a hush. It is possible and proper to speak respectfully of these streets in one important particular. There is no Piccadilly corner, no blazon of licentiousness, no flaunting evidences of the temporary prosperity of vice. The Turk, naturally brave, loyal, straight, and gentle, does not get a fair chance in Constantinople. He is for ever in touch with the lowest scum of the Levant on one side, and on his own side cannot fail to see that the government of his country is carried on at home by phenomenal corruption, and abroad by mean tricks and lying subterfuges. To see the genuine Turk and his innate splendid qualities you must go into the provinces. Strip him of his fanaticism, as education and the sorcery of freedom will one day do, and what remains is a fine type of soldier and gentleman. All the old outcry for a "bag and baggage" clearance of the Turk out of Europe owed its intensity to the wrath provoked by the Turkish Government as distinct from the Turkish

people. Set him, for a while amid the heaven of free institutions and respectable government, and he will be found an infinitely finer fellow than most of the Balkan Slavs.

The pageant of the mosque, known as the Selamlık, is the great spectacular feature of the weekly life of Constantinople. It centres in the Sultan's Friday visit to his private mosque, situated within his own grounds in the suburbs, on the Pera side of the Golden Horn. Every stranger goes to Yildiz to see it as a matter of course, with a proper introduction from his embassy. If you have a soul capable of easy detachment from the conflicting suggestiveness of such a scene, and go simply to behold a procession full of strange troops, strange faces, strange music, strange movement, strange blends and breaks of colour, an Oriental panoply of men and horses marshalled for display, your curiosity will be gratified, for we are all like the Athenians nowadays, ever in search of something "new." The thing as a piece of animated *décor* is effective, and you will no doubt be pleased, but the chances are that you will come away with emotions that are not so simple but rather a good deal mixed. If, when the scene is over, you are conscious of the indefinable after taste of antagonism—the wormwood coming out strong after the deliquescence of its wrapper of confectionery—of a melancholy that persists longer than the gratification offered to the eye, you will find that your comrade sitting next you in the carriage driving home has reflections and feelings like your own, and that elemental human nature beats responsively to simple truth and justice and true dignity all the world over. The weekly visit to the mosque is of course primarily an exercise of devotion, but as the Sultan is his own prisoner, shunning the sight of his idolising subjects as if his life depended on keeping out of their way, it is as well that he should be in some degree publicly visible for a few minutes a week as an

assurance to the world that he has not gone the way of so many of his predecessors. The grounds of Yildiz are so spacious and so laid out that he need not leave it for public or recreative purposes, and he adheres tenaciously to the end he had in view. All the work of Government is centred there, so that the Sublime Porte—that gateway over the water in Stamboul leading to the offices of the Grand Vizier—has a distinctly derelict look about it.

Leaving the hotel about 11 A.M., you drive towards the palace along the one decent road here, from which there are fine glimpses of the Bosphorus. You pass the troops on their way to share in the ceremonial. The trumpets and bands are good. The shrill blasts from the bugles strike in weird unaccustomed phrases on the Western ear. The imperial march is quite European, a sort of "Turkish Patrol" that might have been borrowed from light opera. The men of this garrison at any rate are well looked after. They march well, and the uniforms have the smartness that is given by fit and material; but of course you must not look too close. A little distance is needed to give so much enchantment to the view. If the cavalry had tried on their jackboots the magic of a brisk rub of Day & Martin to see the effect that lustre gives to leather, they would have adorned the proceedings with a "peerless gloss." Inside the park gates and nearly facing the mosque is a small gravel terraco capable of holding some thirty spectators comfortably, and near it the pavilion reserved for the Corps Diplomatique. These overlook the road along which the Sultan moves to his devotions. On alighting you are closely scrutinised by Turkish officials to see that you answer to the notes on their books as forwarded by your embassy, and so, if your destination is the Pavilion, you are handed on with as much circumspection as if your cigarette case held a bomb. Seated, let us suppose, amid the crimson upholsteries of the Diplomatic Pavilion, you are the Sultan's guests. Soon with the noiseless

movement of the well-bred Turkish attendants you just become conscious of the whispered words: "Will Excellency take coffee?"—the perfection truly of *Café à la Turque*. Then the cigarettes are handed round, and a match struck for you with a courteous if somewhat impassive formality. And so you are spared all ennui while waiting for the procession to pass. Those not honoured with an order for the Pavilion are accommodated on the open terrace, but from the moment the trumpets sound and the muezzin from the heights of the minaret flings his arms wide in a *fortissimo* invocation, these guests are motioned back and Turkish officers take their stand in the very front, for now the Sultan is approaching. Long before this moment—it is now just after noon—you have had ample time to take in your entourage and the set of the scenery. Every avenue is lined with troops. The cavalry were early to guard the main gate, first came the grey, then the chestnut, then the black squadron, their lances mounted with red pennons. The battalions which drew the eye, and on which attention rested longest, were the Syrian Arabs accoutred as Zouaves in blue with a puggree of green rope round the tarboosh. An altogether picturesque cohort were the Albanians, those hardy, dashing, fearless mountaineers, in their tight breeches of white serge, their white boleros copiously ornamented with black cord, and their red sashes fold on fold for the leathern wallet with its short sword. It was odd to see a sailor step out of the ranks to strike a light for an officer who rolled a cigarette to smoke while waiting. Then as the men stood to arms a double line of high officials filed past and gathered round the door of the mosque. The equipages of the imperial ladies followed; almost indiscernible in voluminous folds of the softest gauze, they took care that the tissue that veiled their eyes was a mere film of transparencies. On foot, beside their carriages, were the attendant eunuchs—those loose,

gaunt, funereal spectres, the last expression of the 'degradation of man.' And lo! after 'an interval, there comes the Sultan, himself in a richly caparisoned coach, only half revealed, however, under the partial droop of the hood of his victoria. Never did I set eyes on a cast of countenance so characteristically Semitic. To see that face in a crowd you would swear it belonged to a Jew. The features are regular, not unpleasing, if the furtive mobility of the eye did not destroy its reposefulness. It is one of those faces that seem to court distrust.

Around the carriage, in a swarm thick as bees, are gathered the great officers of State on foot, a spectacle associated in our Western minds with lackeys turned bondsmen, so that the scene with its abject note jars upon the nerve of freedom. As soon as the Sultan appeared the troops gave a shout that sounded like "Hoch!" a solitary, mechanical, Dutch-dolly, expressionless cross between a shriek and a moan—one of those sounds that could never spring from any ebullition of popular feeling such as gushes up in surges from the heart. But then Orientals do not seem to understand quite yet the irrepressible spontaneity of a cheer. As soon as the great personages had disappeared into the mosque, the troops stood easy, and after a while most of them marched back to barracks, leaving sufficient to guard the approaches and the road by which the Sultan returned to the palace. His devotions ended—they occupied about half-an-hour—he once more appeared driving himself at an easy trot, the cloud of officers once more pressing close around his carriage like a rampart, and keeping up with the pace as syces do in Hindustan. As soon as the palace gates closed behind him, the troops marched off to the music of their bands, and the Selamlık was over.

That the spectacle is a showy one, who will question? That it presents illimitable material for the satirist and

the scoffer is at least upon the cards. For myself I had only to close my eyes, and the unreal puppets in this pageant seemed to be the living personages who streamed past the window at my feet, while the real presences in and out through all the throng were what men call the dead. For lo! the ghosts of those who fell in the Armenian massacre have surely also their appointed place in a scene that makes appeal to the impartial mercies of the Almighty. Men and women, nursing-mother and suckling child, bruised and gashed and bleeding, see you not what gleams of stern derision light up their sightless orbs, and from their mangled lips do you not hear the bitter word that for them sums up the tinselled gauds of the Selamlık: Ah! Mockery of Mockeries, all this masque is Mockery!

As you land in Turkey you are brought to remember that you cannot call your valise or even your guide-book your own till you have paid open tribute to the nursing-mother of baksheesh. The extraction of "chirry-mirry" is not carried on here as a fine art. It is sublime in its direct audacity. No time is wasted in beating about the bush, and gloves are not in the contract. Just one fat example. My companions were a party of Americans—two ladies and two men. On landing at the custom-house at Galāta, the dragoman told the purse-bearer of the party it would save trouble to give the official a gold coin, and so a Napoleon was handed over to him. We had scarcely reached the hotel when this fellow called to tell the gentleman he had made a mistake. Only English sovereigns were acceptable; a paltry Napoleon would not do, and so unless he courted trouble with his boxes on leaving Constantinople he had better hand over another five francs to make up the sovereign. And the American, boiling over with all the angry passions, found it wiser to enlarge the bribe than to have all his boxes turned out and all his books removed till these tormentors had leisure to look them through for matter against the

Turkish Government! This is the kind of thing that makes the world cry out for the "bag and baggage" besom.

Only those who know the amount of circumlocution and circumlocution entailed on travellers who wish to get at the heart of things in Far Eastern Europe, the pitfalls of soft sawder ladled out for the unwary by roguish guides and their hotel confederates, can appreciate the joy of meeting there an old friend who takes you by the hand and leads you straight to the sights you would not miss for a pasha's ransom. To be beholden everywhere to introductions doubtless takes the flavour out of a wanderer's joy. It undermines self-reliance, and destroys the charm of irresponsible Bohemianism and independence of going your own way unassisted in strange lands. But in Turkey, at any rate, if you carry this feeling too far, you will lose much. There a resident friend—preferably a merchant who looks at things through the general eye—is invaluable.

No British traveller is likely to go away without crossing the Bosphorus to Scutări to salute the graves of our Crimean dead. The circular drive there and back round the loop road by Haidar Pasha leads to the most beautiful view in Constantinople, and the most curious sight of its kind in the world—the miles of Turkish graveyard, where the dingy, dust-laden cypresses, and tall, lean headstones, mostly askew, look as impenetrably thick as any primeval forest. Taking a carriage from the Scutări landing-place, you ascend the slopes of the Bulgurlu Road past wooden chalets till you reach the heights of Iamlidja. What a panorama is there spread out before you! Now with your feet on Asia you behold in front across the water the broad glittering curve of the Golden Horn, tideless, yet, puissant with its own vitalities, stretching up and up between the hills till it becomes lost in "the sweet waters of Europe." Its ports are laden with every form of Levantine merchantmen, and its surface gay with trim caiques. • On your right,

warm with the colour of multitudinous life, are the sinuous reaches of the Bosphorus, almost as far visible as its point of confluence with the Black Sea. On your left is the White Sea, the glorious Marmora, jewelled with the islands of the Princes, where the jaded or the frivolous exchange the solemn humbug or the acrid competition of the town for the levities of Naragansett. See how the cape on which Stamboul is built resembles a Turkish slipper, with the Old Seraglio installed on the curve of the toe, at the very corner where the spangled ripples of the Corne d'or coalesce with the swells of the Marmora! If you want to see the historic walls of the city of Constantine where can you get a lovelier view? There they are before you in their triple mantle of dressed stone, thin brick, and everlasting mortar, terrace raised on terrace, gate linked on to gate, bastion blent with bastion in the play of perspective that betrays the girdling fortifications. Beyond and again beyond rise the countless mosques—the external vesture with which art enfolds the proud piety of Islam—the curves of dome and half dome, the fairy-like lances of the minarets, beautiful as embodied music, tumultuous, vibrating, never ending, as if they still went on into the fabled spaces where the horizon dips into the sea. And there over the water is Galäta, the emporium of business, with its noble tower springing solitarily from the slopes of Pera, as if it were the only sentry of the ages left to mark the time in history. If those arcaded windows at the top could only speak, what memoirs we should get worth all the padded purblind records in the libraries! Put this spectacle away in some special casket of the memory, seal it with a seal so as not to part with it for ever, then—for your heart is beckoning you onward—bend your way to the spot where sleep the English dead.

It is not without a shock that you notice the encroachments made upon the seclusion of this court of peace by the Anatolian Railway planted down beside it.

Far from the madding crowd our comrades used to rest in the bosom of the grassy height that falls steeply to the Marinora water. There the music of the waves alone out of the hurky-burly was their mother nature's lullaby. Now this foreign railway seems bent on cutting off the sea. They have reclaimed for their terminus a large plot of land which partly separates now and without strong protest will eventually separate altogether our cemetery from the sea. Is it for this that England fought to give to Germany the upper-hand in Asia Minor, and to let her flout the national sentiment over mere dead men's graves? If those Crimean dead could hear—and after all, is it quite so sure they do not?—would it not mar even the felicity of the blest to have their slumbers broken by plunging pistons and shrieking whistles made in Germany, resounding on the soil for which those English bled. The cemetery is beautifully kept, and is a credit to the authorities, whoever they are, responsible for its good order. I came away not doubting for a moment that I had seen the cleanest, sweetest spot about Constantinople. The Crimean memorial in the middle, raised by “Queen Victoria and her People,” consists of a large granite pedestal with panels on each side, giving the commemorative inscription in four languages. At the corners are four fine figures of mourning angels with large enfolding wings and carrying a crown. On top is a plain granite obelisk without any Christian symbol. Leaving the cemetery, you are fain to linger a moment at the gate to take a parting glance at the parallels of nameless grassy mounds, and give to the Christian dead a Christian's greeting. Farewell and rest well! And as you cross the hurtling German railway there comes an echo of the old refrain crystallised in the poet's verse, the protest of men's souls against the perfidies of men's selfishness: Why do ye toil, ye bees, for strangers to steal your honey?

“Sic vos, non vobis, mellificatis apes!”

B U D A - P E S T

THE lover of travel soon learns that much of his keenest delight belongs to the realm of anticipations, of stimulated curiosity, of a childlike fluidity of fancy, with its everlasting castle-building, its naive wonder whether the realities are in any way going to resemble the flimsy pageant of the mind. One conjures up instinctively pictures of the common life of the people among whom it is proposed to wander, their features, their expression, the fashion of their clothes, the gaucherie or grace with which they move, how they are gloved and booted; will they be interesting, what are their manners, are they gushing or reserved, calmative or preposterous, have they our ideas of fun, of good fellowship, of regard for the weak and lowly, is manliness the primary quality in their men, and do the women go forth like queens with nature's hall-mark of transcendent beauty. These problems, the grandiose, the commonplace, the frankly futile, are vaguely answered in the consciousness before ever the frontier is crossed. Then when reality comes along stamping into your poor little house of dolls, how often the whole fabric of the nursery vanishes with a bang, like harlequin through a trap floor. Who, for instance, approaching Buda-Pest does not imagine that he has before him a truly Hungarian every-day treat, that every type in its appropriate raiment will be on view up and down those streets where national sentiment is so strenuous, and where all the pride of patriotism is collected at the heart? Instead of that you find yourself plunged in a Western city decorated in Western designs, upholstered with Western fabrics, clothed in

Western fashions, and in nearly all externals, except speech, differing not greatly even from the surface life of English cities. Even the quaint Hungarian bonnets that you see in odd corners all over Eastern Europe are conspicuously absent from the capital of their native land. How account for the prodigy that in Hungary, of all places, jealous to touchiness of the conservation of its national traits, there is less Hungarianism in evidence in the metropolis than in any humdrum village. "Take me," I said to a Hungarian friend, "where I can breathe the true Hungarian air, where I can witness some of your old customs, where I can gratify the eye with a sight of your dramatic wardrobes and see them in full wear, where I can hear the strange music of your songs as they swell up from the hearts of your people, where I can see your *czardas*, those beautiful dances that remain as a revel of delight in the halls of memory even when seen only as 'a turn,' sophisticated and out of keeping with the tawdry embellishments of a music-hall." The only spot in Pest where I saw anything of the kind in a very small way was at an interlude, where they danced the *czardas* at 'a première of a comic opera in Hungarian, "The Lady Hussar." I may say incidentally that the whole performance was first-rate. I shall long remember the perfect vocalisation of Mlle. Kiri and her exquisite art in those scenes of love at cross purposes where the outbursts of coquetry, dazzling, evanescent, and full of the myriad moods of a spoilt child, resemble the awakenings of jealousy in the startled heart of "pauvre Frou-Frou." But I did not come to Hungary for comic opera but to behold Hungarian scenes, to absorb in however small a way some local colour, and understand something of the fervid enthusiasm engendered by traditions that seem to keep the soul of this interesting people in a condition of white heat. Political passions, if such things interest you, are seen in the stormy parliament, but the full flavour of

Hungary is only to be got in the country air. Go to, say, Mezoköved in Erlau towards the Great Carpathians, and you will come across the types that most interest the traveller, men and women, dress, customs, amusements, hospitality, and the picturesque simplicities of country life.

• By a stroke of luck I happened to be in Pest when the 200th anniversary of one of their national heroes was celebrated on the maidan near the Royal Castle. There, below the terrace where you stand, came streaming past the carriages of the magnates in their rich furs, with the hussar-shaped jacket slung lightly from one shoulder. You were soon made to notice a Kossuth in the ranks, for his name was on many lips and his presence signalised by many fingers. There were guilds of men and students and mere lads, representative contingents from far and near, some of them in the effective garb of centuries ago. The women too brought in their contribution of prismatic tints and historic vesture. And so with voices raised in a throb of exulting song they filed past, men and women, rich and poor, to the tribunes where the orators were to deliver their addresses. I had just come from Vienna, that placid land where the wrinkles of life have no chance till late old age, for they are smoothened out by the perennial flow of a gentle careless joviality. But here, only four hours across the Leitha, your feet seem on a crater, and there is a sense of lava in the air. Harken to the swing of the grand chorale of the Kossuth hymn! The whole plain seems in the thrall of some inspirational ecstasy. You can almost feel the pulse beat of the crowd as it lifts to heaven the passionate strains of their National Anthem. Those faces are a revelation of indomitable intensity. Even you, a mere spectator, seem borne along on a wave that feels like the upward thrust of a volcano. Enveloped by this mysterious force begotten out of the plumbless depths of national emotion, you now under-

stand something of the 'implacable patriotism that thrills and dominates and almost renders reckless at times the Hungarian people. De Maistre in one of his *Soirées de S. Petersbourg*, speaking of Russian determination, says: "There is no man living with so powerful a will, as the Russian." If you were to put a Russian wish under a citadel, it would blow it up." But he knew nothing of Hungary when he let off this epigram. There is one thing among many that is a thousand times stronger than any stolid volition of a moujik. It is Hungarian pride. A drop of that essence is like an incantation, and might well have blown Sebastopol to ashes. "My friend," said I to a Hungarian official high up in the Austrian service, "as we are exchanging letters, I should like to be sure that mine are properly addressed. Please tell me are you Count or Baron?" "My dear fellow," he answered, "I am a Hungarian!" Under the little pleasantry you saw half revealed the spirit that places Hungarians in the foreground of the proudest civilised peoples. But it is a characteristic unalloyed with any trace of that personal arrogance and bounce that makes Servians, for instance, so objectionable. It is the outcome of sincerity, of a finely tempered manliness, of a genuine nobility of soul, and only enhances their attractive qualities. You cannot move among Hungarians for five minutes without the caressing sense that you are in a land of gentle people. Their courtesy, their cordiality, their generosity, even their almost Celtic outbursts of childishness like the ill-balanced impetuosity with which they nearly broke from Austria over the *Commandosprache*, their rare contempt for mere mammon, and the myriad meannesses of small minds, leave an endearing impression on the memory outlasting the reminiscences of many other lands. Had Austria given way over the language of command for the common army, the ruthless logic and igneous imagination of the Chamber of Deputies might have pressed the position

further, one party holding that "Shoulder Arms!" should be given with a lowland and the other party with a Carpathian brogue. To reduce war to comedy there could hardly be a swifter road than for every man composing a heterogeneous army to receive orders in his own tongue, and even in his own jargon.

• Some years ago there were terrible inundations in Hungary, causing much misery. Money flowed in from all quarters, and amongst the rest a very large cheque, from a millionaire, since dead, whose financial operations did not commend themselves to the fastidious honour of the Fund Committee. The cheque was returned. The poor preferred to suffer than touch bread presented by such hands. And there you have a sidelight on the character of the Hungarian people. There is also a certain open-handed improvidence that may be regarded as a conspicuous national trait. One fact alone is enough to press it home on the attention of the stranger. Of the 730,000 inhabitants of Buda-Pest, who are mostly Catholics, 23 per cent. are Jews! What a contrast beside Athens, where there are no Jews! Greece, at any rate, perhaps Greece only, is more than a match for Palestine. The little pickings that drop unconsidered from the counters of Greek avidity are not worth the trouble of a trip to Greece to glean.

The situation of the city was devised by nature in a mood of munificence, and man espying her intentions played 'up from the earliest times. A few miles of pleasant drive brings you to the old military town of Aquincum, whose mosaics, baths, temples, sculptures, amphitheatre, ruins as they are, throw interesting light on the life of Rome's outlying garrisons. The town of Buda is lodged upon the hills. The foreground by the river is broken by the vast isolated rock of the Blocksberg, a circle of precipice. Mirrored in the flowing water, the citadel that crowns it holds the key of all the storm and stress of Hungarian history. Close by is

the broad steep hill, dominated by the noble lines of the royal castle, and embellished by all the revel of beautiful architecture—flights of stairs, buttresses, pilasters, embrasures, arcades, columns, towers, and tourelles—that culminate and centre in the ancient Cathedral of St. Matthew. The background is a landscape of polychromatic hills dotted with villas, seamed with excursion railway, and clothed with the rich vines of Hungary, some of them like the Adlerberger renowned. Standing on one of the bridges or the riverain balcony of the House of Parliament in the glow of an autumn evening, and looking up at the picture presented by the Fisherbastion and the serried lines of masonry that lead up to St. Matthew's, the spectator is spellbound by a bit of panoramic splendour which the most travelled memory would find it difficult to match. Pest, on the contrary, is quite flat. From the edge of the great prairie of Hungary it spreads itself out fan-shape, as Vienna does, from its insignificant kernel, the inner city. Between the two, the old and the new, Buda and Pest, flows the Danube river, like a symbol of espousals, in all the stateliness of a perennial sovereignty. After the nude forlornness of its condition in Vienna, how gloriously it moves within its curve of well-kept borders, a veritable *rivière* of liquid gems clasping bank to bank amid myriad coruscations of opal, emerald, and lapis-lazuli. The sulphur springs that pour into it from St. Margaret's Isle fleck it with gleams of opalescence, and with the varying depths the greens merge into blues. Six bridges, all designed under the inspiration of art, form half hoops, stretching like diadems from shore to shore to glorify the genius of the mighty river. Where will you find so exquisite a model of suspension-bridge as that opened last October, and named after the empress-queen, Elizabeth? It stretches across the Danube in a single span of over 1000 feet. Seen from the Corso by the river, its slender lines seem suited only for the com-

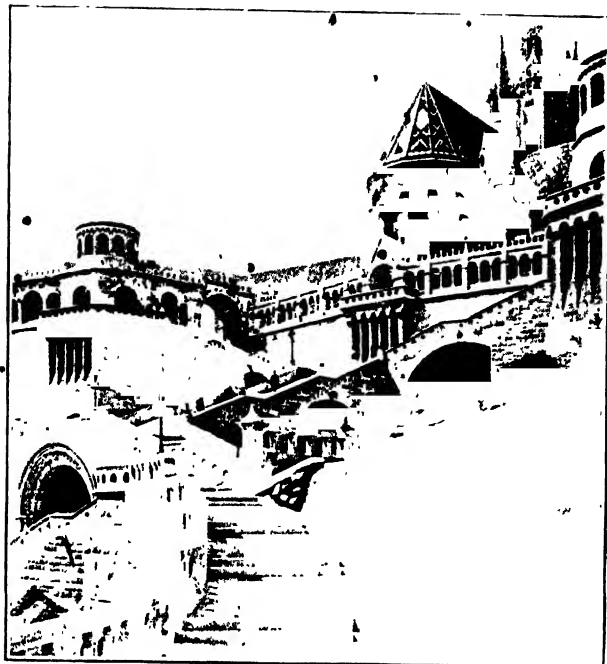


Photo. The church, back of

LA PUCELE DE L'ASSAULT

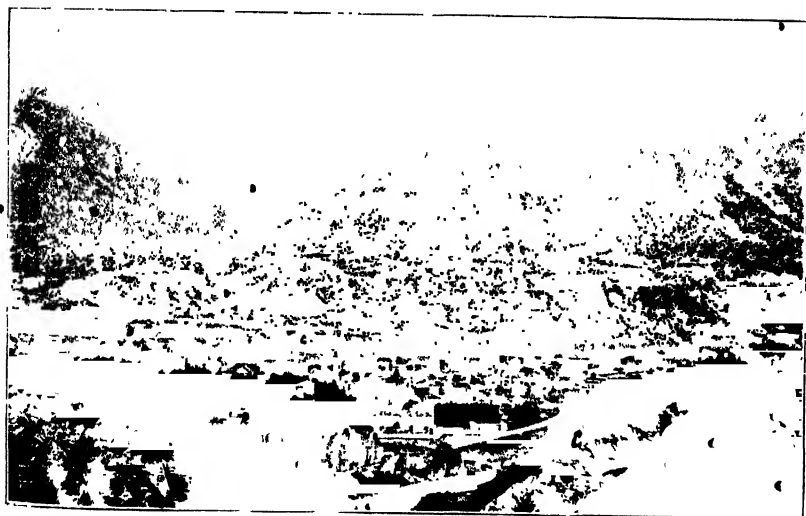


Photo. The river, near

LA PUCELE

munications of fairyland, but the strands of chain might really sustain the commerce of a world.

The growth of Buda-Pest since its incorporation into a single city in 1872 has long been one of the wonders of municipal enterprise. The sudden lavishness of outlay and the magnitude of the loans raised a good deal of alarm, but that crisis is past. The town has large holdings in land, so with leases falling in there is plenty of reserve with the new spirit of caution to meet liabilities without thwarting desirable advance. The Parliament building, which cost a fabulous sum, did not impress me architecturally. Its Gothic lines are somewhat bare. There is a dearth of fine enrichment, and the excessive predominance of slate in the pyramidal roofs spoils the sense of grandeur to the eye. But go inside, and you will be delighted with the scheme of comfort and ornamentation. This interior, and indeed that of the Law Court, is a study of almost voluptuous magnificence.

The most beautiful building in Pest, beautiful as a seraph's dream, solid as an expression of the "frozen music" of the spheres, is the Church of St. Stephen. To describe it as Italian renaissance, and costing over eight million of francs for the mere external building, gives little idea of the art and majesty which, like a celestial radium, seem to exhale from its façades. It has none of the vastness of our Gothic cathedrals, none of the form or spaciousness of the great basilicas like St. John Lateran or St. Mary Major. Its design is its very own—massive, columniated, arcaded, balustraded, sculptured, not overlaid with the clash of ornament, but sublimely and solidly rich. The exquisite lines of its cupola, and of the campanile that stands on guard beside it, fuse into the general conception of an architectural epic seen only in a masterpiece. The interior, modelled on the external expenditure, will, when finished, as it mostly is, with marbles, mosaics, and gilding, make St. Stephen's

one of the most splendid examples of modern ecclesiastical art. The square in which it is situated, commonplace and even exiguous, is wholly unworthy of such a national monument. But the Hungarians in their own good time may be trusted to see to that.

Are the women of Hungary beautiful? This bold question is at the back of many minds when reading about this interesting country; for after all the human note is the *leitmotif* in all human curiosity, and Pope might well be cited with the variant: The proper study of mankind is—Woman. There seems to be an ineradicable notion in the untravelled English mind that beauty grows wild, so to speak, in Eastern Europe. Vienna, Buda-Pest, Bucharest, Tiflis, Constantinople, Athens, are all quoted to the sceptic as spots where Phidias might have gone for his models. If this axiomatic view is meekly questioned, the doubter is set down as wanting in observation, as uncultivated in taste, as blind to beauty, as biassed by false ideals, as insular, or who knows what? This little fasciculus of impressions, however imperfectly expressed, is at least an honest record, the product of abundant opportunities of observation on the spot. Whoever with an eye to narrative leaves no chance unused of mingling with the people where they mostly throng—the restaurants, the cafés, the high streets, the parks, the theatres, the great national assemblies, can scarcely be taunted with insufficient experience. The Viennese have great charm, but to call them beautiful supposes a temperament that is easily pleased. The women of Hungary, as seen in the capital, have charm of a different order, but to call them beautiful is to cover up a nucleus of fact under a rubbish-heap of adulation. Unless all the pretty women in Pest happened to be in purdah during my stay, I did not see half-a-dozen that a fellow-countryman would turn on his heel to look at a second time. Having asked a Hungarian friend, whose box I shared at a crowded

performance in the operetta-house, to point me out a single Hungarian' belle, he laughingly admitted there, was not one to see; and then for the hundredth time I was told that beauty of a national type thrives only in the country villages. At Bucharest I have little doubt the visitor would be referred to Roumanian farm-houses; in Tiflis to Caucasian wilds, just as in Constantinople you hear of Brusa beauties, and in Athens of the women of Megara and the belles of the Peloponnesus. The real fact is, that the gift of beauty is more abundant in Great Britain, and far more abundant in little Ireland, than in any European country whatever. Familiarity breeds indifference. Because the type we have at home is not uncommon, it is undervalued, and so taking *omne ignotum pro pulcherrimo*, types farther afield are admitted without question to be superior to our own. There is no greater proof of this than the tribute paid all over Europe to English beauty. As the note of Viennese charm may be set down as *gemuthlichkeit*, the geniality of good-nature, in Hungary it may be expressed by movement, sparkle, and the vivacity that is operated by hidden fires. Dealing with two intensely musical people, the phraseology of music may aptly enough hit off their separate characteristics. In Vienna the movement of life is an *allegro ballabile*, the gaiety of a swaying waltz. In Hungary it is an *allegro con fuoco*, the gaiety of a galop involving moods that may easily become tempestuous. In Vienna the aria that appeals to me is "Costi fan tutti." In Buda-Pest it is the old, old strain from *Rigoletto*: "*La donna è mobile*."

VIENNA

I

IN spite of its great age, there is nothing in Vienna that strikes the visitor so forcibly as its plangent note of modernity. Here you are on ground where the Emperor Marcus Aurelius died, A.D. 180, and where ever since much of the tangled history of Europe, its brutalities, its splendours, its volcanic surprises, seems collected in epitome. Magyars Bohemians. Poles, Turks, and Franks have fought across this plain in successive strife for mastery. Here the Crusaders massed in force in the freshness of their first fervour. From this spot the Hapsburgs, with their overflowing share of melancholy, vicissitude, and domestic heart-break, have ruled for 600 years. And what a world of associations, what a story of turmoil, what a conflict of emotions germinate from that single clue—here was the capital of the Holy Roman Empire! Yet the traveller looks in vain along these streets for evidence of so much antiquity. Setting aside bits of the Burg and the noble Cathedral of St. Stephen, there is little around you in your rambles to recall the life preceding the eighteenth century. Look at the imperial gardens of Schönbrunn on one side, or the Augarten—now a people's garden—on the other, both of them, as things go, historic. You behold nothing but a segmentary replica of Versailles, with no suggestiveness of a period anterior to Louis XIV., but with the full flavour of the perverted genius of his landscape gardener, Lenôtre. With the eye of a geometer, and a soul made up of straight lines and parallelograms, that influence destroyed the spontaneous graces of nature in regal

parks and avenues, and so to this day in Vienna the legacy of Lenôtre proclaims its period. In those rigidly straight and suffocatingly high alleys of clipped green, radiating like a cart-wheel, should a leaf dare to protrude its tip, it is treated like a malefactor. Down comes the gardener with his shears, snipping off its insolent head, petal, cusp, or bud, just as they did in the Trianon and Orangerie two hundred years ago.

Doubtless the numberless sieges and pillage to which the city was subjected during the barbarities of medieval war explain the absence of landmarks characteristic of the transit of the ages. The traveller will miss much, however eagerly he may scan the scripture revealed in streets and monuments and public buildings, and however attuned his ear to the dumb speech that echoes for evermore from the very stones that form the edifice of material evolution. But is not this the twentieth century, when the "practical man," contemptuous of the seductions of reverie about the past, is content to take things as they are? And well indeed he may, for Vienna, regenerate and juvenescent is a charming capital; far too good to remain for long the symbol of unavailing historic regrets.

Its population of some one and a half million is housed on a strip of curved plain between the Danube and the sweep of forest-crowned hills called the Wiener Wald. It lies on a dead flat entirely exposed to the north-east, and is probably the windiest city in Europe. Thinking to escape it, I went up the cog-wheel railway to Kahlenberg, one of those bosky pleasantries so dear to the Viennese, and was nearly carried off my feet from the tower of the belvedere. I give this diffidently as one of the reasons why they are such a pleasure-loving folk. Their winds must be the very death of melancholy; for the sad are killed off quickly and only the gay of heart survive. There is little of the picturesque about the situation of the city. Sweep away the buildings and

there remains but a dreary expanse, with a cheerless outlook across the Danube over a marshy vastness of "monotonous plain. The Wiener Wald makes no appeal to any travelled stranger. The hills are unimpressive in height and outline, and on the fall of the leaf add but a broken contour of gloom to the south-western horizon. As for the Danube at Vienna, can any visitor honestly enter into all the local ecstasy over "the beautiful blue Danube"? As a body of flowing water it is a noble stream, but keep your eyes from the embankments if you wish its charm to continue. For the reaches that bound Vienna are an unideal spot for a picnic party. The banks are commonplace, abandoned on the city side to a line of sleepy wharves, where the business done, except in summer, need not inspire international envy. A glance across the inundation district at the other side discloses a mournful spectacle, only paralleled by those nightmares of desolation that border Dutch canals. Those who have seen the beauties of the Danube between Passau and Linz, and in a lesser degree as it sweeps past the heights of Pressburg or pierces the plain that separates Buda from Pest, know how potently it can appeal to every lover of scenery; but at Vienna the raptures about it, fostered by the Strauss waltzes, are a curious instance of the obliquity of civic enthusiasm. An important work is now being pushed forward with spirit, the embellishment of that arm of the Danube—the Danube Canal—which separates the eastern district—"the island"—from the body of the town. The embankments, "pukka" and handsome, will be when completed worthy of Vienna. Formerly this fine stream, like the insignificant Vienna river that opens into it, was rather suggestive of a cloaca for the town drains. Like the Senne at Brussels, some of the puny Vienna river has been roofed in, thus providing a grand piazza, one of the busiest in the city, the Carlsplatz.

• The development of Vienna as a modern city began

less than fifty years ago. It was in 1897 that orders were issued to level the bastions, moats, glacis, that encircled the old town, and, considering Austria's reputation for doing everything the day after the fair, it is remarkable how thorough and how splendid is the transformation that greets the eye of the traveller in every important street. Haussman, with all the sweep of his activity, has done nothing for Paris equal to the noble belt of street—the Ringstrasse—which covers the circuit of the old fortifications. Go where you will, mark what you may, and then match if you can the curve of boulevard that stretches from the Opera Ring to the Burg Theatre. It is not mere spaciousness, generous though it be, in road and footpath, but the commingling of rare perspective, the symphony of the contrasts, the harmonious blending of the varied note between lines of trees, bits of park, elegant piazzettas, the artistic opulence of monument, the decorative majesty of public buildings like the Museum, the Opera, the House of Parliament, and the crowning diadem of the Imperial Burg. Whatever the shortcomings of Austria may be, she has nothing to learn from the rest of the world in all that pertains to accomplishment in the fine arts. It is not that her artists are paid better than in other countries, but that they have a more congenial environment; for the very people have the discriminating insight that appreciates and loves the things of beauty, and this is dearer to the artistic spirit than the piled up guineas of the clod. This still remains the only country in the world unspoiled by the canker of utilitarianism. It is graven deep into the Austrian mind that there are other things better worth living for than the accumulation of lucre, and so we see the tenacity, pushed perhaps to pathetic extremes, with which the nobility cleave to their exclusiveness. There are probably many, very many thousands of impoverished ladies of rank in Austria, who think more of their descent unbroken by

a *mésalliance* for over two hundred years than if you poured into their lap all the millions of the Rand. And this proud spirit, lifted above the lusts that lucre satisfies, is probably shared in a similar degree only by their neighbours, the Hungarian people. I hardly know on what other grounds to account for the treasures in sculpture, music, and architecture that glorify the very streets in this the heart of Austria. The world would soon rot did not some remnant of the race, scorning the dross, still keep unfurled the flag of high ideals.

The music lover, from however far he come, will think his pilgrimage worth making for the festival of song in store for him all the season through at the beautiful home of the Opera. The system of *sociétaires* which gives the artists a right to state pensions, keeps them together, and secures a high level of ensemble in a way unknown in houses dominated by stars. It is not to be expected that the ordinary performances at Vienna should reach the level of the Wagner festivals; for singers are human, and white-hot enthusiasm must burn low, yet what is the result of one great annual effort at Munich or Bayreuth is very nearly a daily treat in Vienna, and, in my experience, the Austrian voices have all round the more perfect gift. And yet the Opera has its flaws in ways to which we are unaccustomed in England. The stage lighting of night scenes comes upon one with disappointment. A stage reduced to a condition of obscurity so great that spectators from the middle of the stalls are unable to discern the expression on the actors' faces, stands self-condemned. I speak of no isolated instance. Five years ago I saw the prison scene in *Fidelio* partly spoiled on this account; and this year the darkness was excessive in two of the scenes from *Trovatore*. And why do a people like the Viennese, sensitive to every artistic congruity, and in presence of such artists, tolerate the impudent tyranny of a *claque*? A small group of demonstrators in a corner of the



gallery, some of them little school-girls, kept up an intolerable rattle till the singers appeared six times. A little ridicule once in a way might tame this nuisance. After the artists had duly taken the compliments of the audience, the limelight or property-man might be sent forward to take the call of the claqueurs. Have we not often heard that Wagner had ruined Italian opera abroad? It is not true. I rarely saw a fuller house, and never a more enthusiastic one for any old favourite than that which greeted *Il Trovatore*, in German, in Vienna. Unsparing as Verdi is to his sopranos, the artists as well as the house seemed to revel in the tuneful bravuras of the old melodies which even the hurdy-gurdies cannot kill.

VIENNA

II

VIENNA is not transformed every Sabbath day like London into a metropolis of mutes, or a *bal masqué* of drawn faces, where every citizen is miserable in a *domino noir*. Its large humanity turns everything into a big outing centre for a family party, and so the humours of a picnic are the order of the day. Like the really reverent folk they are, they throng their churches, and no spectator could possibly come away with an impression of unreality about the worship that engages their prayer. But their duty to Heaven performed in the morning, it does not occur to them that they are wicked sinners for enjoying themselves for the remainder of the day. The frozen puritanism of other lands would melt into a humaner sympathy, if it were better understood 'how a fundamental sobriety of mind is reconcilable with an abounding good-humoured frivolity. You can be harrowed up during your dinner by some transpontine melodrama, such as "doss-house tragedies," in one of the theatre restaurants of the banlieue, or be thrilled in a different way over your cutlet at Danzer's Orpheum, while even the Viennese hold their breath at the gauzy gyrations of a barefooted dancer from Chicago. But the Prater is the place for the Jacks and Jills and the unrehearsed revels of the god of laughter—above all, the Wurstel Prater, the Prater of the jack-puddings, the strolling player, the giddy-go-rounds, the dancing cafés, the "Punch and Judys," the strong man, the fat woman, the marionettes, the *montagnes russes*, and all the ding-dong, cling-clang paraphernalia of the Kermesse. That is the spot to see

whether these holiday seekers are to be dismayed by the wind, blow it ever so icily. If you want to see how people take their pleasures sadly, Vienna is terribly disappointing. You will find lots of that commodity at home in merrie England. There is no room here for that bogey at the banquet known to English shyness as "false shame." You pay your money; and more fool you if you don't get the value of it, with a bumper of laughter into the bargain. There is plenty to remind you of Rosherville and Margate, and but little to make you gasp as if you had lost your way into some purlieu of old Mabilie. "How the poor amuse themselves" has its interest for spectator and sociologist quite as much as "How the poor live."

The Prater is the great town park, some three miles long and about a mile across. There are few of our parks that do not much surpass it in beauty, though it may have the advantage in size. It is plentifully wooded, but I do not think it can show a hundred trees that could, except in compliment, be called noble. Of the monarchs of the forest like our Burnham Beeches, or the giants of the Home Park, there does not seem to be a specimen. The trees all along the principal avenue, where they are most needed for ornament, look dwarfish in English eyes. This Haupt-Allée, a long straight line about the width of Queen's Road, is a sight in the season not merely for the throng of equipages but for the teams of trotting horses that seem to run mad heats, as if they had "the illimitable veldt" before them. The wonders of pace tolerated on that drive, hemmed in by crowded promenades, reminds one of the scriptural feat of a camel going through the eye of a needle and doing it at twenty miles an hour.

The dominant charm of Vienna, after all, is in the character of her people. It will be difficult for you to match in the wide world such unaffected manner, such homely quiet geniality, as belongs to the born Viennese. Their naturalness seems to greet you like a scented air.

For any one who has lived much in France there is a sense of refreshing serenity, an absence of jar about these streets, where you can lounge the livelong day and not cross glances with an embroidered dandy or a *poseur*. There is no aggressive hint of the superficial, the artificial, the stiff, the stilted, the insincere, among people whose faces seem to bear the ineffaceable complacency of good-nature. In other lands, it is often the manners that make the men, and so they may be put on like a cosmetic. Here the people make the manners; for true manners are an expression of good-nature. They have the living warmth of the blood and constitute the chrism of the national character. When a man enters a shop where there is a woman, gentle or simple, behind or in front of the counter, he keeps his hat removed, not to show what a gallant fellow he is, but because it is seemly to be respectful to woman. And thus with the polish that comes from the diffusive presence of the *fine fleur* of a conservative aristocracy, what wonder that Vienna is regarded as an *al fresco* school of good manners?

Nor is the effect produced on the visitor the product of any eclipsing beauty. If this be a composition of harmonious line, a design of classic proportion, of coldly perfect lineaments, of flowing curves not spoiled by emphatic amplitude, then the women of Vienna are not beautiful. The faces show few fine ovals. There is an absence of regularity in their lines. The features seldom fuse into a sculpturesque ensemble. The figure is not slender. The bones are somewhat heaped with accessory, but the curvilinear poise is comfortable and pleasing. You never see any of the willowy creatures that on English lawns look like bundles of fluff. The skin, however, is almost universally good, as it ought to be, reposing on a cushiony substructure of delicate—what shall we call it?—adiposity. The bloom of the tints owes nothing to the bloom of Ninon. There are more browns than blondes. The eyes are large, frank, animated, and

even the chill blues are kindly. Of hair there is great wealth, but except in some fair women it is unlike the zephyr, aureole of tossed floss that frames the type of English beauty. Though the ladies of Vienna besides being *bien maniérées*, are also *bien gantées* and *bien chaussées*, the ungloved hand is plump, and, if the *jeune personne* will forgive the twinkle of colour that I am going to summon up to her eyebrows, I think the region just above the bow of the shoestrings is more massive than is sanctioned by the examples of Phidias; and the movement, though healthy, elastic, and responsive to the calls of grace, is marked by a somewhat heavier tread. But the frigid perfection of physiognomical contour, the extrinsic apparatus of beauty is no match for beauty of expression that catches its illumination from the dazzling moods of lovable souls; for with this, the supreme gift of charm, the gracious Viennese people are handsomely endowed.

There is one presence that pervades the entire feeling of life here that is singularly impressive even to the least emotional traveller. It is the figure of the Emperor, the loyalty to whose dynasty is eclipsed by a universal personal love. Whether in other ages it had a parallel may be matter of opinion, but in our days of the enthronement of individualism, it is phenomenal and unique. At the simple mention of his name, the Viennese eye seems to light up with a tender lustrous ray that only burns beside the inner sanctuary, where men enshrine whatever is most precious to them. In the various national Diets of this distracted empire, where the dogencies of Parliament seem flung so lightly, to the outer winds, the thought of that lonely figure in the Burg hushes on the lip many a bitter gibe, many a maddening taunt; and even after the worst scenes, there is at least one note of sincere contrition from the unruly that any new pang should have been added to the sorrows of the emperor. Everybody, however lowly,

remembers his great age, the cataclysms of his reign, the overwhelming tragedies of his home life, his simple tastes, the devotion with which from dawn till dusk he labours at his trade of ruler. Having witnessed the shipwreck of his hopes, and followed the remains of his murdered son to the Crypt of the Capuchins, they saw him go back to his desk, not to weep but to work, as if he grudged any time for private grief from the service of his country. And then when the murdered empress was laid beside her son, and all the palsyng numbness of the double tragedy seemed too much even for spectators to bear, the brave old spirit met all the blows of destiny with no other armour but his manhood, and, taking up his load, he again went back to work to give to Austria what service such sorrow still enabled him to render. Looking up towards the apartments in the Hof-Burg, where this veritable king of men, without rancour and without pose, still pursues his daily task, one almost stands in awe of such heroic self-effacement. No traveller can cross this courtyard without the heart for a moment standing still at the salute; for behind yonder windows lives the man who, as husband, father, emperor, presents to the world the noblest instance of a modern martyrdom.

Vienna is a rich and an expensive city. But there is less ostentation in regard to private wealth than in any city I have ever visited. It has little of the element that is trying with some success to submerge our own nobility, the caste of the *nouveaux enrichis*. It will interest Irishmen to know that among the great Austrian nobles the family of Count Taaffe maintain an honoured name. It is curious to note how a portion of the splendid Ringstrasse is called the Schottenring, from the Irish (at that time known in Eastern Europe as the Scotch, from Scotia) Benedictines who were invited to found their abbey in the Schottenhof in the twelfth century. The men here dress in English stuffs cut by

English tailors imported at wonderful salaries. Even a mere man can see that the taste in ladies' dresses is exquisite and, what is more important, they are worn with taste. You are not startled by the *outré* flamboyant note of those amazing gauds that leave a bruise upon the retina as you move along the Avenue de l'Opéra or the Bois de Boulogne. There is a simple elegance about people of modest means, and even the working classes eschew the dingy fripperies of "Jemimaranne."

No traveller ever got the value for his toil, or the clear eye of neutrality required for observation of cosmopolitan characteristics, unless he looked after the requirements and even humours the whimsies of the inner man. It is wonderful how agreeably the memory makes up its summary of the day's doings when encouraged by a good dinner, a good bottle, and a good smoke. It seems to chalk out the blacks and the drabs from the phantasmagoria of swift impressions, and if there are any rose points at all they get the prominence of the front and middle distances, and the shades are all unconsciously put back. If the colouring is now and then surcharged with some subjective enthusiasm, the effect on the reader and on real perspective is likely to be truer than if the portrait were painted by the blues. It is a good rule, therefore, to fortify yourself with the best corkery available in every new land you enter. You will find in the temples of Francatelli and Brillat-Savarin many interesting side-lights on local habits which it would be almost criminal to miss. There is a restaurant in Vienna that enjoys a more than Austrian renown. What the Café Anglais on the Grand Boulevard was in its hey-day in the long ago, that with its own special cachet is Sacher's Hotel and Restaurant facing the Opera. It is more like a private palazzo than a hostelry, where the head-waiter might easily be mistaken for the Grand Duke. It has a reputation for expensiveness, but measured by London standards that reputation is not

particularly deserved. I am sure you would not get such a 12 or 14 franc dinner *à la carte*, including wine—and such wine—in any house of similar standing in London. If you are weary from a long railway journey, go to Sacher's to be resuscitated. If you are in the glooms, you will be divested of your doldrums by the waiter as if they only sat owlshly on the shoulder of your topcoat. If you have a liver, coddle it with kindness; give it the delicious fat of the land, a bounteous satiety. Tickle it with a *salado à la Sacher*, and follow up your conquest with a simple little sweet, say, a *Baba à l'Allemande* or a *Mousse aux fraises*. And, Kellner, if you please, some *Vöslauer à la Bourgogne*—yes, a generous bottle. If your heart is soused in those bitter waters that Oriental poets in sarcastic frenzy call the Ocean of Love, ah! then hie thee at the double to one of Sacher's little tables, and you will come away with the conviction that a generous benevolence is the daintier passion, and that all mankind, including woman, are quite lovable in their way. Then as you sit back over your coffee—a *Capucin* or a small *Schwarz*—blowing hoops of *Yenitje* into the empyrean, you will fall into a reverie of wonder whether there was ever so much balm in Gilead in the brave days of old. See Naples and die, quoth'a! What a lugubrious philosophy! Better a thousand thousand times to dine at Sacher's and—Live!

INNŠBRÜCK

WINTERING IN A MOUNTAIN CITY .

WHILE there are no people in the world so dependent on a suitable change of climate for the preservation and reparation of their health as Anglo-Indians, I am afraid it can be truly said that there are no people in Europe of the same class so little acquainted with the best resorts wherein to take it. The dangers and melancholy uncertainties of an English winter are universally recognised, but when plans are being made to avoid it, the choice seems to be limited to three or four spots, the stereotyped round handed down for generations—Tuscany, the Riviera towns, or the slopes above the Lake of Geneva. These have their important merits, no doubt. There are no London fogs. The skies have ordinarily a translucent blue. The Southern sunshine along the shore is a thing of everlasting beauty. The panoramic prettinesses of nature are *in festa* more or less all the year round, and there are the various shades of movement implied in that much-misused word “gaiety.” But for those with whom health considerations are in the ascendant, the absence of elevation is a serious loss. The great diurnal drop in the thermometer towards evening and the suddenness of chill, the penetrating coldness, often the positive sleetiness of the wind, involves the Riviera climate in intermittent treachery. Who with memories of a Florence winter—for Tuscan winds can be very bitter—does not still shiver with the cold that often beats up the Lung’ Arno, making one’s furs and wraps

so welcome at the street corners when emerging, with the dilettante blood warm within one, from the treasures of the Uffizi. But there is nothing of this from where I write: These Innsbrück streets are some 2000 feet above sea-level. Like the whole visible world before me, they are under snow. Our lowland appreciations of distances call for new standards in an atmosphere like this. The splendid pile of the Waldrast (8908 feet), that really springs from the slopes of the Brenner more than twelve miles off, seems to raise its giant form from the end of the opposite street. It stands forth from the hotel window, snow-clad, luminous with sunshine, seamed with appropriate shadow along its glooms of precipitous crevasse, and crowned with the wraith of a lost cloud, a circling fillet of pure white floss, as becomes the monarch of the Sierra. Snow is everywhere weighing down the vast forests of pine that stretch up along every crag to the line where vegetation ceases. The frozen snow is on my windows, which are both thrown open as on a summer's day. There were 14 degrees of frost last night, and now at 10 A.M. there is no sign of thaw. Yet with over twenty years of India to poison the blood and embarrass the circulation, the frost, dry, sparkling, invigorating and, indeed, exhilarating in the last degree, communicates no phantom of a chill, so warm and generous is the sunshine, so perfect the radiation, so dry and sweet and motionless the air.

There is nothing, even for simple scenic splendour, to match the tremendous majesty of the Alps. Every other memory is dwarfed beside them. The soul seems to rise and expand in harmony with the magnificence of these snowy wonders. Lifted into the firmament, you are conscious of being bathed in a serener blue, of being purified in a diviner ether, till soon under the tremulous magnetic touch of some unseen druid of the air, the dross of your infirmities drops from you like a garment. If the earth were only flat, your gaze might reach to its uttermost

verge, the brilliancy of the air is so resplendent. No such purity is possible near ocean levels, where the very zephyrs have the load of their own dead-weight to carry—the weight of sixty miles of atmosphere. Here you soon learn the lessons of health that spring from rarefaction on mountain levels, and here, too, accompanying it is that mystic hush—the symbol of a satisfying peace—clothing as in a mantle the vast depths of the pine-woods, where the tenderest fronds are safe from agitation in the pulseless air. Little wonder that those who have once tasted of the magic cup blended for mortals in the everlasting alembic of the Alps should remember all their lives the unsurpassable purity of the air, its stillness—its thrice glorious sunshine—its undeniable call to be up and doing, and to enjoy or re-acquire life's best blessing while they may, good health. Little wonder that the rush of renovated vigour should surge along the blood and nervous currents into the vitalising recesses of the brain, till the traveller comes back, as—such is the potency of these spells!—he must, perforce, again and again come back, with thankfulness for having chosen “the better part” and abandoned the toylands of Lemn and the Mediterranean.

Innsbruck, the capital of the Tirol, about 2000 feet above the sea, lies where the valley of the Inn widens into an extensive plain at the foot of the Brenner post-road built by Cæsar Augustus. The position resembles the letter T, where the stem represents the Southern expansion, which goes on contracting towards Italy till it reaches the saddle of the Brenner, the cross being the line of the Inn which flows from west to east towards the Danube, through some of the loveliest mountain scenery in Europe. There are not many episodes more enthralling in the martyrology of patriotism than those enacted on this bit of mountain land. I look out upon Berg Isel, about a mile off, where Andreas Hofer—that heroic figure in the Napoleonic wars—defied the might of

France with his badly armed, undrilled peasants. Those who had no guns went into action with scythes and pitchforks, or anything fit to deal a blow for Fatherland; and having thrice carried Innsbruck by storm, these gallant mountaineers set the Tirol free. When at last treachery placed Hofer at the mercy of the French, instead of shooting him at Mantua, they would have figured better in history had they remembered with chivalrous forgiving that patriotism ennobled his resistance, and that after a single action he had held in ransom two of their generals, 132 officers, 6000 men, three flags, five cannon, and 800 horses! The man they thought they killed, lives the embodied genius of unflinching manhood, in the immortal affections of his countrymen.

Innsbruck is reputed to be, after Salzburg, the most picturesque town in Austria. For many travellers, its wilder beauty easily holds first place. Nature has mapped it out for a health-resort. A range of mountains—Frau Hitt, 7356 feet; Solstein, 8333 feet—lies along its northern boundary, so that some 40,000 people can go about their business unafraid of any inroads on their constitution from the petrifying north winds. In mid-winter, when everything is covered with snow, the mountains, like a colossal reflector, shed a radiance of light and warmth through the motionless air of the entire valley, and so our windows are thrown open on the coldest day.

It is indeed a curious spectacle to see visitors grown old in the plains of India—former wrecks of malaria—sitting at open windows in a snowscape, with the thermometer at many degrees of frost. Here you have an almost tropical sunshine blended with the serene cold of northern skies. The eastern position of the town introduces the factor of sunny warmth. Its Alpine altitude gives purity and stillness to the air, and that quality of cold that does not chill but braces. It is not possible

for any visitor from the Far East, however apparently broken down with long residence and malarial fever, to spend even ten days here in midwinter without a feeling of regeneration—the keen appetite of adolescence and the irrepressible impulse and capacity to enjoy life. Under the electric light, with all the pulses of life in motion to the rhythmic throb of military music, there are not many pleasanter spots to round off the day than an ice-carnival, especially after a morning's picnic, with one of those sleigh parties that scud along the pine-glades and rocky promontories, above the clouds and along the almost virgin snowline of this delightful land. Far better were it for the crowd who now flock to spas and undermine their constitution with loathsome mineral waters, to come into the mountains and work off their congestions in an environment that never disgusts, that ever exhilarates, because it tones up from the first hour muscle and liver and nerve and brain.

If the kindly, easy-going people of the Tirol had anything of the enterprise of their neighbours over the Engadine border, Innsbrück would long ago have become one of the most popular health-resorts of Europe. Everything in Austria moves slowly. The official classes have little desire to destroy the comparative obscurity of their mountain city, where prices are low, and where their importance is a precious possession. Innsbruck is simply not known in the advertising world: in a largely circulated book on *The Health Resorts of Europe* there is no mention of its name. That is just one of its greatest charms for the Anglo-Indian, as the place is not yet spoilt by the sophistications of fashion, nor the exorbitance of "grand" hotels. If people in England only realised what it is to be free from the whole servant question and the worries of housekeeping, after testing the solid comforts and reasonableness of outlay prevalent here, all the hotels in Innsbrück would not hold the rush of eager pilgrims. What then, shortly, •

are the attractions of Innsbrück to make it, as I believe it deserves to be, and what it is certain one day to become, a popular resort for Anglo-Indians. I place first its elevation. The moderation of its altitude is a leading feature of its restorative properties. It is not everybody who can stand the rarefaction of atmosphere characteristic of higher stations like St. Moritz (6021–6070 feet), nor the extreme cold that sometimes keeps for days together below anything on the Fahrenheit scale. It is easy to conceive how great a shock may be inflicted on a constitution suddenly transported from India to meet extremes of rarefaction and cold at the same time. In Innsbrück there is no such risk. The cold is never extreme. It is endurable by the most delicate, because it is so dry and pure and cloudless, unspoilt by wind, and mellowed with superabundant sunshine. There is nothing so disastrous to persons in search of health as the delusion about cold. Cold of the quality just described, even though it looks formidable on the thermometer, is the very best friend and doctor an invalid can have. No medicine is fit to be mentioned in the same breath with it for the sense of well-being.

- it induces, the appetite it gives, the transformation it effects in the digestive processes, and the vigour it brings into the step. But it must be the cold of altitude, of sunshine, of freedom from wind, dry and pure, with a uniformity of atmospheric pressure adapted to organic equilibrium. The quantity of moisture here (rain or snow) is small. The average fall for fifteen years was 1.5 inch per month. Cloudy days, four to six a month,
- Winds uncommon from November to February. Winter sets in at the beginning of December, when the ground is solid snow, lasting till mid-February. The mean temperature in October, November, and March is above
- freezing-point, varying between 37 degrees and 45 degrees Fahr. In December, January, and February
- it is below freezing—32 degrees to 25 degrees Fahr.

The difference between the two extremes imposes no strain of endurance on any constitution. Epidemics are practically unknown. The death-rate is only 17 per 1000. The drinking water does not come from the river, but from mountain springs clear of contaminating possibilities. The city and surroundings, roads, parks, castles, promenades, are kept in excellent order.

The only time of the year when the Alps are unsuitable for delicate persons is on the break up of winter. The winds are unpleasant until the establishment of spring. In that short interval Innsbrück, like all Alpine climates, is not unhealthy, but is sometimes disagreeable. The most perfect month in the year is January: the worst is March.

In this land of legend and many a noble memory, where every peak is the centre of some animated story, as if it had once been a living thing, where every turn presents a new picture to the eye, there is the fullest scope for the day-dreams of the fanciful. And it all does not cost very much. A friend of mine, a distinguished officer of the Indian Medical Service, after much search and a knowledge of Europe in its health aspects not common in the medical world, has been settled here with his family for some years, and I, who know the value of his experience, can add experience of my own that Innsbrück is one of the most desirable cities in Europe for Anglo-Indians, no matter how broken down they may appear to be before leaving India. I would not speak so positively and strongly did I not feel that I was doing my countrymen a public service—the liver-stricken, the malarial, the sleepless, and the unfortunate multitude who feel below par. For ladies and children every word I say of wintering in Innsbrück holds good, and might very well be extended to the spring and autumn which, with their profusion of Alpine flowers, have a charm and salubrity of their own.

As this letter is intended to be of practical service, allow me to meet the first objection that occurs. It will be said, "That is all very well, but how am I to go into a foreign land without knowing a word of the language?" There is a simple answer. It is just as easy to come to live in Austria without knowing German as it is to live in Brittany or Normandy without knowing French." People do not look upon the latter prospect as anything very dreadful. With a people so kindly and courteous as Austrians the ordeal, such as it is, is looked back upon with amusement after it has been tried. But "it is not at all necessary to know a word of German." To make the way clear, I must speak in some detail. The nearest port from India for Innsbruck is Trieste. The ships of the Austrian-Lloyd need no commendation here. Anglo-Indians feel at home among their English-speaking officers. On arrival at Trieste put all your belongings in charge of the hotel representative, either the Hôtel de Lorme or the Hôtel de la Ville—with instructions to pay boatmen, porters, &c. This saves time and bother with foreign money. Similarly, when leaving the hotel for the train, pay the portage at the hotel in advance for every petty charge up to the moment when the baggage is deposited in the train. This solves the trouble of "tips" and the importunities of railway porters. Make the hotel porter take your ticket and register your baggage, and do not let him go till you are comfortably settled in your compartment with your kit; having settled everything for that purpose before leaving the hotel.

So far no language difficulty has arisen, as the two hotels mentioned have English-speaking *portiers*. Leave Trieste at 6.35 P.M., and you arrive by mail at Innsbruck at 1 P.M. next day. As everything in a foreign country depends on finding yourself in comfortable quarters in the right hands, come straight to the Hôtel Tirol. It is the best hotel in Innsbruck, with

a reputation for the excellence of its table, well known to every *hôte* in Europe. English is spoken by the entire establishment, from the proprietor down; and at the time of writing, except a German gentleman and his wife, who however speak English, every visitor in the hotel is English or Anglo-Indian. This is a tolerable guarantee that English wants are understood and cared for. The winter is the English season when people come to stay. The pension rates range from about 8 francs. There are many little attentions not chargeable in the bills, which make the whole atmosphere of a hotel friendly and home-like when, as sometimes happens abroad, the proprietor is a gentleman.

For those desirous of knowing more about the place with a view to settle here for a time, I may mention that unfurnished flats, perfectly appointed in detached and semi-detached villas, may be had absurdly cheap. An old Indian friend has a handsome flat, quite new, beautifully situated, consisting of nine apartments: the rent is £65 a year and no taxes. The electric light for this establishment costs under tenpence a day, and living is correspondingly moderate. For those unacquainted with the language there is nothing better than the hotel, which is too reasonable to drive anybody from India into the trouble of housekeeping. It is a positive joy to be able to snap your fingers for once at the British tax-gatherer. He can get nothing for his war-chest out of Indian allowances drawn by officers who live abroad.

We are only eight hours from Verona, four hours from Munich, and six hours from Salzburg, the gem of the Salzkammergut country, with the fairy lakes of Upper Austria thrown in. The trip from London, *via* Boulogne, is a most comfortable one, with meals in the train. The second-class fare is £4. 15s. You leave Charing Cross at 2.20 P.M., reaching Innsbrück next

day at 6 P.M. From Zurich, along the passes of the Arlberg, the train goes through an endless succession of beautiful scenery which, with the invigorating air, makes the hours move swiftly and robs them of all fatigue.

THE FASCINATIONS OF TIRÖL

WHEN Anglo-Indians are revolving plans for spending their leave in Europe, the first consideration naturally is the question of health, how it may be best restored, if broken, how reinvigorated, if sound, to meet in better form the assaults of climate that, late or early, await us all on our return. Of course with this is bound up the important element of enjoyability, and the still more important matter of expense. Now in spite of the common idea that the Continent is a place to economise in, I do not think it is the place for people who have to pinch. Poverty at home is a bad enough companion, but poverty in a foreign land is hardly worth the trifling margin that is saved at the expense of a strained exile and the jars of a strange life. But for people who do not mind three or four pounds a week, the comfort, the salubrity, and the general charm of residence abroad in stations of selection, are incomparably greater than anything procurable for the same outlay in our islands of the West. When it is considered how many come home every year whose horizon of desire is bounded by a summer on "the river" and a winter at, let us say, Bournemouth, it is sad to think how much they miss in health, and the enjoyment that only flows from health, through ignorance of these glorious Alpine lands. Recovery here seems to come upon the ailing with the spontaneous suddenness of a resurrection. The load of stagnation that bowed the weary traveller down is lifted from his soul, he knows not how, as if some benignant witch had touched him. The sluggish blood moves

forward through its orbit of capillaries with the elastic measure of some stately dance; for the red discs are bursting with the rich plasm caught from the roof of the world, and so the muscles live again, and the nerves vibrate with the fine responsive thrill that belongs to vigorous convalescence.

The Thames Valley is pretty. Its summer life is gay, but who will say that it is bracing? The wanderer from the East has but a fixed time to get his blood and glands and nerves in order. Is a course of rest, watered with the "gaities" in spots like Maidenhead and Eastbourne, calculated to drive the malaria out of the blood, the insomnia and dull aching out of the brain, or the congestion out of the liver? No, it will not. It will do something. Give it time and it will do much, but the Anglo-Indian cannot often give the time. It is now three, now six months, or at most a year, and that is not enough for average constitutions towards middle life to recover thoroughly from climatic disabilities. I do not think that any traveller with a wide knowledge of Europe, and whose profession in life is concerned with conditions of health, can remain a moment in doubt as to where Anglo-Indians in search of health and fond of a recreative environment ought to go. They should come into the mountains, men, women, and little children, and come there straight, even in the depth of winter, provided they choose any of the centres removed from lakes and seas, which, like Innsbruck, have abounding sunshine, moderate elevation, dryness with no autumn or winter winds, and are unspoilt by fog. So long as there are no internal abscess complications—these call for a hospital, not a health-resort—I know of no ailment common among Europeans domiciled in India—lassitude, sleeplessness, malaria, "liver," delicate throats—which is not best treated without drugs and without doctors by a course of the Alps. Go in among the pines and larches, let your senses steep in the full flood of lustrous sunshine

perfumed to the delicate sense with the resinous ethers distilled from the lush sap stored in the everlasting forests. You will not mind the cold, for the soft shimmer of the falling snow outside your window only makes your pulses leap to go forth and hail it with a gladness that becomes your dearest friend. It does not freeze or chill you in the dry, still, sunny air. There is no lurking blight about it. It only saves and braces; for you must remember that these vast plumose meadows of ermine are an annual present from the gods, shaken out of their looms by the spiritual artists of the sky to keep the great heart of nature warm during her trance of winter. The beneficent change that you are conscious of is wrought in you from the first. There is no time lost in finicking processes, in dallying with mugs of repulsive water along the melancholy promenades of Trinkhalles in blind dependance on more or less blind advisers. You are out in the mountains in the flush of swift recovery, while your friends at Carlsbad, Ems, or Kissingen are being reduced to ultimate limpness by cast-iron dosing, wearily waiting in the hope, too often unfulfilled, that their castigation will be rewarded by the "after-cure."

The spas of Europe are in the hands of corporations all in jealous rivalry to "draw," while the note of commercialism is audible to the observant ear through every artifice of *réclame*. The study of Continental "cures" forms no part of a medical man's curriculum. The examination papers know them not, and so such knowledge as comes to the busy practitioner is practically derived from books and from the pamphlets that issue in sheaves from the business bureaus of their directorates. Few, very few, doctors have opportunities for a first-hand experience of foreign health-resorts, and so persistent puffing has its rewards in routine recommendations of this or that water, accepted with trustfulness by the sufferer, and with a conscientious, if somewhat vague,

hope by the doctor, that his advice will turn out "a good shot."

At the gates of the Alps this conjuring ceases. Here there is no deception, no insidious wile, no possibility of disappointment. Blessed are they who come under the fascination of their presence, for they shall possess the land and all the health thereof. In the whole Alpine world I do not think there is anywhere so large a diversity of natural beauty in the magnificent order, so wide a choice for the ailing, as you find in bewildering profusion among the mountains and valleys of Tirol.

In winter you have hill cities, like Innsbrück, of moderate elevation, where the radiant sunshine extinguishes all sense of chill as you move about in the breathless frost at many degrees below zero. At the break up of winter, which is the crisis of the year, and when winds are common in all Alpine lands, a few hours takes you over the Brenner to Riva on Lake Garda, in South Tirol, where, basking on the terraced lawns, the sirocco does not trouble you, and the swirling spring winds are at rest. In summer, a short hour's walk brings you to the gracious plateau of Igls, an Innsbrück suburb, one of the most charming summer retreats, where the Queen of Holland and the Duke of Connaught spent some seasons. If you are restless, where can you find a lovelier summer land than in the Dolomites of the Eastern Tirol? But the autumn is sure to lure you back to Innsbrück, where the daylong freshness of the air, the absence of wind, the continuous sunshine, provide a perfect setting while the observer watches the russets daily deepen, the fall of the crisp leaves, the thinning of the foliage on the umbrageous riverain avenues, and the universal transformation of every form of verdure except the pines, until in mid-November wearied nature takes her long siesta under a coverlet of the snow.

The playground of Europe is shifting slowly farther east. The Swiss monopoly will die hard, for its organi-

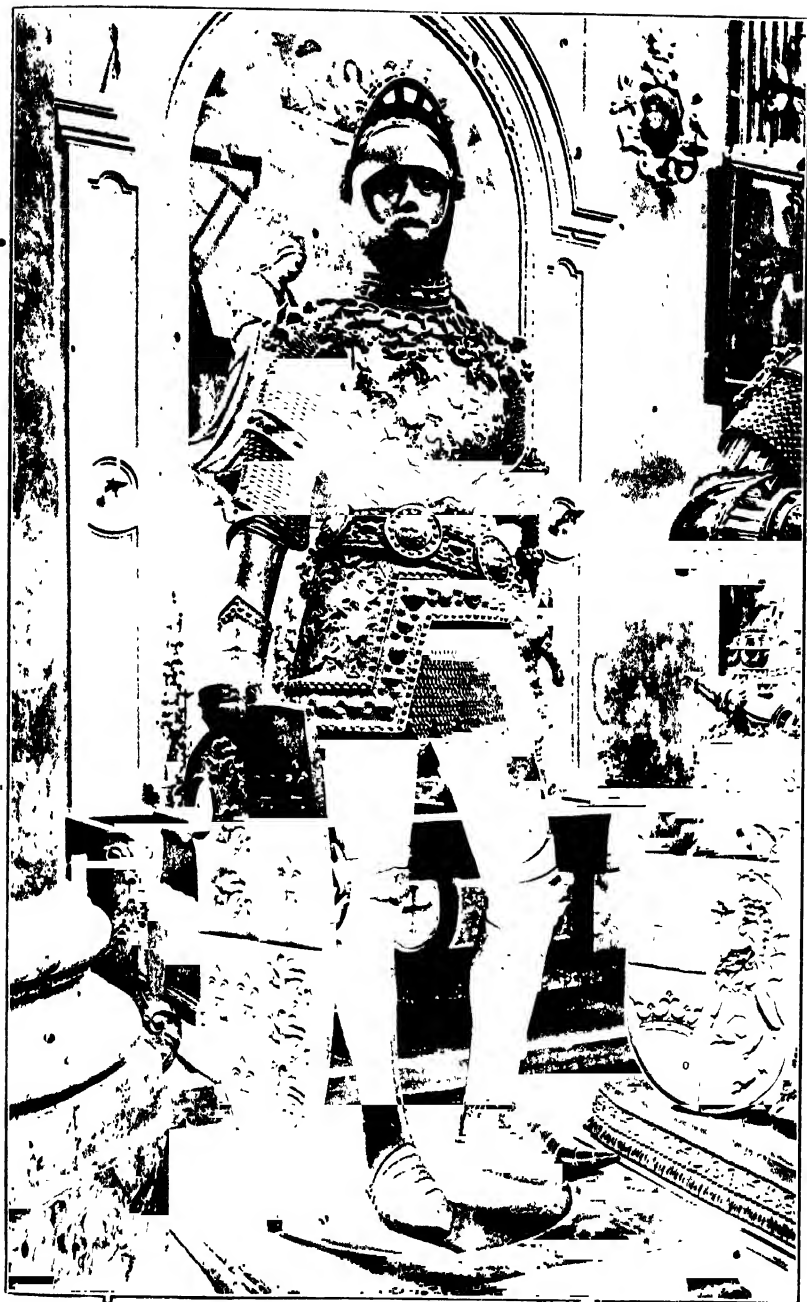


Photo. T. J. Cantelero

THE FAMOUS BRONZES AT INNSBRUCK

sation is unrivalled; but there are signs and portents that the wheel of fortune is on the turn, and the future is largely in the hands of Tirol. The expansion of Innsbrück alone is wonderful to those who knew the town a few years ago. A whole quarter of handsome villas occupies the recent meadows from Burg to river. The Hôtel Tirol, which has been our headquarters for a year, has had to increase its accommodation. The new blocks are nearly ready, so that by Christmas we shall have a splendid new dining-room looking out upon the legendary peaks that guard the Inn valley from the Bavarian Alps. Now in autumn we have none of the winds that partly spoiled last spring, but that was no special fault of Innsbrück. The whole of Europe was then a prey to one of the worst seasons on record, wind, sleet, and wet. We know from experience that when there are bad days in Innsbrück it is sure to be a good deal worse on the Riviera and along the Lake of Geneva. The fog fiend has no habitat in our valley. After the Wagner festival last month we were glad to get out of the cold and damp of Munich into the gentle warmth of Tirol, and so the longer he stays the deeper sink the roots that bind the traveller to this land and its enchantments.

No doubt one of the greatest charms is the character of its people. The life here is a round of excursions. It brings you in among the villages where the universal cleanliness of the kitchens gives a savour to your omelette, and you feel that you have left behind the pale of falsehood and the protean trickeries of civilisation. All around you are an honest people where the civil traveller is met with the clear frank eye of old-world hospitality, with no obsequious stooping truly, but also with none of the hard glitter of *arrière pensée* engendered by greed for a tip. If their facets are bereft of the polish of our drawing-rooms, they have all the precious properties of the human gem, intelligence, a fine emotional temperament—the *sehnsucht* of the mountaineer—sweetened

with the spirit of drollery and mother wit. You witness it in their national songs and dances, in their beautiful carvings in relief on wood, in the faces that look out upon you so full of genial life from the plaques of pine traced only with a point of heated iron. It beams from the canvases of distinguished painters like Defregger, himself a Tirolese, whose genre studies are among the treasures of German galleries. Give but a glance even at a gravure of his, "Salontiroler," and you will catch the infection of fun that would make even a hardened picture dealer merry. But over and above their straightforwardness with the stranger, the dominant notes of the national character are their clean, wholesome manliness and that divine gift of a reverent soul which made their Catholic piety a source of inspiration for the fine courage with which they confronted Napoleon's veterans and set their country free. Grant Allen in the *Linnet* remarks, "There is more religion to the square mile in the Tirol than in any other country I have ever visited." So indeed it is. But it only exemplifies that feature of their character where the note of honesty is supreme. Because as they truly believe, so do they truly worship.

THE CAPITAL OF EGYPT

CAIRO—THEN AND NOW.

THOSE who contemplate a tour in Palestine or among the ports and islands of the Eastern Mediterranean would do well to remember that quarantine against Egypt, where one is obliged to land and change ship, is liable at any moment to thwart and overturn every well-laid plan. On reaching Suez from India we were informed that owing to a few cases of cholera in Alexandria, if we once set foot in Egypt, Syria, and in fact all Turkish and Greek ports, would be blocked against us. As the prospect of a week's stay in a Jaffa lazaretto under the Turkish flag, or on board the steamer off Beyrout within sound of the whistle for your train to Damascus, is more exasperating than seductive, we had either to remain in Egypt and see the sights till the quarantine fiend was satiated, and we were allowed to proceed, or go on at once in our good ship the Austrian-Lloyd's *Franz Ferdinand* straight to Trieste, from which there is free pratique to Syria. This, of course, meant retracing a large part of our way, a perfect waste of time and money without any public advantage, a keener insight into the absurdities of quarantine law and the drag it imposes on the commercial and social comity of nations. Turkey, like Gallio, "cares for none of those things," but a sweeter reasonableness might have been expected of latter-day Greece.

Anyhow, the comedy of quarantine became a veritable extravaganza when a shipload of people belonging to the cleanest race in the world were shut out of some of the unspeakable slums in the Levant for fear of communicating filth-born diseases to them. Bombay, after the

ordeal of manifold experience, has at last solved the problem of sanitary outworks against a much more terrible visitant than cholera, because, unlike cholera, which is swallowed in foul food and fluids, plague origins are still in obscurity. The careful personal inspection of first-class passengers has been, brilliantly effective in restraining the westward progress of the plague without opposing blind obstacles to the intercourse of the world. Some day the lesson of these results will extort acceptance even from Turkey, and the only barrier placed at the gate of Egypt now forbidding East and West to mix will be inspection, and, where needed, disinfection of all travellers, with freedom thereupon to come or go at pleasure.

But even quarantine may come in for an occasional benediction. It will be forgiven by any one whom it compels to deviate from the original path to see one of the wondrous cities of the world. What traveller can cross the Suez desert unmoved and without a secret longing to break away from the ship and see once for all the City of the Pyramids, the land whose history is lost in the mystic vastness of its own mirage, the minarets that looked down on the strifes of the Mamelukes, that strange extra-mural city of the dead where in lanes and houses bright and new as if the dead still lived, ghostly spirits, haply, hold converse about the strenuous past under the inspiring guard of the tombs of their great Caliphs! Cairo is truly indescribable, almost as much for what it is as for what it represents, what it can show of its very own and what it has gathered into its museums from the exhaustless treasures of Upper Egypt. The one feature of Cairo that is thoroughly characteristic and in its fullest sense unique is, the fact that therein, as nowhere else in the wide world, do the extremes of civilisation meet.

Here you have prehistoric antiquity face to face with a modernity as up to date as Bond Street. Look at the monuments within Cairo and around it. They seem to

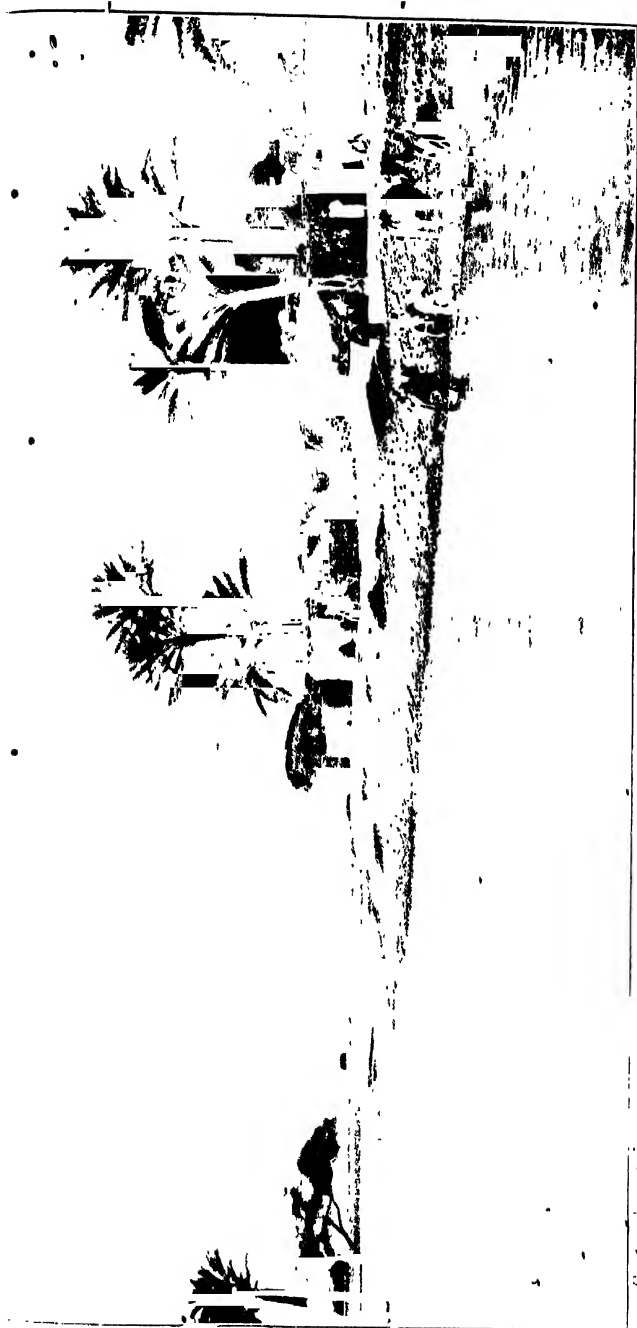
reach back to infinity. Men are spending their lives in dating them approximately, and hardly suffer in learned esteem if their guesses are out only 500 or 1000 years, so perplexingly distant are the ages, so broken the tangled skein of dynasties and events. An Egyptologist takes the cover from a mummy case and you are introduced to a potentate--wonderfully perfect in feature--whose story had probably merged into the twilight of fable long before Joseph was sold into Egypt, while Rome was still a primeval morass, and before there were any hanging gardens in Babylon. Yet look at Cairo now. Take a drive, or, since we are in Cairo, jump into the saddle on one of the donkeys for which the city is famous, and which everybody, even wealthy pachas, use. Go from the Esbekiah Gardens up and down through the handsome Imaillah Quarter till you alight at the far side of the Nile Bridge, where the electric tramways carry you in perfect comfort to the Pyramids. You see all round you broad streets, noble piazzas, fine lines of handsome villas redolent of wealth, solidity, taste and full of contemporary comfort.

But the newest note of all in Cairo is its "grand" hotels. There are some half dozen where, if you could dismiss from the picture the gorgeous apparel of the dragoman, it would be hard to tell whether you were at Nice or the Champs Elysées. Taking tea in the afternoon in the verandahs of the Ghezireh Palace Hotel you can look out upon the Pyramids, and still dallying with your brioche be lost in wondering thought about the sacerdotal purpose and the inner dreams of the men who carved the Sphinx, while a British band upon the march sends forth its strains through the still perfect chambers of the ears of the imperial dead who, as the chief attraction in a raree show, now lie exposed in the mummy-chests of Ghizeh. Verily Cairo holds the key of some of life's most thrilling contrasts.

It is impossible to take in the stupendous massive-

ness of the Pyramids except piecemeal and in repeated visits. One is surprised that comparatively quite small monuments are more impressive. In view of the awesome presence of the Sphinx and her three pyramidal sentinels, I confess to more surprise at the masonry achievement in the building that is almost buried underground a few paces from the Sphinx, and which for convenience is called her temple. In the Pyramids you are overpowered by mass. Here there is also mass, not, to be sure, in one stupendous pile, but in gigantic blocks of granite brought to a mirror-like brilliancy of polish and built either into shrines for the Deity or resting-places for the dead. No mortar cements those monoliths. Their everlastingness depends, apart from their thickness, on the level perfection of their fit, and their base is cased in alabaster. When the ground is cleared, this gem will form a welcome restorative to the tired brain after the overpowering sense of dead weight that takes possession of the sight-seer on the plateau of the Pyramids.

But there is no need to remain long plunged in contemplation of the prehistoric world. The medieval monuments are stretched before you too. A glance across the river shows you the low level of the Mokattam hills, where rises the commanding citadel built by Saladin in the twelfth century out of materials drawn from the pyramids of Ghizeh. Within its ramparts is the mosque of Mohammed Ali, its columns and walls built or lined with alabaster—no mere sheeting of veneer, but solid plaques, imparting support as well as ornament. The view from these heights over city, river, and distant Pyramids, away over the endless levels of Egyptian plain, especially under the full flood of oriental moonlight, is a memory that can never die. There seems to be a real *genius loci* all over this fascinating land, in touch with the sympathetic traveller, embowering every spectacle in a fairy twilight of mingled majesty and mystery, of



immensity in space and time and great achievement, till the sense becomes saturated with a tide of new and unexpected thrill. That man—the *fine fleur* perhaps, of our newest civilisation—is not to be envied who does not feel the mocking blasé note within him hushed in presence of the ruins, splendid still and everlasting, that remain to glorify the civilisation of the oldest world. The medieval life of Egypt, whatever its faults and crimes, had its triumphs too. Anglo-Indians do not need to be reminded of the sense of beauty, the gift of proportion, the capacity for detail in ornament possessed by the ecclesiastical architects of Islam, for India owns some of the work of those old masters which artists are glad to come from the ends of the earth to see.

It is easy to conceive the embellishments lavished on dome and gate and minaret in a thousand-year-old city, with over 250 mosques among a population of half a million, once ruled by Caliphs of almost boundless wealth, with all the pride of interest in noble monuments traditional in their rank and of passionate religious feeling. The West treasures greatly the illuminated copies of the Scriptures to which the cloistered artists of the monastic ages devoted the labour of their lives; but what was our surprise to come across in the bazaars of Cairo, here and there and up and down, resplendent copies of the Koran that in vellum, binding, colouring and parade of gold, in perfection of line and in clearness of lettering, in the general boldness and finish of the work seem to be a match for those so jealously guarded in the glass cases of our Western libraries.

And speaking of bazaars, where in the world is there anything like or on the scale of “the Mouski?” India does not prepare you for it. The Bhendy Bazaar in Bombay has always somehow the pale reflex of Europe, though the pallor is more than a trifle snudgy, but off the line of the main street “the Mouski” is the very East to the point of saturation. Some of its picturesqueness

has been already civilised away. This long, straight, narrow street, with shops beneath and harem-like dwellings above, the projecting windows closed by lattice of Arab woodwork from which the women can see the world unseen, had once been roofed in with solid beams from one side to the other, but, with the coming of the sanitarian it has shed this feature of its ancient glory, and is now open to the sky. The bazaars that lie at the back retain most of their primitive interest—the lofty prison-like walls as solid as a modern fortress, the planks across the top that represent ancient Cairo's notion of Burlington arcading, the still exquisite beauty of the half-domed gates, and the narrow passages where you have to sidle along among the stalls of the gold and silver workers. Though Birmingham penetrates everywhere, the bazaars still overflow with genuine curios, and you hardly feel inclined to wink when you are handed an old Damascene blade and scabbard, priced £50, so truly beautiful is the work and so obviously unquestionable the authenticity of its manufacture.

The play of movement and colour and dress is unlike anything in our own bazaars. The fair open faces of the Syrian women are in perpetual contrast with those of their Arab and Egyptian sisters, guarded by the Yashmak and the cylinder of spiked gold perched, like a *chevaux de frise*, on their noses as an outwork against the intrusions of man. There is an idea that the "dancing Dervishes" have degenerated into a catch-penny exhibition for the amusement of the tourist. The guide-books are partly responsible for this. I think they are wrong. I witnessed the ceremony, some of us having come, I am afraid, prepared to scoff. We came away with a greater sense of the respect due to the ritual of those with whom we may disagree in religion. For in the slow, reverent, whirling movement of some twenty Moslem monks, and their devotional march in measured tread with folded arms past their leader, there was evidence of deep reli-

gious feeling. Sincerity, in whatever cause, needs no buckler to turn the barbs of foolish mockery. Not one raised his eyes for a moment to the onlookers. The smart crowd might have been cabbages for all the notice taken of them, and—there was no collection at the doors!

Cairo is an expensive city. With hotels that are open only for half the year, and with the risks of a slump when cholera is reported, the prices, though high, are not unreasonable, and it must be said that they do much for their guests. Nearly all the hotels give weekly dances, and with so large a British garrison to draw upon, very bright and pleasant they often are. The cabs are excellent, and the fares quite a phenomenon of cheapness—about the only things in Cairo, except the photographs, which are cheap and good.

There is one sight, chiefly of scientific, but not without larger human interest, which is worth recording. A particularly genial and kindly man, Dr. Keatinge, Director of the fine General Hospital and Medical School at Cairo, showed me round some of the recent wonders in their museum. About 300 miles from Cairo, in the neighbourhood of the Nile, and about a year ago, a prehistoric cemetery was brought into view. Bodies were found a few feet from the surface in a state of preservation so perfect that it has been possible to dissect out portions of the eyeball, and there in a glass case, on its cushion of cotton fluff, may be seen a lens through which the light of ancient days threw pictures on the retina. You can see the entire brain in the cavity of the skull, shrunk indeed, and brown, for the water of its composition has departed, but with its convolutions as perfect as the day it was placed in the ground. These are not mummies. No embalming process has been employed to preserve them. They are just the old-world fellaheen buried in the doubled-up position near their forgotten village, in a cemetery

equally forgotten. It is impossible to label these specimens with a date that belongs to the ages. They are thought to belong to the fifth dynasty, and so we are taken back five or seven thousand years, and, if so far, why not farther and farther still, for human bodies that can last so long may practically last for ever? There is something strangely weird in the knowledge that the very lips which we can touch to-day are those which wife or mother or devoted child kissed passionately and bathed with human tears for the last time some five thousand years ago. The tufts of soft material stuffed into deep wounds to stop the bleeding, and the strips of linen used to bind them up, are still found in their original positions. The most ancient splints in the world are there—large quills of bark lined with cloth to form an excellent casing for broken fragments. There, too, are undeniable monuments of the antiquity of our commonest human infirmity, rheumatism, for the excrescences on rheumatic bone are self-explanatory. And so, ever changing yet never changing, the old world still goes round.

No need to extol the climate of Cairo in the season. • In January it is about its best. There is a buoyant crispness and brilliancy in the air, a glow and sparkle in the life of this gay city, that brings an elastic spring into the pace and turns a promenade into a thing of real enjoyment. There is no more charming halting-place in winter for any homebound Anglo-Indian. Those who like the quieter life have Helouan, only an hour distant by rail, on the skirt of the sloping desert. Here in full swing is the routine life of a spa. The waters are sulphurous and the installation excellent. No visit to Cairo would be complete without a trip to Luxor and Assouan, or at least six days in a Nile steamer. To leave Upper Egypt unvisited would be to sin against opportunity. That is a holiday worthy of a special casket in the memory, but it also makes a very long story.

SOUTHERN GREECE

CORINTH—NEW AND OLD

THE mention of Corinth probably suggests to the modern world nothing more than the most incongruous associations—some very vague reminiscences of St. Paul, and some very positive recollections of plum-pudding. At the present moment, there is scarcely a family in the West, near or afar, that is not laying in a stock of currants for Christmas. What is the refection that signalises the Christian Passover, the gladdening emblem of man's good will to men, the very crown of the Nativity festival? Why, plum-pudding to be sure. And where would this be without the currants of Corinth?—those dainty buds that suck up into their plump spheres, along the long ledge of Corinth, the luscious mucilage of the vines that make all Christendom merry, even to the ends of the earth. Think of the children everywhere in these days, as they gather round the pudding bowl, their chatterings, their elbowings, their questionings, the bubbling laughter, the racy patter of this human fairyland, the intensity of wonder at this delightful rite, what time the mother sifts in among the mounds of crumb the golden Demerara, the minced suet so delicately fat, the candied citron in its masque of glistening crystal, all the stir of the mysterious essences directed to bring out the flavour and the savour of the raisins and currants, for plum-pudding is a jester in that it has never and never a plum. From centre to rim, from pole to equator, whatever the meridian, it is Greek to the core—a veritable Corinthian. There is little jollity in your holly and ivy, or even in your sprig of the mistletoe

bough, until plum-pudding goes round the circle and breathes over them all the gay chrism of Corinth. And the ungracious world forgets. The nurseries are dumb and even the picture papers, so full of meaner things, tell them nothing of the far-off land that, unthought of and unthanked, fills so large a space in the gentle revelries of Christmas. Distant be the day when the phylloxera and their brood shall tap the nectar in its vines, and may its argosies go forth, full-laden so that the gaiety of nations at the close of Advent may never go into eclipse!

It takes three hours by rail to reach Corinth from Athens, but breathless speed is not exactly the character of Greek trains with their clumsy-looking Bavarian engines. Long may they flourish, those venerable old wheelbarrows, they give one time to take in so much! For Greeks the age of steam was bound to come, but the scholar, many a time and oft, has to still the risings of regret at the invasion of the gentle graces of the land by the breath of the blast furnace. All the proprieties are rent asunder when the steam whistle, in a gale of deafening discords, ploughs its course among the ruined fanes of Delphi, and tears reluctant echoes from the drowsy canyons of Parnassus. Who, in such companionship, can dream of—

“Snow-light cadences
Melting to silence, when upon the breeze
Some holy bark let forth an anthem sweet,
To cheer itself to Delphi”?

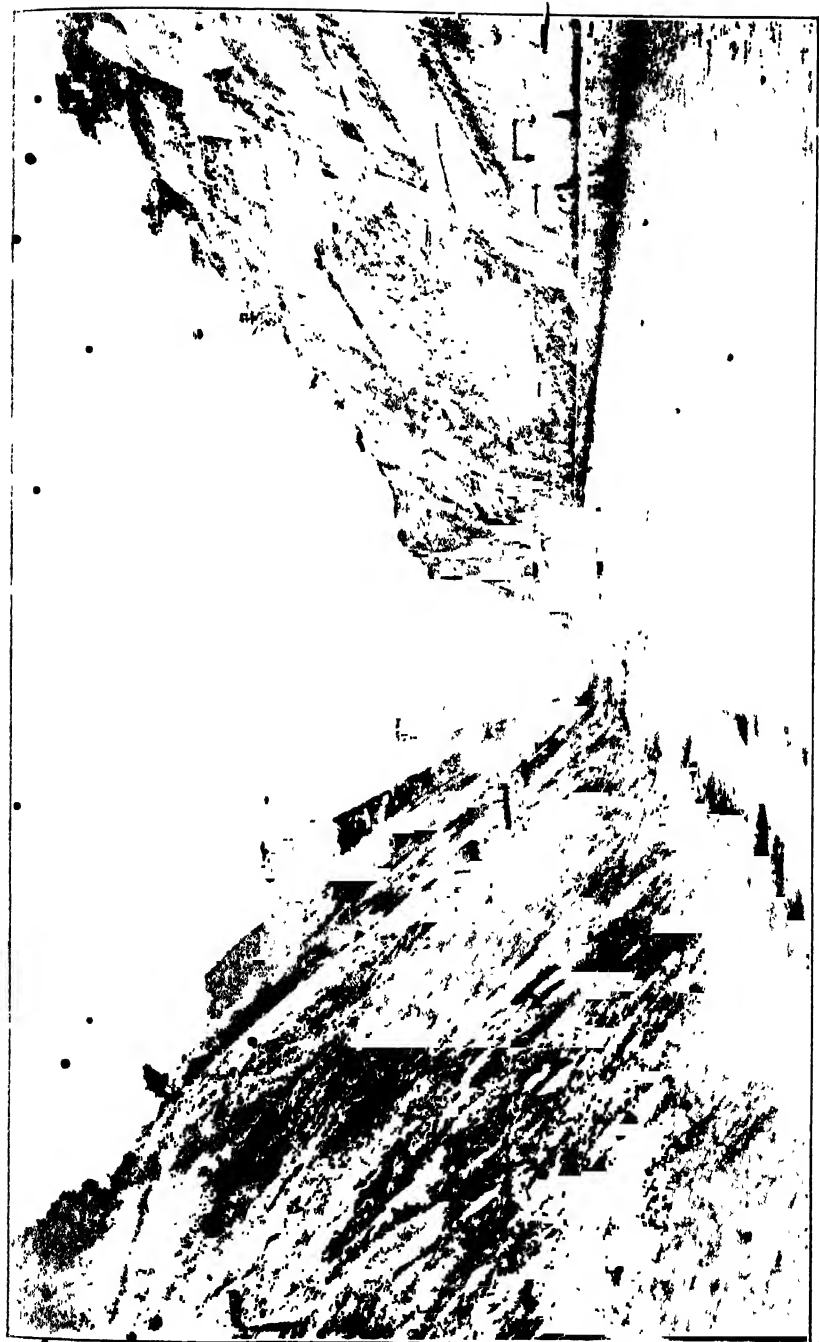
The train moves up the vale of Attica before crossing the pass westward into the Elousinian plain. Note how the barrenness of the land diminishes towards Penteleus, and how grateful to your eyes are the stretches of restful green towards the north. The isthmus, unlike Sitez, is a bridge of tawny homogeneous rock rising to nearly 200 feet above sea level. The Corinth canal

is for its size a fine work, a clear straight cut through stone, some three miles from sea to sea with a depth of 26 feet of water. Its breadth of 100 feet only leaves margin enough for coasting steamers in a single file. Though it shortens the distance from the Adriatic to the Piræus by about 200 miles, there must be something to counterweigh that gain, for my steamer preferred making the round of the Morea to taking this short cut. When Greece comes into her own again, it will pay her to double the width of the canal, for, once made, the work would be everlasting. A waterway that is cloven out of rock does not cost much for maintenance. As the train crossed the railway bridge it was curious to see the little steamers threading their way through the eye of this maritime needle 170 feet below.

If you are going into Southern Greece, there is plenty of time between trains to wander over historic spots on the very isthmus. Though there is not much to see, one likes to follow traces of the Isthmian Wall that presented a line of rampart in the interminable struggles between Central Greece and the Peloponnesus; to visit the enclosure where the Isthmian Sanctuaries stood; to see the stadium, the site of the Isthmian Games, and the remains of the tramway used to transport small craft overland from gulf to gulf. The living Corinth of to-day—4000 people—trades on an ancient name. Fifty years ago it was not. Now it bears the badge of all the tribe of modern cities, a geometrical figure cut into parallels like baker's bread. The streets are spacious, and the riverain possibilities of extension are indefinite. It has the honesty to call itself New Corinth. I had to spend a night there. Its amusements are un-Corinthian. The customers in the cafés had so little of a rakish air that they might have come down that morning with Pan in undressed skins from Arcady. Old Corinth, that fills so large a page of history, is more than three miles inland on the great plain that stretches along the gulf at the

foot of the mountains of Argolis. In the stirring times of old it needed all the protection it could get from its citadel and so it was spread out over the lower folds of the Acro-Corinth like an eaglet under the maternal wing. Fifty years ago what remained of the shadow of one of the gayest and richest cities of antiquity became the grave of an earthquake. A carriage takes you by an indifferent road through vineyards to this dead and buried city. Jerusalem was not more desolate when it was left without a stone upon a stone. It looks as if some angry Titan had taken Corinth by the throat, like a common malefactor, and shook her into instant ruin. Everything has collapsed. I could not even trace the scheme of the old streets, the lines of the foundations. Miles of country are strewn with stone, all that is left of the habitations of the Corinthians since ages before history.

Standing amidst this wrack, how the echoes of old times come thronging to the memory! Seated in the old church at school, how often have you been thrilled and mystified, and more than half alarmed by those stern admonitions from the New Testament, once so vivid, but now so ill-remembered! Gazing on the *dejecta membra* of this proud city, does not the reality of it all come back to you till you are almost stung with the intensity of the lessons of such a portent? And do you not almost feel the breath of the generous rage of the Apostle and the warnings of his voice? And do you not hear again the vague mellifluous mysticism of the cadence with which the clergyman takes up his text from the "First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians"? When you remember that this was the city of Aphroditè and all *that* means in the apotheosis of frivolity, forget not at the same time that perhaps on the very spot beneath your feet was one of the earliest altars of Christianity, and that from the spangled morgue of this gay city sprang the ferment of the revelations that was to purify



conduct and give new ideals to the perplexed consciences of mankind. Whatever its faults, and crimes, and vices, forget not that a Corinthian congregation was among the first to welcome the New Message, to turn their backs on the old seductions and their faces towards the strange teaching of renunciation that looked down upon them from a Cross. We who come after can see that all through the days of its splendid recklessness, a resistless hand was tracing on every wall the doom that is now accomplished—"Delenda est Corinthus!" God's mills grind slowly; slowly, ay, but wondrous fine. Corinth is gone, a scene of devastation, almost too desolate for a farmstead, almost too stony for the plough. But her name has still some of the charm of a great inheritance. It can never entirely perish so long as there is a Bible or a Christian left.

There is just one monument extant to mark the site of Corinth. It is the ruin of a great Doric temple of untraceable antiquity and of an imposing monolithic mass. Here the carriage stops and from this point you have to make by mule the ascent of the Acro-Corinth and its wild swelter of line within line of vast crumbling tumbling fortifications, made impregnable successively by Venetian, Turk, and back again. Up to the date of modern armament nothing but famine could reduce such a position. A few Venetian cannon dismounted by the battlements tell in forlorn accents the story of the great days of the Signiory when Greece was but an appanage of the Queen of the Lagoons. On your way from Athens you saw how the fine-looking women of Megara came down to the railway station with frank, fearless faces, while here at Old Corinth the brand of the Turk had visibly seared the whole character. The women paused in their washing at the well to draw their kerchief over mouth and throat, as if they were Stamboul beauties. But these little tricks of the harem were lost on an old soldier who could tell at half a glance that they had not

a fascination to spare amongst the lot of them. They were patterns of plainness every one.

If you happen to be lucky in a good sky the view from this citadel, shaped like an inverted bowl some 2000 feet high, is the grandest in Greece. I do not know whether it has a rival anywhere, so wondrous is the combination of mountains, islands, gulfs, inland waters, and open sea. It is the only thing that justifies the waste of a day in Corinth. Even if the weather is a little against you and the day is dull your disappointment will not be all regret, for in such a presence a special radiance seems to quicken the imagination, so that you can almost realise the spectacle even where you but darkly see.

THE NEMEAN GAMES

NEW CORINTH lies so much in the general highway of its own gulf between the Adriatic and the Ægean, that with so much to remind you of to-day you hardly realise your own presence on the fringe of the Peloponnesus. But when you once face south, having taken your seat in the train for Nauplia, fancy, with a vision clearer than that of the eyes, describes, as you move up into the mountains of Argolis, the gradual unfolding of the panorama that holds the most venerable antiquities of Greece. Once across the Nemean Pass a dim veil descends on the pleasant pastures of history where all inquiring scholars are free to browse with understanding, and to their place succeed the labyrinthine mummeries of the mythical. Even the twilight of fable would be welcome amid the Cimmerian mists wherein German archaeologists still lose themselves about these parts in probably impossible conjecture. Gods and goddesses, heroes and murderesses, kings and courtiers, fighters and mere revellers, sterling virtues, not a few, and ghastliest vices, far too many, jostled each other on every hearth, divine and human of this peninsula, as nowhere else in Greece, without even the moderating interactions of surprise.

One is lost in wonder at what could possibly have occasioned wonder when this morsel of the universe resembled a naughty nursery of intoxicated marionettes. There are ruins in the Plain of Argos which the casual traveller has as much right to dogmatise about as any of the Societies, for all the laborious recensions, in the world are powerless to drag into the light of modern day

the buried mysteries of back millenniums. You will behold gigantic masonry set in random, polygonal courses, scornful of the aids and artifices of mortar, heedless of the riot of the ages and their earthquakes for however defaced in detail and battered the ornament, they remain „substantially everlasting from the close lock of their rough-hewn but massive joints. Ask the experts who were the masons and who their paymasters, and what will be the answer? Words, words, words drawn from the imposing nomenclature of archæology, mystification without knowledge, most unsatisfactory pabulum for the curiosity of a hungering mind.

But while pursuing our reflections, here we are at the top of the Pass, a thousand feet above Corinth, and the station is Nemea. Here you have time to pause and wonder what has become of all the bonds of torpor that clamped your soul, enslaved by the palsyng round of service in the tropics. They were, but now they are no longer. The spiritual majesty of Greece has raised her sceptre and touched you for the evil. The clasps are wrenched asunder, and your cope of lead has fallen a ruin at your feet. You had, perchance, begun to acquiesce, dispirited in the conviction that any humble gift of grace awarded you by nature had been exterminated from your consciousness under mountains of parlous nothingness by the barbed asperities, the pettifogging cross purposes, the irredeemable stupidities of the Iron Virgin of routine. But now what strange resilience is this whereby you feel your soul expanding under the stimulating agitations of the story which these scenes enrich from the treasury of your school days, and so your youth comes back to you—such a welcome visitant!—as if by some enchanting spell. This is the fascination, the veritable obsession wherewith the imagination is enthralled, a willing captive, throughout these wanderings in Greece. This is the nectar that has all the glow, but none of the headiness, of a generous vintage,

and so a new momentum was given, as expected, to the languid pulses which brought the weary pilgrim from the East in among the plangent memories of the brave and spacious days of Agamemnon.

But are those desolate moors round about all that is left of so famous a kingdom? Is there, then, not a single mausoleum of the Nemean kings extant even in the sad redundancy of ruin? Is yonder hill the spot into whose sheltering flanks the Nemean lion used to repair with its quarry till the club of Hercules came along and stopped its career for ever? Is that the secluded inconspicuous little valley where the Peloponnesians raised their national temple, and are those few columns all that reminds posterity of the fashionable worship of Zeus? How poor are the remnants of theatre and stadium that from the grave of earthquakes still speak of the great Pan-Hellenic carnivals known as the Nemean games! It calls for an effort of the imagination to people again these lonely undulations in the mountains where all Hellas once met biennially under the aegis of a sacred truce to give to victorious athletes the highest honour in the kingdom. Honour? Truly. Fame? Not one thing more, even by way of victory over a mean temptation. What would the Greeks have said if a millionaire or contractor of those days ventured to offer to any of the conquerors of the stadium a crown of bullion, a jewelled amphora, or a purse of golden drachmæ. They ran, they jumped, they wrestled, they threw the spear and discus—but not for gold! No, not once for gold! All they got and all they cared for was a humble garland of parsley or wild olive. But no gem dug out of the abysses of the earth and coaxed by craft of lapidary into myriad stars of coruscating splendour could match this modest tribute in significance. It sat upon their brow, the emblem of manly sovereignty, the triumph of worth over the accidents of fortune, not an inherited but a personal crown, holding even in its perished stalks the

echoes of a nation's plaudits. And yet our talk to-day is full of evolution as if by adding to our vocabulary, we pile on proofs of progress. The only ideal "sportsmen" as a nation the world ever saw were the democrats of ancient Hellas. The modern athlete and racing man, born 2500 years after the Nemean and Isthmian victors, think the applause of the crowd all very well in its way, but the real thing is to keep one eye on the gate and both ears attuned to the clink of the entrance money. Even your modern warrior throws ever and anon an oblique glance at the treasury without which the "Thanks of Parliament" would be very small beer indeed. Is it a conceivable picture of those antique, or as we may well say now, those antiquated days to see a Greek going round the agora with a subscription list cadging for a "Town Cup" among the petty shop-keepers? How the very helots would have jeered at such a figure at Olympia if any competitor in the pentathlon were to whisper to his neighbour that sport was a fine thing as a matter of business and that contests in the stadium could be made to pay! We stake lucre—money down—to produce a type of athlete. The

- Greeks staked sentiment, only a breath of fame, and all the world is witness of the difference. Since sport was captured by the money bags where is their match for the runner Phidippides who, over mountain and vale flew—"for love"—from Athens into Lacedæmon, 150 miles in a day,¹ to summon the Spartans to take a hand at Marathon? Until sport returns to the Greek model the canker of the cup hunters will poison the little that remains of its pristine nobility of manliness. When honour, not dross, was of the essence of the compact, every sportsman was a gentleman, no matter what the humility of his birth. Unenriched and cupless, the
- ancient winner went his way among his countrymen

¹ Phidippides left Athens one day and arrived at Sparta the next (Herodotus).

prouder than any potentate of his modest fillet of wild leaves. There was no hoccussing of competitors in Greece, no secret villainy of "understandings." None of the oil that was worked into their bodies in the palaestra found its way figuratively into the sly hollows of their palms. When Greek met Greek then came the tug of war, but it was purely on a field of honour. We take good care to establish our modern stadia on fields of cloth of gold.

We left Corinth at 4.45 p.m. and got into Nauplia, at the head of the Argolic Gulf, for dinner. It is scarcely a spot worth a long journey for its own sake, but it is the terminus from which excursions are comfortably possible into the Argive plain and among the sights of Epidaurus. There is withal a good deal to interest the traveller during the couple of days he has to spend here. The natural features of Nauplia are of great beauty, and its history is woven through and through into that of Tiryns, Argos, and Mycenæ, the most ancient cities of the entire Western world. It may have been from this port that the Homeric Greeks set sail for the conquest and humiliation of Ilium. This little waterside colony lies on a narrow marge of land between its own Acropolis and the sea, and you look out across the harbour into that unpretentious stretch of vale that makes the scholar's pulses tingle in every land, so great was the renown of ancient Argos. This rocky headland plunges into the heart of the Argolic Gulf, so that Nauplia looking north is protected from the southern wash of the open sea, and its harbour keeps smooth and sheltered as a mountain tarn. Among the delightful surprises in store for the traveller into the byways of the Levant is the teeming evidences of the magnificence of Venetian history. For love of Venice alone, it is quite worth while to come into these coasts to witness with your very eyes the extent and wonders of her empire. They come upon you in the most

unexpected ways and in unsuspected corners, until at last when you see a dominating fastness finely conceived for strategic possibilities, and beautifully executed in dressed stone, you know that the gonfalon of St. Mark once flew over the battlements, and the sign manual of the Republic—the lion on wings—is worked into the masonry over its gates and walls. The great fortress of Palimidi is an example of this. It towers above Nauplia in a vast steep ridge of rock 700 feet high, and is entered by nearly a thousand steps hewn out of the declivity. From the rock-tombs in its slopes you look down upon the squares and coil of narrow streets that are Venice all over, but the people have changed, as of course they must have changed, under the long blight of the Turkish terror, for you miss the true Venetian hum and colour in the cheery chattering life of the piazza.

The visitor will observe with interest the evidences remote and actual that connected and still connect Egypt with Greece. These casual experiences on the spot do more to inform the mind and enrich it with suggestion than a perusal of the archaeologies. For those acquainted with Egypt, the impression will probably be immediate that the aboriginal inhabitants of Greece were emigrants from Africa, and that their first landing was here. The Cyclopean masonry of Tiryns close by is at once indicative of the quality of Egyptian engineering in the vast size of the blocks. And even such a straw as the character of a *café chantant* may be able to show some of the currents of the human ocean. You cannot expect much in the way of art from sing-songs in the tavern of a Greek seaport of only 5000 people, but as the motto of every sensible traveller is—*nihil humani alienum*—you will often meet with curious experiences and startling touches of kindly human nature in the slums and backwaters of the world. In this seamen's *café* on a raised platform in the midst of perhaps sixty customers was a group of musicians and dancers, the

exact counterpart, though not so gaudily attired, of those unsexed odalisques whose wearying nautches draw the curious to the Cairo Eldorado. The melodies and movements, quite inoffensive to decent minds, were just the same, so as to asseverate the propinquity and cousinship, so to speak, between Greece and Egypt. The monoliths of Tiryns and a modern ballet in a sailors' gaff, even such are the incongruous indications that lead the traveller into fields of conjecture about such a conundrum as the original settlement of a great race. Walking along the front after dinner to finish a smoke I heard some music and walked in. I gave the waiter a piece of money, not desiring to drink, but to tip him and pay for my chair. A seafaring man observing this brought the waiter back, and to my consternation, made him restore the coin. He saw that I was a stranger and thought I was being imposed upon. As I did not care to drink he thought I should not be called upon to pay. Nor would he accept any refreshment from me lest I should think his interference was an oblique solicitation for a glass. Now I call that act of spontaneous courtesy in the wilds of the Levant among a company of primitive mariners a delightful experience of human nature. Could any gentleman in a club treat a stranger within his gates with a clearer innate sense of the claims of hospitality than this untutored Levantine stevedore? Odd as it may sound in the telling, the incident occasioned neither wonder among the other customers nor from the simple manner of its performance any personal embarrassment to me. Deep in the conscience of the humble there wander at large the instincts of true gentleness and proper feeling which all the ethics of the philosophers are often incapable of imparting to the rich. In what the arrogant world is pleased to refer to as the "common" people, there is mostly an "uncommon" goodness of heart.

• SIGHTS OF EPIDAUROS •

THE coast town of Epidaurus (pronounced Epidavros, accent on the "i") in the Eastern Peloponnesus has fallen into such insignificance that its name is mostly associated in the scholar's mind with the most perfect specimen of Greek theatre extant anywhere. But the famous theatre is far away from the sea, and three hours distant from Epidaurus to which there is no railway. The approach is generally from Nauplia where, unlike Epidaurus, the accommodation and food are quite tolerable, carriages are available, and you are spared the discomforts and stings of imaginable kinds during a voyage on Greek coasting steamers, for Nauplia is reached by rail. I had arranged everything in advance at Athens for this tour in the Peloponnesus, railway tickets, hotels, drives, rides, &c., and must say that this had its conveniences, for I was never stranded, and almost never starved. I found, however, that I paid in Athens quite double the amount necessary, for I was charged in francs for what locally is payable in drachmæ, and at top rates. For those who keep along the various lines of rail, it is possible to rely on the faithful Baedeker, and by paying in the depreciated currency of the country quite halve the cost. Those whose plans take them away from railways, as on the excursion to Delphi, or across the fertile plain of Sparta, through the defiles of snowy Taygetus, can hardly do without a dragoman, who engages to meet every expense for thirty shillings a day. Travelling in a party of four, the gipsy-like air of the caravan is, a delightful experience in this cradle of mythological

romance, and, considering the value received, not dear. There are two first-class hotels in Athens—I was very comfortable at the Angleterre—where the pension rates are about ten shillings a day. You must not look forward to such comfort in any other part of the kingdom, but then prices outside Athens are correspondingly low.

Having ordered the carriage overnight, I left Nauplia at 8.45 A.M., and found myself seated in “the dress circle” soon after noon. Something had gone wrong with the curtain. It was an invisible cloth. I waited, not impatiently, for the chorus to file into the orchestra. In the tumult of the dreams inspired by the *genius loci*, the figures crossed each other to their places, many thousands of them interchanging, just as we do to-day, glances, smiles, and casual greetings. Here and there you caught the echo of the name of Æschylus, and ever and anon a peal of merry laughter drew your interest to the tier below where a man about town was recounting the latest quip of Aristophanes. But there is a dull void called cupboard love which will not be put off with shadows. The call to lunch beside the sacred brook entirely broke the spell, and I realised with sadness that, owing to unavoidable circumstances, to-day there would be no performance. The actors in the argot of the green-room were “resting.” They have been “resting” 2500 years!

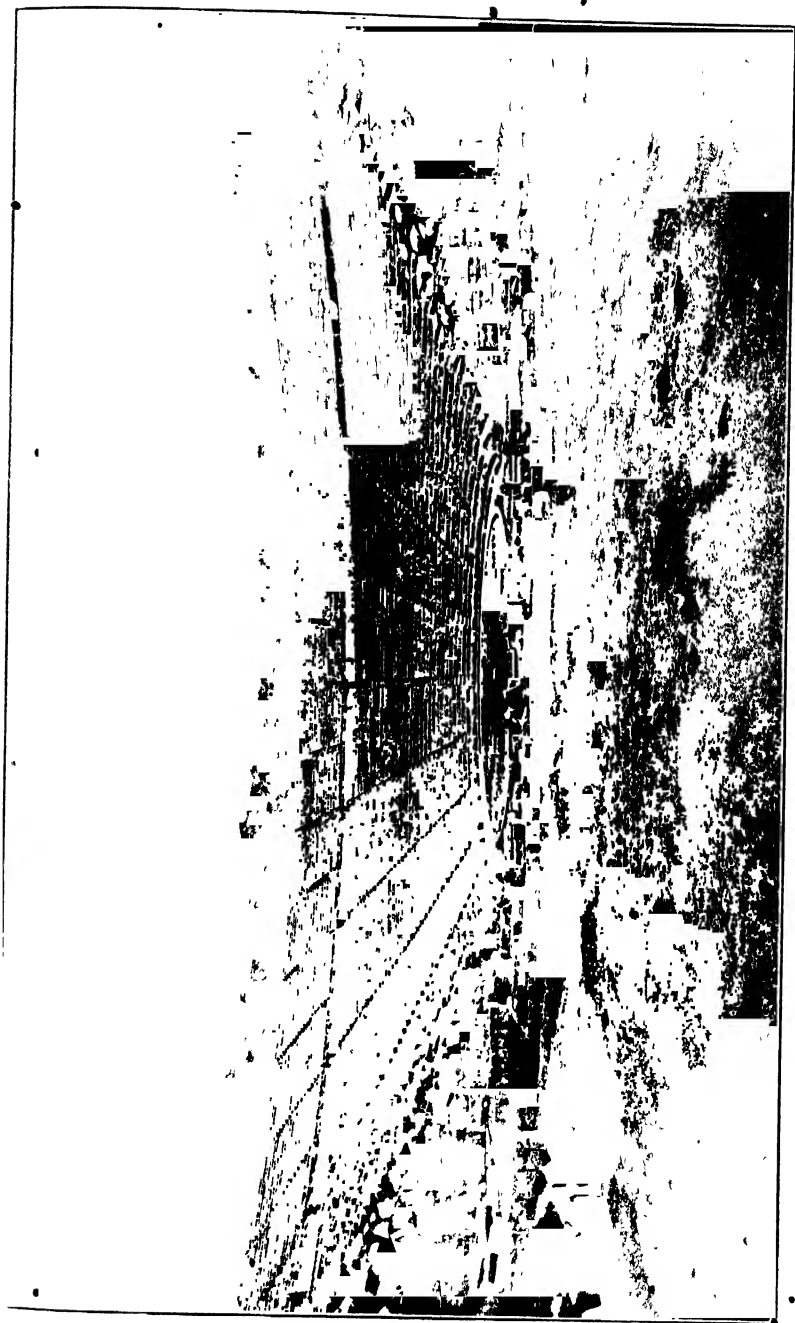
The road, which was quite cyclable, lay through a series of lonely undulating vales between a chain of broken hills that might just as well be called mountains, for the altering attitudes suggested now one and now the other. It was a morning of late autumn, and how welcome were the folds of a thick ulster from which I could not spare a single thread, such frosty keenness was in the air although there was no rime in the valleys. The general tone of the vegetation was a heathery burnt up brown with fugitive green mixtures. Indeed the bare treeless

range quite resembled Deccan highlands in the early cold weather. The population was sparse and the way lonesome, bordered only by an occasional khan for rough refreshment. They were harvesting the olives which grew, not in groves but in sporadic lines of stunted isolation. I got out and took one as it had dropped from the bough in full maturity. The olive, tasted *au naturel*, has one of the most mordant sourly bitter savours of anything provided in the market-gardens of nature. To the unaccustomed palate, it only becomes endurable and fit for export after it has been soaked and soused in brine. What reaches our tables is a pickle, not a natural but a prepared product. Next to corn there is nothing in the world that better deserves to be regarded as the poor man's friend, the sweetener of his toil and the generator of his caloric. Look at those hardy peasants and see what complexions they have, brought up on chunks of black bread and a handful of olives. How they would laugh to see the etiolated witches turned out of Bond Street boudoirs by the priestesses of bunkum, with their enamels, their skin tonics, their frictions, and their masks. Give these poor folk in addition but a morsel of cheese, a piece of ling, a sardine or two, and then a beaker of the champagne of the country—that resinated wine tasting like tenuous turpentine—and there you have the elements of a Homeric banquet. Such was substantially the fare on which Greece of old brought up philosophers and statesmen, artists and athletes. It was this that made Achilles and the runner Phidippides “fleet of foot,” and on this they stormed at last the citadels of Ilium.

There was something dramatic in the suddenness with which the theatre at last came into view. The road has been sloping upward for some time, but as you reach the top there is a sharp fall into an amphitheatre of hills disclosing the roomy solitude of a blind valley. The theatre greets you with glancing lights from its

polished grey stones set fanwise in the eastern horn of the arc where it is built into the scooped-out slopes of Kynortion. Its fifty-two rows of receding stairs range in semi-circles from the floor of the orchestra, which is a perfect disc, and the general condition of things in front of the stage is perfect. A massive hedge of ilex fills in the back. The stage itself, which alone I had come to see, is a huddle of ruin. Even the trained imaginations of the archeologists are powerless to bring conviction on the elementary question, whether actors properly masked and buskined spoke from the ground or from a platform. This theatre gives little help. To me it gave none whatever. Had there been nothing else at the terminus of my excursion but this, I should have retraced my steps with that wise sadness which is the chastened offspring of experience. Without leaving Athens you have on the slopes of the Acropolis sufficiently perfect and far more elegant models of the old Greek theatre with their beautiful marble fauteuils to show you the general disposition of "the house." What I wanted and went into this sweet valley in the wilderness of Argolis to see was the arrangement of the prosconium. It was gone and left me to disappointment, but not long to regrets, for to my surprise there were other things of boundless interest spread out before me. But before going on to these I must say a word about the perfect acoustics of the perfect auditorium. None of the artifices for the diffusion of the artists' voices was called for here, neither loud tones from the stage nor resonators at the back of the audience. There is no dispersion, for the voice comes back to the speaker with the effortless return of a whispering gallery. Standing on the top seat, 200 feet away from the orchestra and 75 feet above, you hear perfectly a bit of money lightly jingled on the ground or the pianissimo responses of your country coachman down below. In these particular excellences Epidaurus has no match.

But what was this compared with the spectacle that covered the heart of the valley under my eyes? I had come all this way with a single purpose, the solitary curiosity of beholding the stage of a theatre which I understood was well preserved, and I was completely foiled. But Greece is full of compensations. This is the very spot which every medical man looks up to as his original home. Here he feels indeed that at last he has come into his kingdom. Unsought and unawares, I had found my way into the oldest and greatest spa in all the Western world. Here my eyes beheld the very cradle of my craft, the oldest general hospital, the mother of all Cur-Orts, the primeval school of medicine, for the very dust beneath my feet is witness, could it but speak, of the wonderful exploits of Æsculapius. In this neighbourhood the great Master of Medicine was born. Here he practised all his life, and hither drew from the ends of the earth ailing emperors and kings. Everything in this secluded valley gathers round the name of Æsculapius. It is all his work, even the remnant of renown that still draws pilgrims to the theatre. The floor of the valley is laid out with remains of his work. All these terraced ruins, theatre, stadium, hotels, porticos, reservoirs, gymnasia, temples, give testimony to his many-sided activities. You see at a glance that he did not belong to the order of small minds who think that diseases are entirely controllable by mere doses of medicine. His mission was to cure, and to do this well called for something wider than the collection of simples and the brewing of tisanes. And so he brought together every agency that could help him to elicit a concord of sweet sounds from the jangled mechanism of the human body; and if he did not disdain at times to have recourse to the plectrum of the necromancer, who will adjudge him blame in presence of his success? What does the sufferer care whether he is cured *secundem artem* or against it? All



we want when we are sick is to get well; and if quite innocent things do this, even a few passes of the hand, welcome, thrice welcome the magician, and *avaunt!* the professional pill.

The open-air treatment of hopeless disease is a latter-day discovery, whereas some 3000 years ago it was the ordinary practice in this valley; for these colonnades disclose how the sick sought convalescence in the open air. Remember that all about here is the oldest inhabited and most stirring region in Greece. The Argive Plain is just round the corner. You can almost walk to Argos in four hours, and to Mycenæ, capital of Agamemnon's kingdom, in another short hour; so that all the heroic figures of the Trojan war doubtless flocked to Epidaurus, as our Georgian dandies did to Tunbridge Wells. And here you have the very replica of the Pantiles, and of course, the Wells. That there were doctors with the Greek forces we know, for the mighty king of men, as the *Iliad* recounts, sent for the son of Æsculapius to treat the spear-wound of a favourite officer. Nothing proclaims more strongly the essential greatness of the father of medicine than this survival of his memory, and the luminous symbolism of his wand. All down the march of ages he stands forth the one supreme beneficent figure diffusing sunshine and the balm of hope among the sick, relief and sleep among the pain-stricken. He holds in his hand a kind of thyrsus supporting a serpent in coils, and at his feet a dog—the serpent to indicate, among other things, the casting of the various sloughs to which poor humanity is subject—the dog an expression of fidelity unto death. No doctor can be a true son of Æsculapius unless, like the great master, he is a friend of dogs—those dumb comrades of the speaking eye, with their wondrous gift of keeping green in the professional Sahara a tender freshness of affection, too often dulled and hardened by the associations of a lifetime with the distresses of sick-rooms.

Epidaurus has lost much of its venerable features, for Homer speaks of "vine-clad Epidaurus." There are no vineyards visible now. The forests that must have covered those hills are gone, and so the water-courses are nearly dry that once gave this natural rotunda its fame as a hydropathic health-resort. But the quality seems to have remained unaltered. I got nowhere else in Greece such water as they drew me for my lunch. It resembled in its brilliant purity, its silent sparkle, its diffusible vim, those perfect waters of Tirol that come tumbling down the gorges out of the lap of the glaciers, seizing and incorporating as they descend the virgin ethers of the pines above the snowline. Wherever a temple was raised to Æsculapius—for in this regard *hieron* and hospital were synonymous things—they followed the lines laid down in Epidaurus. They sought the peace of some soft seclusion, mostly in the hills, with plenteous running water, and built thereon such messuages as only made for health: it was no melancholy hermitage. There was little domestic wretch or sense of homelessness, or drenching of inoffensive glands with those nauseating learned things called "chlorides." Nobody need droop or fret for want of occupation, nor should any visitor be allowed to miss the ordinary diversions of his homestead. And so amusements were brought in, and the theatre was built as the natural appurtenance of a hospital. The sick like to have their friends near them, especially when in danger. What more natural? In yon quadrangle are the hostels for them. Convalescents like to test their strength or train their muscles for the work of life before returning home. What more reasonable? There is the gymnasium and the stadium, where they can run or wrestle the livelong day. And there is your *tertain-kur* anywhere in those hills, where up the slopes you can invigorate your heart-valves by promenades of graduated resistance. As theatricals and sport were to the Greeks of old as the

apple of their eye, the very sick had only to turn round on their pillows in order at least to see the performances over the way and have what share they might in all the fun. The whole life of Epidaurus was a liberal, broad-minded eclecticism, and so, in the language of the moment, it became a tremendous success. If Æsculapius became the god of medicine, it is because he was first and foremost the god of common sense, the instigator and patron of all healthy laughter.

No finer compliment was ever paid the memory of god or mortal in the entire range of mythology than when Jupiter, at Pluto's entreaty, slew Æsculapius by lightning because he diminished the number of the dead, and so reduced the census in the Plutonian kingdom.

THE PLAIN OF ARGOS

THERE is no spot in Greece which for antiquity and the celebrity it holds in the Homeric epos can vie in interest with the Argive Plain. Here was the home and kingdom of Agamemnon, the most powerful of its princes. There is the stamp of mastery still about those ruins of 3000 years. Here the Greeks first met in angry council, generously enraged against the insult put upon the royal family and vowing vengeance against Troy, whither Paris fled with the fair frail beauty, Helen of Sparta. Here hot words took the form of daring deeds; for the best blood of the kingdom assembled here *en route* for Asia Minor in order to exterminate the whole brood of Priam's treacherous dynasty. But what cares the world to-day about the Trojan war, or the family jars that kept two little potentates at bay flinging mutual javelins and using awful language to each other—gods as well as men—two lustrums long, across trench and wall and field of battle? And yet these paltry episodes have been woven by a master-hand into such a poetic fabric of majesty and truth and beauty, so great is the hold which the fervent freshness and pathetic sincerities of these scenes have established in the hearts of the cultivated world, that the story of the *Iliad* has become the greatest literary monument in the intellectual treasury of mankind. The harmonies of the situation almost suggest that Homer was himself a native of Argos, though the island of Chios is supposed to have a primary claim. At any rate, his steps were familiar with its windings; for not otherwise except by moving about from court to

court, among its princes and kings, could this prototype of the troubadours have found the way to impart such pictorial vitality to his epithets.

• Tiryns, Argos, and Mycenæ illustrate once more the shortness of Greek distances. These famous cities are only about four miles from each other in the same flat, open valley. Their greatness was never simultaneous, but was full of alternating phase; for here, as in other climes, there could not be two kings in Brentford. Tiryns, the oldest of this ancient trinity, was a venerable ruin back in the mists of myth long before the muse of history was born. Archaeologists talk vaguely of its founders as those Asiatic masons from Lycia called Cyclops, because if any masonry deserves the description of Cyclopean, it is assuredly the walls and galleries of Tiryns. Time and the plough, helped out by earthquakes, demolished its city and the very traces thereof ages ago. Nothing survives but what no agency could shatter, the ponderous monoliths of the palace that interlock and brace each other like the clasp of Titans' hands—such is the royal castle adjoining the high-road, at once a citadel, a rendezvous, and a home, built on a ridge of rock some 50 feet above the level. We can well believe that Tiryns is rightly allotted to the Stone Age. Then—but when was then?—came the age of Mycenæ, that hardly less Cyclopean muniment on a hill, tucked away in an elbow near the head of the valley, like a highwayman in ambuscade at the mouth of a mountain gorge. Unlike Tiryns, Mycenæ town is on a bare rocky upland, while Mycenæ citadel is on a separate rock with unassailable declivities. Argos alone is built entirely on the flat, and lies obliquely between the other two; so that these jealous cities, set at the corners of a triangle, could, with the distrust adapted to the period, keep an observant eye all round and on each other. But while the sister cities still lay wrapt in the crumbling cerements of almost undiscoverable antiquity, Argos,

ensconced beneath her citadel, Larissa, seems always to have kept body and soul together in some sort of uninterrupted life, and is to-day a fairly thriving, quite modern little town of 9000 people. Making allowance for the difference between an inland and a coast situation, a Bombay reader might, not inaptly, picture the position to himself in some such terms as these. It is much as if the kingdom of Worlee had given way to the kingdom of Walkeshwar, and both were then reduced to ruin by a mushroom kingdom in the Plain of Parel, protected by its acropolis of Chinchpoogly.

Is it not Goethe who says—

“Whoso the poet would understand,
Must wander through the poet's land”?

And so the dream of many a scholar's life and the day-dream of many a boyish fancy, under the fascinating roll of the old hexameters, had at last come round in reality to me. Here, to be sure, as everywhere else, the crude material we call atmosphere propels the mechanism of life. But though there is no difference between the mere pulmonary apparatus of the scholar and the clod, there is a loftier ether than mere air that sustains, exalts, and gladdens the spiritual music that, as a subtle under-song, chimes with varying cadence in the inner sanctuary of every soul, however mediocre; and assuredly it is here, if anywhere, from the privileged soil of Argos, in the homeland of the mighty dead, that the censer swings its perfumes sweetest down the ages from the great epic of melodious song. Changes there have been, partly from the destroying hand of man, partly from natural cataclysms, but whatever the accidents of the land, its essential features are unaltered; and the eloquence of the very ruins attests that here is the cradle of the Homeric country. It is this vivid sense of the presence of the past that touches the spring of long-lost memories,

so that from the opening gates rush forth again the breezy carolling epithets that brought before you, when at school, the valour and poetry of Agameunnon's kingdom. You think of Tiryns of the famous walls; of Argos' grassy plains—for noble steeds and lovely women famed; of the ample streets of rich Mycenæ—Mycenæ the golden, the wealthiest and most brilliant capital of Greece, the paragon and nonpareil of cities, as it assuredly was in Homer's time. And here it is all at last on view—a raree-show perchance for the casual traveller, with interest enough to make a long detour to bestow a hurried glance upon it, but priceless as the *mise en scène* of much Homeric life, and doubly priceless for the impulse it inspires to go back again with fulness of understanding to the scholar's Canticle of Canticles, that wonderful narrative that first opened to the culture of the world the golden gates of literature and song.

The Argive Plain bears little resemblance to the Plain of Attica, though there is probably not much difference in size. While one is a shallow concave within a parallel of mountainous hills and broken by isolated peaks and plateaus, the other is a horizontal valley with a bend sloping downwards to the sea in a general scheme of triangulation. The southern boundary of Attica is at Phaleron, right on the open sea; of Argos, on its own gulf from which, owing to the circumscription of the land, the openness of the sea is not discernible. Opposite Tiryns, between sea and mountain, it looks as broad as it is long—say, 15 miles—but it narrows rapidly towards the north, so that near Argos and Mycenæ there is hardly a five-mile stretch of arable land. Leaving Nauplia at 8 A.M., you are almost startled when, in three-quarters of an hour, the coachman pulls up, and, with a wave of his whip towards a mound along the roadside, signifies, "That's Tiryns!" A few steps through a brambly path take you on to the ridge that

supports the gigantic remains of this primeval citadel. The interest it always possessed for archeologists is not yet exhausted. You are now in the greatest, because the oldest, showroom of antiquity to be seen in the Western world. Its chief features are the enormous size of the blocks, the roughness of the dressing, the absence of pretence at elegance in the external ramparts, the evidences of ornamental elegance within, the 26-foot thickness of wall, the overlapping courses and lean-to style of roofing in the gateways and galleries. The spectator is lost in wondering conjecture anent the engineering artifices which quarried and carried and lifted those polygons, set the longitudinal blocks on end, causing them to lean towards each other without falling, till they met in a pointed arch of a very primitive Gothic, and so, shoulder to shoulder, unassisted by mortar or cement, by sheer force of ponderosity, held each other fast. One is more interested perhaps in the presence of a bathroom as a feature of the apartments than in their mazy arrangements; for its floor is an immense slab edged by gutters, giving unmistakable evidence that those crepuscular people—the Pelasgi—took the trouble to wash. I should not like to make an affidavit that their latter-day descendants have any abiding faith in the godliness of cleanliness, or that water has any merit in their eyes outside its very occasional value as a drink.

As you look up from the quadrangles of Tiryns, it is noticeable how the comparative fertility of the lower plain gives place to barrenness towards Mycenæ. To be sure, the land looked to disadvantage in the late autumn, the time of my visit, for the harvest was over. It appeared like a vast sheet of shingle, as if from a shower of stones, with the river Inachos flowing like a chartered libertine whithersoever it listeth, a wide, hardly inch-deep bankless brook. Yew-trees lift their sparse, spare spectres against the skyline. Between Argos and Nauplia, a

range of some seven miles, there may be a dozen fine trees. The long ramp of Larissa, even as an inclined plane, makes this famous citadel the most striking note on the road to Argos. It was Sunday, with the church bells ringing, as I drove through the streets. The air of modernity, a sort of comfortable squalor, was disappointingly complete. It is a pleasure to repeat once more that nowhere in Greece did I see any evidence of beggary. The men might have been *contadini* from the Emilia or Sunday farmers in the Vosges, and this cosmopolitan note extended largely to the women. The hair of a few fell flowing or was gathered into two plaits caught in a loose fold of kerchief. Even the most passionate Phil-Hellenist would hardly venture to call this an artists' country. If there is a pretty woman in Argos she does not walk the streets to her devotions on a Sunday morning. And yet the expedience of safeguarding beauty with the Yashmak—that hideous affront to the sense of common decency in men—passed away long years ago, when a British Admiral ended the Greek War of Liberation 1827 by kicking the Grand Turk into the sea at Navarino. Argos is so very modern that almost the only evidence of its antiquity that clings to memory after a morning's exploration, is the remains of the theatre. Unlike Epidaurus, where the tiers, made up of separate blocks, have been built into a prepared hollow in the hillside, the Argive theatre is part and parcel of its acropolis, where the ranges are cut in the rock. Its imperfect remains are evidence enough that it must have been of vast size. The situation overlooking an extensive plain is an ideal one from which to harangue a public meeting. It gives a further insight into distances when I say that I left Nauplia by carriage at 8 A.M. and now at 11 A.M. I was seated on the top of the acropolis at Mycenæ, having "done" Tiryns and Argos. This express speed has a touch of irreverence and unreality, but the practised traveller, having studied

his tour beforehand, knows by heart the points of interest and so husbands his time. It is easy to cover these short distances behind two horses and explore these compact ruins without a sense of rush, and yet be back by rail in Corinth in time for dinner. Thus in a matter of six hours after leaving Nauplia you have time to gather your material for vivid recollections of the Argive Plain.

Nothing struck me more than the appalling rocky barrenness and ghostly drought that haunts the sequestered ruins of Mycenæ. The citadel is moated with a reticulum of big ravines, in which the very dew seems to revisit the glimpses of the moon but rarely and by way of protest. Even the tiny rill that issues from its base is powerless to remove the feeling that water at Mycenæ is as evanescent as the footprints of a banshee. Only ammunition boots, shod, if possible, with elastic iron, are suitable for doing the antiquities of Greece. Here, especially, the crash and chaos of stone seem to have grown worn to a point, and strike into tender feet like bradawls. There seems no reason to doubt that Mycenæ as it stands to-day is much as it was left when destroyed by the Argives 500 years before the Christian era. So vivid is the aspect of ruthless conquest that the sense of time is curiously eliminated, and you feel as if the destroyers had only walked out of these thoroughfares just as you walked in. Observe how much more regular and even elegant the masonry is compared with Tiryns. The blocks are mostly well-dressed squares, polygons, and oblongs, with curious processes which almost nail them to each other. They would hardly rock in the cradle of an earthquake. Some of the pieces are immense, like the lintel over the celebrated Gate of the Lions. There is nothing older in the art of the Western world than those sculptured lions rampant, supporting with their paws the pillar of the State. Those venerable wardens of the castle are the earliest expression we

have of what has since developed into the science of heraldry. But the most notable thing of all among the ruins by the lower road is what is known as the tomb of Agamemnon. This is a fine cupola-shaped, or "bee hive," chamber, some 50 feet high and wide, built of well-dressed courses of stone. The walls give evidence of masettes and various ornament. The lintel over the entrance is a single piece weighing over 100 tons. Another dome-shaped apartment, not nearly so well preserved, is farther on, and as a tribute to the congruities—this seems to be the only reason—it is pointed out as the tomb of Clytemnestra. And so those wonderful people, the archaeologists, have placed husband and wife at a civil distance from each other. In one particular, however, there is no room for scepticism. The remains of persons of much distinction, doubtless princes and kings, have been discovered in these Mycenaean tombs, for masks of solid gold covered the faces, and other plates of gold revealed the richness of the robes in which they were carried to the bourne where they were to rest, as it was thought, for ever. Bones and trinkets now lie in weird conjunction in a form of sarcophagus undreamt of by the ancients. They are on show in a glass case in the Mycenaean section of antiquities at Athens.

The situation of Mycenæ enabled it to hold the southern side of the Nemean Pass, over which the caravans passed between the Gulfs of Argolis and Corinth, and so to enrich its treasury by tolls.

If you would not miss the full purport of your wanderings amid the scholar's beautiful kingdom, then come not into the Argive Plain until you have attuned your spirit to those Homeric chimes on which it rests its undisputed immortality. If you have not kept up your Greek, there is no better comrade on a trip like this than Lord Derby's translation of the *Iliad*. Besides the throb and cadence of the lines, you have with a

fulness of vitality, a nobility of phrase that hides the artifices of versification. There is no obtrusive echo of the caesural halt, and you are spared the numbing torpor that invades your very ears from the din of Pope's persistent tinkle. If ever there was a story unsuited to the tintinnabulation of the twip rhymes of the heroic couplet it is surely in the legend of the famous epic that rolls its music in great waves of song straight from the omphrean of the poet's thought into the spell-bound fancy of the listener. Seated in the rotunda of the royal tombs within Mycenæ citadel, what other mood is possible but a reverie of surrender to the incantations of this land of spells? To the naked eye it is a barren, stony land, from which some lightning malediction seems to have swept away for ever all trace of verdure, proclaiming its unfitness to survive even in the temporary recollections of mankind. To the mystical eye, through which the candid spirit gazes athwart the fuliginous welter of the past, it is no rocky waste, no sterile desolation, but a garden of fertility overflowing with melodious associations, stimulating thrills and graceful calm emotions. Under the chaos of fragments that make up this crust, the discerning soul beholds the rich æsthetic soil from which the culture of the world derives its choicest plasma, and to which it still keeps clinging with perennial tendrils of delight. There is nothing great or noble or affecting in the whole literature of the world that does not bear in some degree as an inheritance the impress of the Homeric mind. The great master of song, the primeval musician whose instrument was the invisible lyre that holds the countless chords of human feeling, had himself to evolve the medium in which he wrought. Like the unrivalled sculptors of his native land, whose florescence had the suddenness of a creation, he too had no sponsors, no guides to keep him within the paths of Taste. Model and masterpiece appeared together in one transcendent illumination, and

the poetic standard thus set 3000 years ago, and dating from the Plain of Argos, has never been eclipsed. If you would understand the spirit that actuates the genius of poetic art, the height to which it soars above parochial, provincial, and even racial limitations, its large humanities, its gentle charities, its readiness to comprehend and make allowances, you will find among these Lays of the First Minstrel episodes not unworthy of the Church of the Catacombs, so redolent do they seem of the Christian spirit in its heyday. Even amid the ruins of Mycenæ your meditation drifts away from Agamemnon and the Greeks, for Homer places in the foreground of his greatest pictures not a Greek but a Trojan hero. It is the godlike Hector, and not Achilles, whose character appeals to all humanity, his dauntless valour, his consideration for the helpless, his manliness, even as his heart gives way when parting from Andromache. Who can forget that farewell, and who does not love his splendid pagan nature when, amidst the ruin caused by Helen of Sparta, who had then become Helen of Troy, he treats her not as a fallen angel or bird of evil omen to his country, not as a proper object of rebuke, but as a beloved and petted sister. His great heart saw not the levity of her fault, but only the intensity of her suffering. To him, she was "more sinned against than sinning," the victim of a popinjay and not a malignant witch herself. For us to-day she is the precursor of La Traviata, the lineal ancestor of that file of pathetic figures in the drama of modern morals represented by Frou-Frou, *poivre poivre* Frou-Frou! Here we meet the earliest adumbration of a character so often strangely concerned in forging human destinies, so luminously expressive of the value of repentance as a weapon of conquest and rehabilitation against the defeats of rectitude by vice. It was Homer, the First of the Troubadours, who conceived the First of the Magdalenes, and drew forth all the mansuetudes of the situation in order.

to thrill and humanise the hearts of men. The world had to wait a thousand years for the realisation of that other Magdalene, the more perfect model, Mary the penitent, who stood by the Redeemer at the foot of the Cross.

OLYMPIA

It is strange that a spot destined, as it was fondly hoped, to go down to immortality should so plainly carry in its bosom the insignia of death. How could Olympia, that famous precinct for the exaltation and deification of life, ever have aspired to a deathless throne, seeing that the position is laid out by nature for the emblematic service that is associated with a catafalque? That it has survived in some sort of recoverable ruin is less surprising than that it has survived at all. All the destructive agencies of land and water, earthquakes, landslips, inundations, gather round it still, like malignant Furies awaiting the signal of each other's whim to finally entomb or engulf it. For more than a thousand years, this scene of the apotheosis of human vitality, stood forth triumphant over the menaces of death, and then for more than another thousand years—but only when the life had been trampled out of Greece by the barbarians—it sank collapsed, as if broken-hearted, into the abysses of the earth. Had it not been for the survival of the published records of its glory it would have been blotted out of human recollection, for all the local traditions of the place had perished. It is only within the last generation that the pious hands of German archeologists have stripped this shattered shrine from its shroud of some 20 feet of clay and river gravel. Whatever the brutality of nature in her most convulsive moods, she is often beaten in the long run by so simple a device as a wave of inquisitive human feeling. Olympia may one day be wiped out again in a more terrible cataclysm than any that has hitherto befallen

her, but as it is the spirit only that kills, so is it the spirit that endures and enlivens. Happen what may to her material embodiment, the *res gestae* of her children will still survive as living pictures in the gymnasia and the academies and even the playgrounds of the young. The lessons will last that were exemplified in the Victories. The level of admiration to which she raised the pursuit of perfect manhood for its own sake, in form and grace and vigour, will meet with acclamation still wherever men are gathered into civilised community. The scheme of holiness with which, according to her lights, she surrounded the games so as to make them part and parcel of the apparatus of public worship, will be a standing reproof to those who hold that all idea of amusement should be divorced, at least on Sundays, from the duty that men owe to the Divinity. But, perhaps, more than all, there is the purity of the ideals, the steadfastness of high principle which she set for everlasting before the worshippers of "sport" when making honour, and not price, the wages of her praise, the sole object of all her manly rivalries.

Olympia, the heart and sanctuary of Olympia, which is now uncovered, was a very small affair. The sacred grove or Altis was an irregular rectangle, roughly speaking, about the length and breadth of a stadium measure, say 200 yards, and enclosed by a wall. Spread over the enclosure were various temples, altars, statues, votive treasures, and administrative offices connected with the games, but the centre-piece of this grouping was the famous temple of Zeus containing the presentment of the god in gold and ivory, 40 feet high, the masterwork of Phidias. The stadium itself, hippodrome, gymnasium, and wrestling ground were just outside. The place is set in a remote fold of the zigzag valleys belonging to an obscure province in Greece at the north-west corner of the Peloponnesus. Even to-day the railway journey through Elis from Patras occupies five tedious uninterest-

ing and hungry hours, for there are no refreshments on the way, and the *scenario* is dull. Distance, difficulty of approach, entire seclusion, the awe engendered by the evidences of the domesticity of earthquakes and sudden floods, seem to have suggested the appropriateness of this spot as the goal of a great national pilgrimage and a centre for propitiatory ceremonial to the Father of the Gods. It was thus that the games fell naturally under a religious sanction, and hence you discern from the very locale that spice of mysticism so full of irresistible lure to an imaginative people. The latter-day traveller is apt to pity the Olympian athletes when he realises that the contests were held in the heat of the year. But the nudity of Greek scenery now is a different thing from the umbrageous shelter that ruled everywhere when forests were a universal luxury.

Though practically all the available manhood of Greece crowded into this valley every four years for the five days of the festival, the place never settled down to the permanency of a town. It was not even a village. Olympia was just a celebration, having its nucleus in a shrine. It may have been a point of honour with the Greeks that a spot containing their oldest temple should be left to the austere sanctity of its own seclusion until the periodic gathering of the clans refreshed, beside the greatest altar in the country, the sense of nationhood bred of identity of race and dominion. The place then became for the nonce a big fair, where gentle visitors were accommodated in temporary shanties, while the less fastidious were satisfied with *al fresco* lodgings in the neighbouring glades, lit by the silvery radiance of summer moons. This explains the absence of monumental ruins outside the Altis. As women were not allowed to be present at the games, it was a men's crowd, making for freedom and simplicity of arrangements.

The physical features of Olympia consist of a small, well-watered valley, stretching east and west 1500 feet

above the sea, two rivers, a dominating hill amid a region so broken by fantastic undulations like a petrified sea as to suggest that earthquakes have here their natural habitat. The river Cladeus, mostly a small stream, flows from north to south. The Alpheus flows from east to west, and exactly at their confluence is the Olympic enclosure. It is thus caught in the angle between two streams that, rising in exceptional years to torrential heights whenever the Arcadian snows are released by summer, plunge down the mountain sides, sweeping away all destroyable things and submerging what cannot be moved. When the waters re-enter their beds, all the old landmarks are found obliterated under the sands and gravels of subsidence. Thus the destruction of Olympia was ever on the lap of the gods. In order that no destructive engine should be wanting to complete the picture either in the snows above, the waters below, and the agencies under the earth, there was the Hill of Kronos, 400 feet high, towering above it in its robes of pine, ready to lend a hand with the contribution of a landslide. And this is a compendious outline of the demise of Olympia.

The reader is now prepared to learn that the ruins of Olympia have little of the picturesque. Where everything has fallen, there is no perspective, nothing like grandiose vestiges of columnar halls to intersect and dress the sky line. There is an absence of marble very unusual in a sanctuary of the first rank, for even the temple of Zeus was hewn out of a shell conglomerate. All the polish imparted to its surface could never have entirely subdued its coarseness of grain. But such material is an expression of its almost mythical antiquity before sculpture had established its position, and before marble had become the ordinary medium of plastic art. The temple consequently became imposing from its proportion and mass. But what gave Olympia all its splendour was the movable treasures, chiefly statuary, with which it was "

overladen, for Phidias and Praxiteles had studios and wrought their masterpieces there. Standing in the cella amid the pedestals of the temple, your gaze is arrested by one of those sights that stir even the blasé traveller to a strange tumult of the feelings. In a shock of earthquake in the long ago, the great columns lay over at full length, as if they wished to go to sleep, for they lie in pathetic contiguity side by side, and face to face in the closest brotherhood of ruin. They resemble exactly a file of heroic patriots who have made their last stand, shot in one fell swoop in front of their common grave by a platoon of merciless barbarians. Note how the floor of the palestra is laid down in terra-cotta tiles so deeply grooved that the feet of the wrestlers were sure of a good grip of the arena. Modern athletes would scarcely care to face conditions of ground so certain to bruise and lacerate the feet, but the hard training of the Greeks must have made light of such trifles when the skin of the sole was hardened into a metallic brawn. The Hippodrome has been entirely washed away. All that remains of the stadium is a bit of the embankment, the covered way through which the competitors reached the starting-place, and the stone on which they stood at measured distances awaiting the signal to "go."

No traveller, however modest his range of cultivation, is likely to leave the shores of Greece without visiting Olympia. It fills too large a space in one of the most fascinating epochs in the history of human advance. Even to-day its name is used as a talisman for games produced on a scale of spectacular magnificence. It developed of old and kept glowing with periodic fires the national spirit, and made the grasp of Greek with Greek fraternal. It brought out some of their finest traits of character. Whatever their local quarrels and inter-tribal wars, they bowed loyally to the Sacred Truce that bade them sink their differences in preparation for the Olympic Festival. Every enmity was buried for the nonce. Athe-

nian, Theban, Spartan, in spite of their eternal jealousies and leagued antagonisms and mutual bloodshed, met here as at a large family party, contesting in eager but amiable rivalries, not for lucre but for love. It was such a bracing spectacle that the very memories of it will ever move to higher things the souls of the ages "that wait to take the places of our own." If there be a traveller who is merely in quest of wonderful ruins, and has no joy in symbols, who is content within the narrow ambit of his visual field, who has no insight deeper than the things of surface nor wider than the limits of a Peloponnesian dale, in other words, who has an eye indeed, but no responding soul behind it, then Olympia is really not worth the while of such as he. It will but disappoint and weary. But for the traveller who comes here humbly and inquiringly, with a sense of reverence becoming in pilgrims to historic shrines, Olympia is no sepulchre. Far from that. It is a sanctuary still, full of a sweet and secret radiance, a religious charm, a mystic frankincense exhaling from every niche and nook and fissured cranny of its spoliated altars subtle flames of generous impulse, wafted wreaths adorning simple manliness like crowns. For, mark you well, this is not the spot where paltry perishing kings and emperors were anointed, then disappeared and got forgotten. This is the temple that belongs to man as man. Here he came to witness the only spectacle entirely worthy of the majesty of manhood—its own enthronement for its own unqualified sake in the hearts of the most gifted race that ever glorified humanity.

Take up your place of vantage in some cool glade among the pines upon the Hill of Kronos. You see all round and at your feet nothing but lonely dells, yon Alps of Arcady, converging streams and disentombed memorials of the Altis. Put thought aside, for thought means effort, and let the magic of the old world time glide fairly into the ultimate penetralia of the emotions until all the

avenues are taken up with the myriad fond Presences beseeching Olympic dreams. Lo! what a procession of memorabilia accosts your gaze, clearer than any clairvoyant pretends to contemplate in crystal globes of self-deception. See you not how along every rood of this fair landscape the greatest names in Greece emerge before your eyes in coruscating halos, as if the stars of heaven had lent their lustre to stamp the letters in immortal light—*orators, statesmen, soldiers, historians, poets, artists, athletes*—for, in very truth, they all assembled in these sylvan solitudes, clambered up these heights, wandered in and out among the monuments, watched the races from the stadium galleries, and joined each other in thunders of applause that hailed the men who won. Where was there to be met in this wide world, through all its chequered story, a race so demonstrative in their enthusiasms as the ancient Greeks? Hark! do you not catch the chorus of the cheers that still come echoing down the centuries through all the recesses of the hills, when Themistocles appeared here face to face with the nation he had set free and immortalised at epoch-making Salamis? The place is in ruins, you say. What then? Places like Olympia never die. They cannot. “*Defunctus adhuc loquitur!*” “Even in its ashes live their wonted fires.”

One single treasure has been recovered from the ruins which art lovers will gladly come from the Ultima Thule of the world to see. It is indeed a wonderful story, this finding of the *Hermes* of Praxiteles. Pausanias, the famous traveller who visited Olympia in the second century of our era, mentions in his *Itinerary* where he saw this statue in the temple of the Mother of the Gods. During the earthquakes, floods, and landslips of the ages, it was thrown down and fortunately fell on a floor of alluvial clay which formed a matrix round it. Guided by Pausanias, the German archaeologists, sustained, let it be gratefully added, by a grant from their own

parliament, 'came upon the masterpiece that left the hands of Praxiteles over 2000 years ago. 'Except, for the loss of the arms, its condition is excellent. It is now on view—no fees—in a well-lit separate apartment, in the museum at Olympia. The Parian marble is of veinless purity, and has much of its original polish. The body is poised on the right leg, the left being slightly flexed. The head is bent a little and turned to the left in an amused gaze at the antics of the infant Bacchus who is disporting on the left arm of the god. The picture is one of good-humoured unaffected postural grace. The anatomical lines of the torso are faultless, showing great pectoral strength as well as in the muscular folds above the hips that slew the body round the spinal axis. The head is covered with a whorl of rich crisp hair. The face is oval, dimpling at the chin. The brow is small, framed in an arcade of short loose curls, and is unmarked by the so-called five points of beauty. The mouth, in closed repose, is small, revealing a fulness of fluid curves that belong to life in motion. The delicately grooved upper lip is imperially short, as becomes the feature by which more than any other Nature loves to hall-mark her own make of aristocracy. The extraordinary beauty of the face is godlike at once and feminine. Crown it with a wealth of flowing tresses and you might take it for a woman's but for the unmistakable virility of the nose. Large, firm, straight, almost continuous with the line of the brow, this perfect model of the national feature imparts to the handstone mask some of its own masterfulness. Taken aback at first by the mere impress of beauty, you soon discern the character and robusticity of the whole contour. The sandal detail is a jewel. It has this peculiarity, that no supporting thong passes between the toes. The sole is held in place only by the straps that cross the heel and instep.

The hotel where I put up was clean and quite



FRANKS OF PRAXITELES, OLYMPIA

decently appointed, but the fare was execrable. I do not complain, for a sight of the *Hermès* is well worth the price of these trumpery martyrdoms. It is kind to warn those who mostly come all the way from Athens—about fifteen hours—to have a well-stocked dinner basket with them in the train.

THE EASTERN ADRIATIC

THE AUSTRIAN RIVIERA—ABBAZIA

AND this is Abbazia! At present assuredly it is as unlike the ideal of a winter health resort as may be. It fails for the nonce, at anyrate, in the first essential of the requirements for the delicate. It is windy, and the wind has a bitter, biting, quite glacial quality, on a par with the very worst day in my experience of the miseries of a sirocco in the heart of the snow-bound Alps. I see everybody in their warmest clothes, collars and mufflers and muffs put to all protecting uses, and I have no doubt we are all saying in unpretty language deep down in our consciousness, "Isn't it disgraceful to be dragged away from a comfortable home for the likes of this in Abbazia?" I went to Fiume this afternoon, forty minutes across the harbour, in a vaporetto—anywhere for a change from the invisible sleet—but though Fiume was no better, it was not a bit worse. I was assured by some one on the steamer acquainted with the sea that it was the skirt of the "bora"—the gale that sweeps down from the north with such wintry violence that people in the streets of Trieste are often obliged to hold on to the walls with ropes. My neighbour at table was equally positive that it was the "sirocco." They may call it moonshine or butterscotch or any other amiable name, but such a climate as this is now comes with disappointing surprise on visitors with a first experience of it. There is no doubt that present conditions are exceptional. They must be so. It is not conceivable that the rich, who abound here, the classed, the unclassed, and the dis-classed, would from any patriotic piety rush here to be chilled for long, because Austria, too, must have its

Riviera. I give the 'impressions of the moment such as they really are. 'People do not usually care to endure' a continuance of cloud and cold and howling wind on the promise of balmy sunshine in the indefinite future. After all, we live in to-day and not as yet in to-morrow. A shilling in hand is worth a guinea in promises.

Abbazia, for all that, is well worth seeing, and in its better moments must have many charms for the weak and convalescing. But it must be said in frankness that it owes more of its attractions to the hand of man than to the happy accidents of nature. The general advertiser should not be left out of account. The International Sleeping Car Company, who now own the best hotels and villas here, leave all the sleeping to their guests. A management that in a few years has brought or keeps this rocky shore to rank with the show places of the Western Riviera must be very wide-awake indeed. Nature has just thrown out a shoulder of barren mountain into the greater curve of the Gulf of Quarnero and there, under this shelter from the north, lie the costly pleasures of Abbazia. It is not easy to see why Lovrana, a pretty seaside place some four miles further south, was not selected for the new parks and temples of Hygeia. It would be very curious reading to see what proportion mere commercialism and the higher considerations of health held in the settlement of many fashionable health resorts. A trifling contribution from nature, a mountain, a picturesque precipice, a knoll of pines, an acre of shelving sand, a curving shore round deep sea water, natural grottos, sheltered coves, almost any slender gift can be utilised with persistent dexterity to bring a locality into fame. Then comes some Grand Duke or other glad to hear of a comparatively unknown spot to get away from the madding crowd of snobs and stagers, and lo! the place is made.

Abbazia does not seem to owe its celebrity to the medical profession. The President of the South Austrian

Railway, whose memory is honoured by a fine bust in front of the Hôtel Quarnero, deserves that distinction. He built and laid out the Hôtel Stephanie at a time when that princess was joint heir to the throne of Austria. Aristocratic patronage followed, and the railway now does a fine business at its insignificant station, Mattuglie, where the crowd of health seekers must alight on the mountain side to be carried down the spacious zigzags to the sea in the best hackney carriages in Europe. Probably the difficulty of approach, as well as the expensiveness of life here, keeps away the humbler sort of traveller, and the place for that reason, too, may be a commendation in the eyes of what Sam Weller would call "the 'igher horders." When I look round the table I cannot help thinking how much of the wealth of Austria seems to be in Jewish hands. The hotels, I am told, are full. On all the promenades there certainly seem to be people enough to fill them, for, after all, Abbazia is quite a small place. You might almost get it in between Malabar Point and the Chowpatty level crossing. But what a transformation the hand of man has effected on this strip of shore. First of all, there is no "plage," not enough sand to furnish an hour-glass. The sea comes right up to the promenade through rugged rock and mere toy coves of the coarsest shingle. The background is a bare barren mountain. In fact, the whole of this region merits the designation—Austria Petrea—rock, rock, rock.

• One fortunate consequence of this profusion of cheap stone is the generally "pukka" character of every building. The roads are of the first excellence. It is impossible to speak too highly of the art with which the parks and walks are laid out for coolness in summer for protection when the wind is high. Rockeries, rustic bridges, clear pools, a labyrinth of paths ornament of meander through clumps of exotic trees, with habitats so far apart as Florida and Japan. The strandweg, the

walk along the whole length of the sea-line, with its rests, its alcoves, its foliated recesses, its infinite variety of turn and point of view, is one of the pleasantest features of Abbazia. There is, of course, sea-bathing in spite of the absence of sand. Clearings have been made here and there, small glades, so to speak, in the forest of rock that girds the shore torn into all manner of fantastic shapes by ages of beating surf, and there the tenderest feet are safe on the smooth bottom. Whatever is done is done well. There is a high-class air about everything. It is not possible to say as much about everybody. But whether they be dukes *incog.*, bankers, bookmakers, or prosperous outcasts on ticket-of-leave, they all behave themselves, and in this topsy-turvy world these small mercies are among the best.

There is not much else to see. Abbazia forms part of the ring of mountains that bound the Quarnero Gulf. Fiume, the seaport of Hungary, and rival of Trieste, lies to the left or eastern side. It may be reached in a steamer by the hourly service, which takes some forty minutes, a shilling return fare, first class. The foreground and middle range mountains are dotted with villages, but the distant hills are now covered with snow. The wind that gives a crest to the waters seems to come from the south-east. It strikes Abbazia full in the face, and Monte Maggiore at our back, the great protector and tutelary deity of this winter cure, is as useless as a painted stick. For those who may contemplate coming here as a cure or an after cure, I say emphatically keep out of Abbazia in March. I think it would be wiser to keep out of it in winter altogether. It is no place then for Anglo-Indians. Their place is the Alps. But for those who like to see new and pretty places—and how beautiful a loop of rockbound coast can grow under the spell of art assisted by good management—who like to study the manners of an interesting and extremely pleasant people—not many spots present these opportunities with the same fulness as Abbazia.

AN ADRIATIC CITY—TRIESTE

WHEN one looks out upon this City of Sunshine with quite its proportion of superb public buildings, its fine streets not chopped into lozenges or dominoes or squares like Nuremberg toy shops, but with the lines of labyrinthine roundness and informality stamped upon it like Venice by the mellowing hand of time, the picturesqueness of its situation at the head of the Adriatic, its bright multitudinous shops, the easy gait of life in its business hours, and the gaiety of its people when the day's work is done, it is surprising how our countrymen who land here can rush away without seeing it. There are no people in the world who travel such distances as we do, and it can be equally said there are probably few people in the world of our class who really see so little. Not because there is not as keen an appreciation of the picturesque and the strange and the interesting as anywhere in the educated world, but because we do not wait to take it in. The fault of this partly lies in our national ignorance of foreign languages and the impatience and *gêne* it breeds in finding ourselves among people whom we cannot without roundabout trouble get to understand.

Yet a little of this patience heaps up treasures of delightful memories. For, after all, the strain is not very great. With a little civility and not at all a ruinous tip, it is easy to be put in the right road to see all that is worth seeing by the *portier* of any first-class hotel who is sure to speak English fluently. Where the scenery is beautiful there is no need of human intercourse or bilingual interpretations to point its beauties

out. The fancy alone kindles in response. Guide-books are universally available to mark for you the sights, and so a vast deal of pleasurable associations may be stored up in the recesses of memory to dull the edge of melancholy over many a long Indian day. And all without being obliged to flounder about, like a schoolboy, in abysmal struggles with a foreign language. Was not Dante wrong when, crushed under the load of his inveterate melancholy, he told the world that there is "Nessun maggior dolore che di ricordarsi del tempo felice," with Tennyson's rendering that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." As we get on in years not a few of us probably think that the sweetest things in life, after all, are its happy memories. And among these stand forth assuredly in the first line, the reminiscences of life, and art, and scenery in foreign lands. Fate, after all, possesses only half the empire of the world. Her dominion is over the future. However malignant and implacable, she is powerless to filch from any man all that makes up the gladness of the past.

Though Sir Richard Burton felt bitterly that his wonderful career ended with a humiliating anti-climax when he was made British Consul at Trieste, there was never any soreness towards this land or its people. Some of the pleasantest pages in Lady Burton's books are devoted with obvious cordiality to extol the kindness, the geniality, the frank-hearted gaiety of the people of Trieste. From the restaurant window you can see the people thronging past to and fro, looking full in the face the sunny side of life, as if born to flick their fingers at its shadows, and on their lips the finest battle-cry in the world with which to fight dull care:—"Vive la bagatelle!" No wonder the picture lingers in the reader's memory where Lady Burton lets herself go to chant the engaging qualities of the *sartorelle* of Trieste. On they come in twos and threes, these merry

little seamstresses with their masses of splendid hair, with heads uncovered as becoms women of the people, fearless smiling and unaffected, *canterellando* as if the only aim of life were to save a very little money to spend every fraction of it on a ball at some popular tingle-tangle, or on a Sunday's harmless spree. And so the whole people visibly belong to the enviable section of humanity resolved, whatever befall, not to take life gloomily, but to reflect back on one another the sunshine of their own hills.

The *sartorelle* in their neat, trim, often elegant dresses are not to be confounded with the popular notion of the *grisette*. They are thoroughly respectable girls, almost a caste by themselves, and they seem to be a specialty of Trieste, which, recognising their unusual share of good looks, is very proud of them. It is no wonder that in a purely commercial city which is not dulled with "Adel" on the brain so many of them make good and wealthy marriages. Like the whole population, they are not afraid of work. None work harder than they, but, work over, "Evviva l' allegria!" Work and play—both thoroughly—is not a very faulty philosophy with which to see through the comedy of life.

There are five theatres in Trieste, and so fastidious are the people in the matter of music that only the best opera companies are tolerated here. They are playing *The Barber of Seville* to-night, and the stars are excellent. I have good reason to know for they are in my hotel, and have their morning practices in my hearing. It would soon make a landlord's fortune if his guests could depend on so much surreptitious enjoyment which is not charged in the bill.

Though the Trieste streets are all stone, there is nothing like the noise of the London streets on pavements and asphalt. The streets of Brussels, too, within the circle of the boulevards and beyond them,

are a terror for noisiness. Those whose memories are vivid of a bicycle ride through the village of Waterloo will understand the miseries of bumpy paving stones. In Trieste the slabs are so large, with the smoothness of slates and laid deftly so close to each other in patterns like a parquet floor, that there is really little noise, and what there is has a smooth inoffensive quality that does not jar the nerves. These streets are not merely well laid, but well kept, for though the Bora is now blowing off its last guns, there is no dust.

The population of Trieste to-day is not much short of 200,000. In 1700 it had fallen on such evil days that it numbered only 3000. Now the great commercial centre of the Adriatic, it began as a small military Roman colony before the Christian era, and on the hill where stands the "Castello," a vast Cyclopean fortress, built by Venice in the fifteenth century and around which gathers in precipitous steps the old town, may be seen remains of fine Roman monuments, some of them built into the old cathedral walls. Though *palazzo* in Italian means little more than a town house with the vaguest suggestion of nobility, it may be taken in its English sense when applied to many of the Trieste buildings. They are palatial.

You will not easily discover in any European capital a finer artistic gem than the "Palazzo" of the General Post Office. The allegorical paintings on the lobby of the grand staircases are worth miles of travel to see. At first sight the frolics of the Amorini, the plump Raffaelsque cherubs disporting round the central figures carrying letters merrily on their back, toying with telephones or posting love-letters in Cupid's box, may seem in the description rococo, but so poetic is the artistic conception, so deft the delicacy of line and colour, so glad the entire atmosphere that all idea of banality and

burlesque is dissipated, and the visitor leaves the panels with reluctance under an impression of sheer delight. The management of the fairy-like draperies, the translucency of the tones, will bring back the spectator again and again to admiration and wonderment that mured, pounded earths could, by the wand of art, be touched into essences so ethereal.

It is surprising that with such admirable situations the neighbourhood of Trieste for establishing at least a summer Cur-Ort, the Austrian people went out of their way to shower gold on Abbazia, doing everything for a place for which nature seems to have done so little. The glacial wind that blew while I was there, sirocco that it was, is enough to make its claim to be a winter health resort ridiculous. Austria has its bit of Riviera very beautiful, rich in climatic attraction, and extremely convenient to Trieste. They had only to follow in the footsteps of the Romans. Are not the Roman thermæ of Monfalcone close by? Why does not another Grand Duke or two set the fashion in making Sistiana popular? What are the medical grandes of Vienna about that they do not take holiday in the pleasant seashores of their own country and force the dukes to the Austrian Nice about Goritz, and so build a rival of the Mediterranean Riviera? If any English town had the smooth, soft, sabulous beach of Sistiana and Grado, sheltered as it is under a northern loop of the Gulf of Trieste with its pleasant summer breezes, it would not long remain obscure. Even in winter are there no mild sheltered curves along the neighbouring shores of Istria? A little expenditure, a little art, and a fraction of the *réclame* employed on Abbazia, would bring troops of jaded, ailing travellers to the gentle air of Lussin Piccolo.

But Austria nods. The breath of enterprise must blow in a gale to rouse her people into the activity that spends money to get more money back. It seems

strange indeed that the beautiful sea-line west of Miramar should not for summer uses have attracted the energy of another man like Frederick Schuler, president of the South Austrian Railway, who in founding Abbazia went very near to making marble out of straw.



View from the hill

VILLA OF MIRAMAR, NEAR TRIESTE



View from the hill

IN ISTRIA AND DALMATIA

POLA—LUSSIN PICCOLO—ZARA—SEBENICO—TRAÛ

THE Austrian seaboard is mostly limited to the Eastern Adriatic, and corresponds roughly with the ancient kingdom of Illyria, where Shakespeare placed the *scenario* of his *Twelfth Night*. It comprises the Triestine littoral, the peninsula of Istria, and the province of Dalmatia. The whole land is quite off the line of the tourist, for I have not seen as yet a Cook's hatband anywhere. With the single exception of the Hôtel Impérial at Ragusa, which the grateful traveller owes to the initiative of the president of the Austrian-Lloyd Company, this coast cannot offer the attractions of a "grand" hotel. An Anglo-Indian who finds no charm whatever in rough living is apt at first, when contemplating this trip, to be apprehensive of the results of a plunge into unknown waters. What will be his entertainment on board, and what is the kind of ragout likely to be turned out of a Dalmatian kitchen? The moment I got on board the 800-ton steamer of the Austrian-Lloyd at Trieste, these apprehensions vanished.

If the *Almessa* is a type of these coasting steamers, then I can truly say they are as clean, well fitted, and well found as the bigger ships to which we are accustomed in India. The embroidered panels of crimson silk in the saloon are worthy of a king's yacht, and other things are not out of keeping. The food was plenteous and excellent in a plain, substantial way. Needless to say, in this land of fishermen, the fish was fresh and succulent, not soused by the sea for weeks among the destroying

savours of an unventilated ice-cream. The *maitre d'hôtel* was obliging enough to serve up for an Irishman a dish of champion potatoes with the white meal bursting in fine dry curd from their satiny envelopes. There was an *insalata rossa*, a red salad, which deserves a royal salute, jucily tender, with just that touch of tartness that tickles the gastric glands, sweetens the tongue, and solicits the palate till there is nothing more for you to do but to sit back till you are quite ready for that blood orange from Palermo. However fond of sight-seeing, and however keen the enthusiasm of historic sense in presence of the art ruins that still glorify the world, no pilgrim from India, at any rate, will care to face privations for it. A festival of coarse food at the end of the day would soon reduce the sacred fire to ashes.

And so with these material misgivings early set at rest we landed at Pola in Istria, the Austrian Chatham, 4½ hours' steaming from Trieste. The harbour, shut off by a deep sinuous channel between walls of rock, is like a large inland lake. Screened forts guard its approaches. Everything is done to make it impregnable from sea, as it holds the entire strength of Austria's naval stores, dockyard, and ships, as it might indeed hold nearly the navies of Europe. But I came to Pola for more interesting things. There before us as we rounded the island of docks stood out the white resplendent spectre of one of the completest amphitheatres in the world, a legacy of the monumental amusements of ancient Rome.

The outer walls have not a break in their continuity. There are two tiers of arches. The topmost circle is not arcaded. A rectangular fenestra breaks the course of masonry above the point of the arch below. A stone balustrade, not a solid parapet, partly wrecked, gives an ornamental finish to the top of the rotunda. Probably to this were attached the ropes that drew 'bout the velarium. The whole structure was nearly perfect a

century ago. One of Napoleon's generals is, I was told, responsible for the act of vandalism which tore out the heart of the building, overthrowing its inner tiers and carrying off the material for military purposes. It was the work of a reckless iconoclast, because the whole region has the stony desolation of the Karst where loose rock is in plenty. Along the length of the arena cut out of the solid rock is a fosse about 200 feet by 20 and 12 deep, which is thought to have been the scene of aquatic sports not unlike our own regattas. It was probably also used for performances with wild beasts led in through a subsidiary trench from subterranean caves when the arena was used for dry entertainments. The cutting is shallower than it was originally, for it is covered with grass, broken columns, and general debris. This fine monument, shell as it is, with the imperial entrance almost perfect in its massiveness, with all its curves and arches and moulded ornament framed in the blue of a sunny sky, leaves on the mind an imprint of imperishable beauty. Twenty thousand spectators had accommodation in the ring, and this gives an idea of the importance of Pola in the heyday of the Roman Empire.

Lussin Piccolo, in the Quarnero Gulf, a pretty village lying on the brink of a U-shaped harbour under good shelter, is four hours' steam from Pola. Even the inhospitable Bora—the Boreas of our schooldays with his bag of winds—subdues his screams and melts much of his iciness when he touches the unoffending shores of Lussin. In November and December you may have sprigs of rosemary. The leaves are still on the vines in December. January presents you with a nosegay of violets. In March the fruit trees are in full florescence, peaches, plums, &c. Nature has been bountiful in many ways, but man has as yet built no palace of comfort for the traveller nor organised any "sights."

• Leaving Istria, the first town of Dalmatia we touch is its own capital, Zara, with 12,000 people, 5½ hours

from Lussin Piccolo. Here is made the maraschino for which the name of Zara is known all over the world. It is usual to ascribe the origin of these heavily syruped liqueurs to some old monastic recipe, and it is whispered that maraschino also dates its nativity from the stills of a monastery. It is derived from the marascha, a wild plum of the country, the wood of which, like our own cherry tree, from its pleasant resinous flavour is turned into cigarette holders and pipes. Here one learns of the party feeling that runs high all over Dalmatia between the Italian element and the Slav. In this small town are two gymnasia—middle class state schools—one in German, one in Italian, teaching the self-same course, and so the line of cleavage between the two parties becomes more accentuated every day. Those who want to know more of Zara must be content with the encyclopaedia. These notes are not a guide-book, but a record of personal impressions, and of Zara I have nothing to record. We got there in the middle of the night. It was bitterly cold. An east wind—the Greco-Levante—was blowing. As there is something to be said against the fascination of maraschino taken at six o'clock in the morning in the home of its birth, I was content to take it *extra sec* in the dreams that do justice to the comfort of five blankets.

Sebenico, 7500 inhabitants, we reached at noon, 3½ hours from Zara, through one of those mazy channels between the frequent islands and the coast that present panoramic transformations of *spectacle* along every mile we make. The Dalmatian coast is a wild, stony, apparently unproductive land. Every foot of cultivated ground looks as if it had been put there by the peasant. The olive farms and vineyards have been wrung from reluctant nature by ages of toil. The touches of green all over the land are the tribute nature pays to the sweat of the husbandman. And where do you find such men? You are brought to remember that you are practically on

the very soil where the Dacian and Pannonian mothers bore the athletic giants who died as gladiators to make a Roman holiday. Here you see fine features cut into clear lines by the chisel of hereditary hardship, and softened withal in expression by the splendid health of simple fare and the *indulgent* movement of their lives. The smooth firm flesh of their cheeks, the gleam of red blood under their tints of Southern brown, the overflowing healthiness of these theatrical tatterdemajons, is enough to make an Anglo-Indian nursing a liver cry out at fate for not bringing him up as a healthy, hard-working barbarian. The whole of Dalmatia is a stage where you see in perpetual motion this people of artists' models.

And what about their wardrobe? There is a small oval pad of red cloth, like a flat pincushion, not clasping, but merely resting on about half the crown of the head. As it cannot possibly stay there like that, a loop of lace is brought back behind the ears, and catches, as best it may, in the short black hair, just as a band of elastic fixes a woman's "straw." The cloth they wear is a coarse brown homespun, heavy, warm, and durable. Over a scraggy shirt front comes a fold-over collarless vest with silver buttons of massive filigree. Their inexpressibles are half tight with red piping round the pockets, and rude Austrian knots, like a hussar's, ornamenting the front. From heel to ham the gaiter-shaped legs are open at the back with brass tags intended for hooking, but the intention is usually disregarded. A coloured waistband, mostly red, breaks the lines of the torso, and into it they tuck a big leathern wallet full of harmless instruments that look like murder. Their shoes are folds of undressed leather tied with a complexity of thongs. Over all they sling across their shoulders a gaberdine with a capuchin hood and long sleeves, which I have never seen put to any use except for the careless grace of decorative vagabondage.

They seem a gentle pleasant people. The peasant women of Sebenico have worn accordion-pleated skirts from their own looms farther back than the oldest tradition. The fashion syndicates of the Rue de la Paix need take no glory for having made accordion-pleating a Paris novelty. It is no new thing. The Swiss bodice in its simplest form is in use among the women, and they cover their head with a fold of cotton cloth, mostly white, fashioned somewhat like the cap of Liberty.

The sea just north of Sebenico is an archipelago of small islands. The town is approached through a defile between precipitous rocks. The water suddenly expands into a vast bay that might shelter an entire navy. The situation of the town along the water, and creeping up one of the three fortified heights, is beautiful. Like so many others along this coast, including the islands, it is a Venetian town. The lanes have all that quality, narrow, tortuous, angular, with abrupt effects, but it has no canals, while from its hilly conformation there are plenty of stone stairs, steep, and unexpected drops, as if it were a segment of Valetta. As stone is no object, everything is flagged.

Three ponderous forts, now out of date, dominate Sebenico from separate hills, a ludicrous display over so small a settlement; but Sebenico of the Venetians, with the Lion of St. Mark commanding every coign of vantage, was a spot of much importance once. Even this heavy armament might be forgiven if it served to protect the basilica and the art treasures beneath its dome and under its foundations. The cathedral is fifteenth century with three apses. The effect of the grouping of apse and semi-dome and barrel roof leading up to the lofty octagonal dome is admirable. In the baptistery built under an angle of the cathedral, the foliations of the capitals are wrought in such bell-like curves that a tap with the knuckles elicits musical sounds. In their perfect days an air might have been played upon them.

On the outside there is a string course of sculptured human heads in every variety of expression and in the various headgear of the time, surely one of the oddest fancies that ever entered the head of an ecclesiastical architect.

Sebenico is lit by electricity and is, industrially, looking up owing to the water power that comes down to it from the falls of Kerka, twelve miles away. The railway connects Sebenico with Spalato and Knin, which is interesting as the depôt for the coal-fields, for its mineral waters, museum of antiquities, and the strange people who live in isolated communities at the foot of the Dinaric Alps.

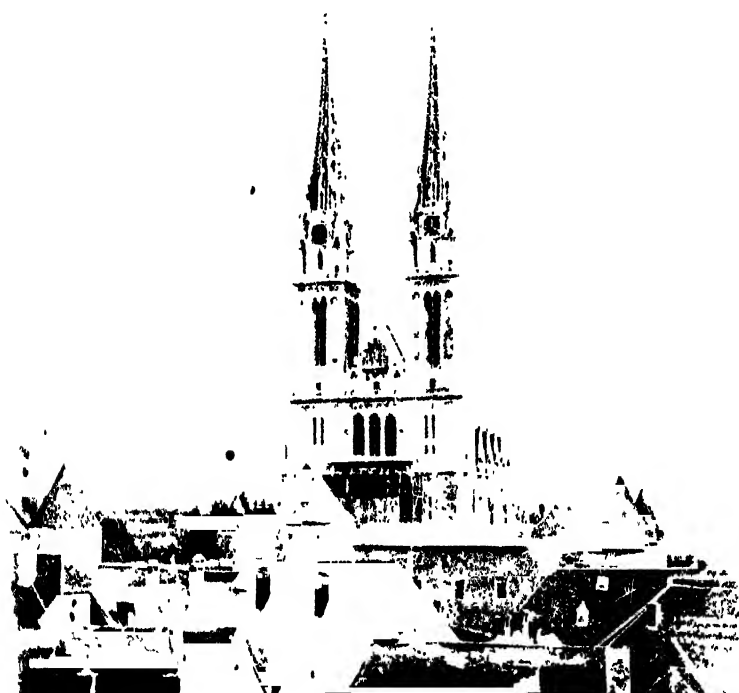
Traù (pronounced Tra-oo), thirty miles south of Sebenico, is reached in 3½ hours. It would be difficult to match, for its size, so much material of historic and artistic interest as may be seen compressed into this little bit of land. Like the constriction in an hour-glass, it is the point of confluence of two bays, perhaps the handsomest in Dalmatia. As the Northern waters touch the wedge of alluvium, they break into two channels encircling the islet of Traù and re-embrace at the opposite boundary, where they blend in the Bay of Castelli. Traù is substantially nothing but an *intermezzo*, a mere prop for a rustic bridge to join the mainland to the large island of Brau. Yet on this scrap of earth may be found the quintessential savour of some of the best and oddest bits that charm the visitor to the Queen of the Lagoons. Let me say at once that here as everywhere on this coast, and among the Dalmatian islands out in the Adriatic, Lissa, Curzola, Sabbioncella, and the rest, though there is much art in public and private buildings and the quaintest street architecture, it is practically all the work of the Venetian Republic. When there is anything particularly good that attracts your attention, you may be sure that somewhere round the corner will be found the real authority for it, the Winged Lion of St. Mark.

I am told in my book that there are 3000 people in Traù. There must be much overcrowding, for it is impossible to rid the mind of the impression of its almost ludicrous smallness. Yet this architectural bonbon, this delightful bauble, this museum of kindergarten bric-à-brac in the shadow of noble monument, this Venice *in piccolo* is a veritable treasury to set aglow an artist's fancy. There you have highways about two feet wide with as many zigzags as the braided hem of a Greek peplos; mighty promenades which you can cover in two puffs of a cigarette; piazzas barely large enough for a grasshopper's ridotto; gables of comic opera impossibility rising from steep doll steps with a general rumble-tumble of houses high and low huddled together during the ages for mutual protection against endless invaders across the canals, Greeks, Franks, Hungarians, Croats, Tartars, and Turks. There is a profusion of sculptured niches, doorways, arches, eills, wellheads, balconies and iron grills that made every householder his own prisoner. There is a fine loggia, too, where open air justice held her sessions, while over the way is the cathedral that gives glory to Traù. It dates from the Hungarian possession in the thirteenth century, but the campanile, finely sculptured, with its ornamental windows in the belfry framed by the sky, is Venetian Gothic. The porch is wide, round, and dark, loaded with carvings from Bible history. It is strange to see a "turbaned Turk"—a very handsome figure—on the door of a Catholic cathedral. The interior is lofty, but rather dark. The nave has five arches in massive piers, with copious carving, and there are three apses with half domes. No word at my command can give an idea of its solemnity and effectiveness. The baldacchino or canopy and pulpit are admirable.

I thought the people of Traù richer in good looks than anywhere on my route. It is a walled town with two fine towers to decorate its northern approach. One



TRAV IN DALMATIA



CATHEDRAL OF AGRAM CROATIA

(Pl. C. 57)

phenomenon from its dwarfish character is so Trañesque that it is worth recording. There is a little midget of a tree perfect in form and foliage—the reduced edition of some evergreen of the forest—growing over the gate of St. Giovanni, from between the marble paws of the Lion of St. Mark. There it has been, they told me, for unnumberable years, about four feet high with its trunk as thick as a man's arm. It has no visible means of support except rock—an emblem truly of the Dalmatian people.

Poor little Trañ! You have fallen upon evil days. You will get known some day, and be sure to meet with the devotion that creates a shrine from those who know how to give to art their worship. Good-bye now, you dainty dot of an artist's baby-house! It is sweet to hope that I shall come back to you again, bringing, as I shall try my best to do, other pilgrims to your feet, to refresh their souls in the Lilliputian quaintness of your streets, and amid the few noble relics that still remain of the best days of your Venetian splendour.

SPALĀTO—THE VILLA OF DIOCLETIAN

THE great charm of a tour through the labyrinthine channels of the archipelago of islands along the Dalmatian coast is not merely the ever-varying panorama, but the fact that the farther south you go, the less risk there is of becoming wearied by monotony. The sights and interests, ancient and medieval, go on crescendo as you advance, and every halt only lures you to prolong your voyage. Even if one had to pass through quite barbarous lands at much expense and discomfort, most educated men would gladly face it all for the wonders of Spalāto and Salona. But it is not a costly nor distressing trip. You may have a beautiful room here in the best hotel on the Piazza dei Signori in full view of the pleasant afternoon life of the piazza, for three krone—half a crown—a day. The restaurant arrangements are not in keeping with the room, nor up to the level of the requirements of the punctilious, but there is a choice of good substantial food, and the bill of fare has no extortions.

The harbour of Spalāto—a corruption of "Palatium"—is the finest in Dalmatia. It is sheltered on the west by a semicircle of distant islands which, except in one narrow quarter, shuts it off from the billows of the Adriatic. Behind it to the north-east are the Dinaric Alps, with a solitary pass above the precipitous natural fortress of Clissa, through which you can descry the mountains of Herzegovina under folds of snow as spotless as Mont Blanc. The position is somewhat peninsular, with one face to the open sea, the other at the back

forming the south-western horn of the Castelli Bay, across which you see the lovely stretch of Riviera known as the Seven Castles. Its situation and the comparative richness of vegetation possible in this land of stone suggest that it ought to be a climatic haven of refuge, but no part of this coast is spared the incursions of the Bora, from the north and sirocco from the south-east. We shall see at Salona how in course of centuries these winds can bury entire cities in a cataclysm of dust. On a fine day—and fine days are the rule—a walk in the brisk air up Mount Mary, a pyramidal hill of pines close by overlooking multitudinous islands, creeks, bays, and headlands, makes a delightful morning.

But we have come here to see Diocletian's Palace, and what does it resemble? The picture of anticipation drawn by facile fancy must be at once dismissed. The ruins of an imperial palace would seem to suggest not only vast spaces, but—like the Roman Forum, Colosseum, excavations of the Esquiline, or the exquisite temples of Girgenti in Sicily—columns, arches, blocks of ornamental masonry standing forth in lonely grandeur against the sky, marble pavements, mosaic ruins covered with overgrown capitals and architraves and commemorative slabs illustrative of the genius and of the vainglory of vanishing man. In the real presence of Spalato this conjuring of the imagination will not do. The experience of other ruins is not helpful. Here you have a ruined palace that is a very town. Spalato, the heart of Spalato, the *città vecchia*, consists of the Palace of Diocletian. It is a town built in and in, and through and through, one of the most grandiose villas ever raised for the delectation of an emperor.

As you come along the Marina from your ship, you see a line of hucksters' dwellings, small cafés, barbers' shops, marine store dealers—much as in old-world towns you observe similar atrocities backed against classic cathedrals—leaning against massive walls crum-

bling, dark and weather-worn by the centuries. Lift your eyes above the caves and you will see the great height of these walls, picked out with noble arches, one long arcade, with the remnant of their thirty-eight Doric columns, pilasters, and balconies. On this, the sea side, looking towards the Rome from which he governed the world, Diocletian had his state apartments. This was the crypto-gallery, 515 feet long by 24 wide, where he could walk and muse, and perhaps regret, with nothing but the sea to intrude on his meditations. The arches are all built up here and there in rude masonry, here and there plastered with stucco, according to the means of the people who have domicile in the patched-up, half-obliterated ruin. And this first view exemplifies what has taken place over the whole vast quadrangle.

From every arch peeps out through new walls the exiguous pigeon-hole of a window behind which a modern family keeps house. It makes one mirthful, or cynical, or sad, as the case may be, to see the boudoir windows of an imperial family used by the Spalato washerwomen as a drying-ground for their domestic laundry. Just as later on we shall see an old stove pipe, cheek by jowl with cornice and archivolt, delivering its column of soot through one of the undestroyed windows of the Porta Aurea. It will thus be understood that architectural fragments, cheaper than common brick, are embedded, pell mell, in the walls of every shanty. There is little doubt, if one could see inside, that the clear-starchers of the town perform their finishing offices on slabs inscribed to the glorification of some Olympian beauty. The height of this marine façade may be guessed from the fact that five stories of modern buildings are built into or upon it.

Diocletian was born at Salona, four miles inland, in A.D. 245. He became emperor at thirty-nine, and abdicated

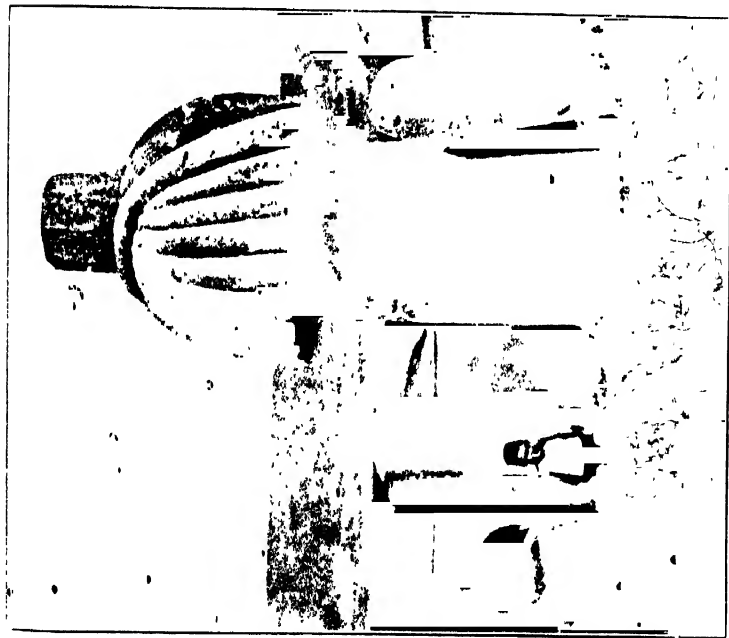
* at sixty to cultivate his cabbages near his native place. This palace was finished in 297, and here he died in 313 at the age of sixty-eight. The area covered by the palace is a quadrilateral of 38,236 metres. Roughly speaking, it is a square; each side being about 600 feet long. There is a square tower at each angle, and every side has a gate in the middle flanked by octagonal towers between which and the angles are secondary square towers. The ground was divided into four quarters by two arcaded streets crossing in the centre. The northern half on the land side was given over to officials and the retinue of the court; the southern apartments seaward were imperial. Luckily some portions of the palace best worth preserving are those best preserved. The state entrance was at the north through the Golden Gate—Porta Aurea—along a street ending in the peristylum, from which two flights of steps separated by a loggia led to the vestibulum and so to the rotunda of the atrium, beyond which lay the baths and apartments of the Caesar. It is hardly possible, however untrained the eye in architectural niceties, to look upon this sumptuous peristyle with other feelings than delight. The roof is gone, but the spacious majesty of the proportions remains, the perfection of the arcades, the smooth round shafts of red Egyptian granite topped with Corinthian capitals, the architraves, friezes, and cornices, still well preserved, with all their wealth of carved enrichments. On the right side the arches are walled up and turned into habitations. Even this desecration of art may have its uses if the new walls are only substantial enough to give support to the old ones. The piazza of the peristyle leads up to the vestibule, a corresponding monument of great beauty, with a façade like an acropolis temple, the main support being Corinthian columns of red granite.

* The whole of this picture, peristyle, vestibule, and

unroofed rotunda, with the way beneath the loggia, through the silvery gate—Porta Argentea—to the sea, where rode the imperial gondolas, is the finest thing in Spalato. Whatever else you see, to that you must fain again and again come back. Architects know the significance of this first example where arches spring directly from the capitals without an intervening entablature—a departure which is said to have made possible the whole of Byzantine and Gothic art.

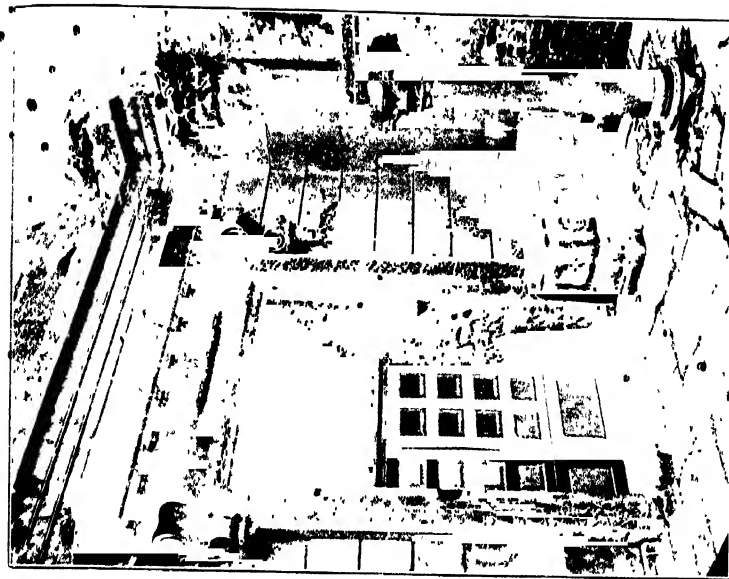
The next monument in importance is the Duomo, reputed to be the emperor's mausoleum. It is surrounded by a low peristyle in a plight so dilapidated as to possess no impressiveness. The cathedral itself, massive, sombre, with a sepulchral gloom, is not large; it is octagonal without and circular within, the niches being alternately square and circular. Between them rise eight Corinthian columns of Egyptian granite, and above these, towards the roof, are eight smaller pillars of porphyry, with a fine display of groups in basso-relievo along the frieze between. The edifice is 25 metres high. The cupola is of brick, curiously disposed in scale-like imbrications. There is a Byzantine pulpit, hexagonal in form, in fine marble, beautifully chiselled, and of great antiquity. The fourteenth-century campanile, of great height and massively ornamental, had to be pulled down, but it is being built with scrupulous fidelity on the old lines out of the calcareous limestone of fine grain common in the neighbourhood, and as effective as marble. Already the construction has reached above the town, and there is a splendid view from the scaffolding. When finished it will be one of the finest Byzantine towers in the world.

The baptistery, variously described as the Temple of Jove and the Temple of Æsculapius, has the semblance of a mausoleum. The portico has fallen, but the edifice is perfect. Three huge blocks of granite boldly carved form the door frame. It contains a fine piece of Lom-



PERSEUS CAPITAL IN ATHENS

(Pl. 22)



TEMPLE OF APOLLO IN SIDE

(Pl. 23)

• bard woodwork in the folding-doors belonging to the portals of the cathedral.

• Of the gates the Porta Aurca is the one best preserved. The Porta Aënea, of bronze, towards the east, guarded the canal which carried the court-cherries seawards. There are scarcely any remnants of the Silver Gate, but the Porta Ferrea, of iron, on the west going out of the Piazza dei Signori, has its arches nearly perfect. It is curious to observe the vast sweep of the Roman arches crossing the present streets and houses in one span. After the death of Diocletian the palace remained unoccupied for more than 300 years, when the people of Salona, driven out by Goths and Croats, settled in Spalato, not sparing walls or monuments. The first Christian bishop came in 649, and turned the mausoleum into his cathedral, thus ensuring its preservation. There followed the usual medieval events of rack and ruin and successive mastery between Frank, Venetian, Neapolitan, Hungarian, Croat, and Turk.

• Spalato has been Austrian since 1812, and with its population of some 20,000 is the most flourishing town in Dalmatia. Here, too, is specially notable the line of cleavage between Italian and Slav. There is a splendid suite of rooms used by representative members of the Italian element for social purposes; but there is no Slav on the list of its members. Socially, at any rate, each side deems it preferable to keep among themselves. What future is in store for people so divided leaves room for speculation abroad and anxiety on the spot. The street names are in Slav, as that party is in the majority, but Italian is universally spoken, and German too; English and French are useless.

SALŌNA—A BURIED CHRISTIAN CITY.

THE buried city of Salōna, where Diocletian was born, is four miles from Spalāto, where in A.D. 313 he died. It was established as a Roman colony in the first century before the Christian era, and must have been a very large city, for traces of the walls are distinguishable for miles. Its greatest diameter is along the line of the Castelli Bay, but it stretches up the gentle acclivities at the foot of the first range of the Dinarics that separates Dalmatia from Bosnia and Herzegovina. Before the recession of the sea, it had a good port and a fine situation, for it borders the southern end of one of the most beautiful tracts in Dalmatia, the Riviera delle Sette Castella. Facing it on a small spit of land cleaving the curve of the bay is a pretty village, whose very name—Piccola Venezia—suggests its picturesqueness. At the northern end of the bay, as a crown on the neglected charms of this Riviera, is the fascinating town of Traù.

The opulence of Salona must have been a source of envy to the incessant procession of marauders who fell upon this coast. It was raided by Odoacer in the fifth and by Totila in the sixth century, and was finally destroyed by Goths and Croats in 639. From the date of its abandonment it has been left at the mercy of rain and winds and desolating dust. It has to be dug up out of its grave where it has been partly protected but entirely forgotten under eight to ten feet of mould. These excavations began in 1847, and they have continued since with the slowness and interruptions so characteristic of dear, drowsy Austria. It is hard to understand why so much

money and international co-operation are devoted to Babylonia when archeological treasures of deep and pathetic interest to the Christian world can be laid bare close at hand at very little cost; for the soil over Salōna can be conquered with the spade. If it had nothing but its Christian antiquities to show, its tombs of the saints whose names are treasured in the martyrology of the Diocletian persecution, no Christian traveller could possibly pass it by. To move among these tombs, to touch the dust and reverently tread the mosaics of these old basilicas just unearthed from the fields that half desolated, half protected them, is like one's first visit to the Catacombs. That man, if he be a Christian, is not to be envied who has not felt the tide of emotion surge within him at such a moment. Out of the depths will come, perhaps unbidden, a spirit of reverence and devoutness, a secret bowing of the head, a sense of simple humbleness, a mood of self-surrender, be it only for the hour, to the spiritual ideals exhaling from the *loculi* where our great dead lie buried, and with it, haply, the call to but half-remembered prayer. Salōna gave to the Church one of her greatest persecutors; but Diocletian disappeared, leaving the victory to the martyrs whose blood and dust make these sanctuaries holy.

The Episcopal basilica, on a lower terrace than the basilica of the cemetery, is almost entirely uncovered. Many of the little cubes in the mosaic of the apse have parted from the mortar, and something should be done at once to fix and protect them from our insuppressible contemporary Goth. The bases of the sixteen columns of the nave are in their place, but the shafts are in fragments. The design is perfect. It is curious to note the portion of the edifice annexed to the church but outside it, which was set apart for Catechumens and for Christians undergoing the canonical penances. The church covers the site of a former Roman villa; for

under a portion of the foundations is visible a handsome mosaic floor delineating one of the muses. The name of the muse—*Tè psichore*, if I remember rightly—is embedded in the plan of the picture. But the basilica of the cometary of Manastirine on the upper ground is the one to which visitors mostly flock. Underneath and buried in its walls and all round the plateau are the graves and sarcophagi of the Christian dead.

These sarcophagi have the massiveness of monoliths. The tops, sloped like a double roof, have the corners finished in curved pyramidal segments. Great force must have been employed to scatter such dead weights of limestone in reckless disorder over the ground. In its original place in the wall of the transept still lies a sarcophagus, from which I copied the following inscription, with the peculiar spelling of the last word. It was the period of decadent Latinity.

DEPOSITUS PRIMUS EPISCOPUS
XII. KALEN. FEBR. NE
POS DOMNIONIS MARTORES.

This was the nephew of St. Domnio the martyr, who was Bishop of Salōna in A.D. 275. A large hole of ancient date was made in the roof of the monument when it was rifled by the Goths. The entire floor of the basilica is covered with such sarcophagi, all similarly desecrated, and underneath the church are family vaults into which you can look. The monogram of Christ is everywhere. The evidence goes to show that the Christians of the time had men of wealth among them; some of the inscriptions indicate persons of high official rank. There are the little mounds of earth with a terracotta headstone, showing that the poorer people were laid in the ground. Those in comfortable circumstances had tombs half scooped out of the earth, half vaulted, where the dead were laid to rest on planks—husband and wife, as you can see, side by side. A movable slab



with a ring of iron on top moves like a vertical door in grooves in front of the vault, so that it can be drawn up by the hand and the skeletons seen *in situ*. On the architrave of the door of the basilica is the inscription, which I copied:—

DEUS NOSTER PROPITIUS
REIPUBLICÆ ROMANÆ.

So the early Christians were not averse from praying on behalf of a republican form of Government. I had no time to verify the date, but it was some time in the fifth century. A luxuriant hedge of rosemary in full bloom and sweetness guards this resuscitated God's-acre, and the grass in and out among the ruins is a cloth of golden daisies. A little north of the cemetery, in a solitary fosse, are sixteen sarcophagi laid end to end, of the same massiveness and design as those lying about the upper cemetery. This indicates that, as the excavations go on and deepen, discoveries of great interest to the Christian world may be expected. So far it may be fairly said that the ground has been barely scratched.

All manner of antiquities connected with the pagan life of Roman Salōna are being constantly discovered. The place is rich in cinerary urns. They are to be seen opened and unopened, just as they had been laid in the ground. The outer columbarium is a stone box, with no pretensions to finish. Within is the urn, sometimes of terra-cotta, sometimes of glass of a striking iridescence. Into this, when the crematorium had cooled down, the bones and ashes were placed with little ampullæ of the same material as the urn containing perfumes, balsams, spices, and toilet requisites. In one I saw a long bone pin, moulded at one end like an earscoop. Earth was then packed between the outer and inner case to fix and protect it from concussion; the stone cover was then put on, and the double casket was ready for the final rite of burial.

But the place to see these interesting curiosities is the museum at Spalato, an unpretentious edifice on the east of the palace, near the Porta Argentea. The utterly insufficient space into which these treasures are crowded, and their dispersion in various holes and corners, is not creditable. However capable the experts are for classifying all this historic material, they cannot do it justice nor bring reputation to the town with premises insufficient to display one-tenth of it. The collection of epigraphs alone numbers 2000 exhibits, over and above those preserved in the custodian's little museum on the spot. They refer to the whole life of the town—the divinity, the imperial family, the military, names and movements of the legions and their officers, the municipality—"res municipalis"—the guilds—"collegium fabrum, collegium lapidarium"—and medicine—"ars medicinæ industriæ primæ." There are statues, busts, torsi, heads, some in plumed morions, basso and alto-relievi, and a bewilderment of architectural fragments. Some of the studies in relief stand out so high that the figures seem to be almost independent of the plaques to which they adhere by mere threads of marble. A whole cohort of warriors in the handsome uniforms of Rome are seen crossing the waves with such movement and expression that the eye is charmed with the finish of the work. It is surprising how work so delicately chiselled could have survived the vicissitudes of nearly 2000 years.

And there is very much else to interest those who delight in good work by the old sculptors. There is also the terra-cotta section, with its bricks—the celebrated bricks with the Pansiana trade-mark—its tiles, vases, and lamps. Metal and glass are in abundance. There is a fine collection of gems, with cameos, intagli, the onyx, amethyst, chalcedony, opal, ruby carbuncle, ruby, garnet, lapis-lazuli, and mountain crystal. A description of one of the sarcophagi will probably be

read with interest. It is that of the Good Shepherd, and was discovered in 1871 in the cemetery of Manastirine at Salōna, lying in the narthex of the basilichetta of Saint Anastasius the Fuller, one of the Diocletian martyrs. This monument, the finest in the cemetery, belongs to the first quarter of the fourth century, and is a memorial of the historic lady Asclepia, who was owner of the land at the time of the persecutions. She first buried the relics provisionally in a rural edifice, and later placed them with great pomp in the basilichetta, where she had a little chapel reserved for the burial of herself and her descendants. The front of the sarcophagus was turned to the south. Its left formed part of the narrow passage that gave from the basilichetta into the basilica major. The cover, which is of white marble veined with blue, was broken long ago, and the contents scattered. The inside was destined for more than one body, being subdivided lengthwise in the middle by a partition. This tomb belongs to the Corinthian type of Greek sarcophagus, and measures 2.50 metres wide, 2.66 high. The interior slope of the cover is modelled in the form of a couch with two reclining figures, after the manner customary on Romano-Tuscan tombs: they are not finished work. The front façade contains three studies disposed symmetrically. The central field, with the outlines of a niche and ornamental angles with pheasants holding festoons in their beaks, shows the rustic scene of the Good Shepherd carrying on his shoulders the lost sheep. The sides contain a large number of figures uniformly disposed; the central figure is protected by a niche at the back.

Another extremely interesting sarcophagus is that of Hippolytus and Phaedra, belonging to the first half of the third century, also found in the Christian cemetery. Like that of the Good Shepherd, it lay in the narthex of the basilichetta in the second stratum of tombs of the

fifth century, hidden under a course of limestone rubble. This seems to have been done designedly to conceal a work belonging to mythology which Christians did not approve. The execution is attributed to the first half of the third century. The sculptures on the ark present five scenes, three in front and one each side having reference to the Attic legend, made so terrible by Euripides, about Phædra and Hippolytus.

It is delightful to see this revel of fine Roman names, with their large mellow resonance. One can almost catch the "*nr mugitus Romanorum*," the grave musical lowing of the letter *m*,¹ which to this day may be heard in Roman mouths, leaving behind some echo of the cadenza with which the words fell from Cicero's lips in the Law Courts and the Senate. Here you see Flavius Julius Rufinus Sarmentius, president of Dalmatia in 337, Lucius Apuleius Montanus, and so on. Here are the names of some of the legions stationed in Dalmatia: "*Legio Claudia pia felix*"—a title like the Emperor's "*Own*" for loyalty during a mutiny; the fair-haired British legion, "*Legio Flava Brittonum*"; "*Legio II Trajana fortis*"—a kind of heavy dragoon; "*Legio I Italica Severiana*," and so on. There are many examples of verses, adjurations, &c., inscribed on the tombs. Classical readers will be pleased to see those tears of sorrow embedded in their original crystal in the Latin tongue. The terseness and melodious melancholy of these cries can only be given feebly in translation. "*Æquius hunc fuerat titulum me ponere matri, quem misera mater illa mihi posuit*"—"It had been more becoming for me to build a tomb for my dear mother, than for my sorrowing mother to do so for me." "*Parcæ crudeles nimium properastis rumpere fata mea*"—"Cruel fate, you have been in too great haste to break my heart," exclaims Amaryllis

¹ Quintilian does not appreciate the breezy resonance of the Latin termination in *m*, which he compares to the "*lowing of an ox*," so unlike the clear, crisp ring of the Greek *n*.

Fullonia. "Debueram prius ipsa mori"—"Would that I had first died." "Parcite jam lacrimis miseri solique parentes, animam sacer abstulit aer"—"Keep back your tears, dear parents, now alone in your wretchedness, the sacred spirit has borne aloft my soul." "Orba queror genetrix miseri post funera nati"—"I, a poor bereaved mother, am left in tears after the burial of my unhappy child."

Here are a few of the Christian funeral inscriptions; they will be found in the Italian Guide to the Museum. "Omnipotens Deus qui te formavit et auferat, clementer excipiat servetque ad gaudia membrum"—"May the Almighty who made you and took you away mercifully receive and preserve you for happiness." "Flavia sancta memento salutifero die Paschæ gloriosi fontis gratiam consecuta est"—"Pious Flavia with a devout spirit received the grace of glorious baptism on Easter Day." "Evassu in pace"—"Go forth in peace." "Adjuro per Deum et per leges Christianorum, &c." Another says: "Here lies John the sinner and the unworthy priest." Again another says: "I have built for myself this little cell to be in the midst of the martyrs." Other inscriptions tell of the form of death. One was, "Abductus a latronibus"—"Carried away by robbers." Another, "Naufragio obitus"—"Perished by shipwreck." Another was, "Occisus a viatoribus"—"Killed by highwaymen." Another was duped by a thief, "Deceptus a latrone." Another—but here I must stop. Out of consideration for the faculty this will remain untranslated—"In medicinâ decessit!"

ROMANTIC RAGŪSA

WHAT chiefly brought me to Dalmatia was to see one of the most interesting towns in Eastern Europe, and of much climatic celebrity. I little thought when leaving Trieste that such stores of varied interest lay before me along these shores, where, taken from the sea homeward bound, the coast-line looks so cheerless and stony. But, it was impressed upon me long ago that Ragūsa, small as it is, was worth making a long detour for the sake of its historic charm, its beautiful situation, its noble fortifications, the gay movement of its street life, its play of colour; the wondrous mingling of national dress from the most picturesque tribes in the Balkans; its restfulness for those who like to take their rest in some haven of romance; its sunshine and temperate breezes in the heart of treacherous March. One of the most accomplished men I ever met, a high Austrian official, who knew Europe by heart, so often said to me: "Go to Ragūsa. And, trust me, you will be sure to go there again. It is one of two places which I have in mind to retire to when I give up the public service. For climate alone, it is excelled only by the island of Rhodes, the most perfect on that score in Europe; but whereas in Rhodes you are under the Turk, with all it implies in backwardness, in the absence of comfortable hotels, and state of general ruin, in Ragūsa you are in civilised hands, and will fall in love with the gentle people who belong to it."

Amidst all its vicissitudes of earthquakes, burnings, sieges, and tough fights, the sunny character of its inhabitants was never spoiled. To all its invaders, it

seemed to say, like Mercutio, "A plague on all your houses. Let me be. *Non son Turco nè Christiano. Sono povero Ragusano.*" So here we are at last in Ragusa, where there is no disappointment, no disillusion for the traveller warmed by anticipation of the promised land. We are only twenty-four hours from Trieste, yet there is not in the Hôtel Impérial, so far as I can discover, a single visitor from Great Britain or Ireland. The place cannot be known to our people. I am quite sure that many an Anglo-Indian, weary with the false glitter, the aggressiveness of mere gold that mars simplicity of life on the French Riviera, will thank the *Times of India* for bringing to their notice this lovely unspoiled land.

The establishment of the Hôtel Impérial at Ragusa, due to the initiative of the Austrian-Lloyd Company, deserves acknowledgment and support. It is the only first-class hotel in Dalmatia; so that travellers whose curiosity is tempered by apprehensions about personal comfort need make no calls on their courage here. English is spoken by several of the staff, and, needless to say, French. If you do not care to reach Ragusa by doing the coast-line bit by bit, there is a weekly service direct from Trieste, taking twenty-four hours. It will be strange, indeed, if a few days' stay in the Pearl of Dalmatia does not lure you on to farther excursions along the shores of this interesting land. In the smaller towns like Traù and Sebenico you can see everything while the steamer waits without being delivered over to the mercy of ill-appointed inns. Outside Spalato and Ragusa, the Austrian-Lloyd steamers are the real Dalmatian hotels.

In addition to the interest awakened by history in the growth and decline of the enlightened Republic of Ragusa, the traveller will find much charm in its situation, its climate, its fortifications, its flora, its monuments, and the bright picturesque costumes, so entirely unlike anything the eye gets accustomed to in the Far East. It lies on a shelving plateau near the base of Monte Sergio, which

is some 1300 feet high, and so largely protects it from the north. It faces the open Adriatic, and is one of the few places in Dalmatia without a screen of islands to interrupt its outlook on the sea. That view, with its coast-line fringe of Alp and fore-Alp, of bays and creeks, islands and peninsulas to left and right, of beetling crag and tumbling precipice, of ramps and castle towers and noble battlements, is memorable. There comes a breath about you of the spirit of old enchantment, till you almost feel constrained to bow your head, as reverent pilgrims should, in some unspoilt temple of the dreamlands of the Middle Ages. Take the best things out of Valetta. Recall what has struck your fancy most in "Gib." Compose your picture with what art you may. Colour it with the copious vegetation of the South. People its streets with the finest types of humanity—Montenegrin men and women in their market gala on a Sunday morning—and you will get some idea of what a treat Ragūsa is to unfamiliar eyes.

It has no port to speak of now. Porto Cassone can only harbour small craft. You must enter the pretty landlocked bay of Gravōsa, a short half-hour away on foot. The serpentines on every promenade, the parks, belvederes, terraces, lobbies, on the climbing stairs of the streets, leave no room for the ennui of monotony. The pictures with their setting of human life are not mere revolving ones, ever and ever the same. They seem to come and go and come again, but in some altered phase, touched with a new vitality by sun and cloud and the soft cool throb of iridescent seas. The benefit of change which injured constitutions long for is not a mere climatic product, depending on air and temperature and sun and calm. Not measured by the elements, there is a tonic in the moving panorama of picturesque life which every thinking traveller is aware of, and which no health-resort statistician can possibly juggle with in his table swarming with deceptive contrasts. Let any man try such places as Ragūsa and he will answer for it that no



Photo. Anselmo, Ragusa 1901

RAGUSA FROM THE EAST

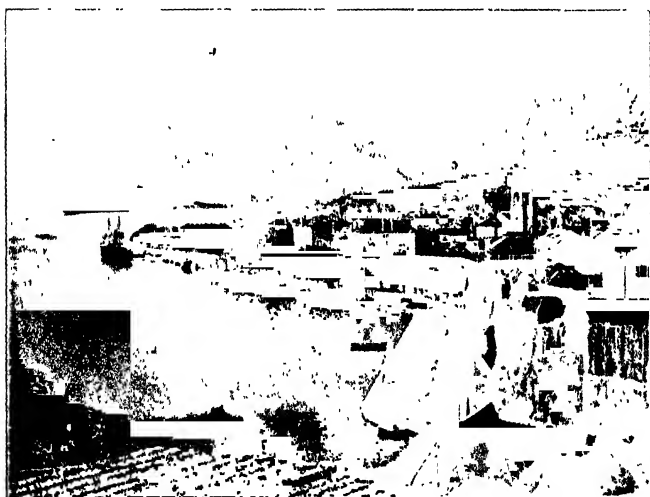


Photo. Anselmo, Callaro 1901

CALLARO FROM THE SOUTH, DAU MATTA

'medicated restorative, no reducing spa, is fit to be compared in effectiveness with the instantaneous flood of exhilaration that revitalises every weary, overwrought, congested cell in the wear and tear of civilisation.

Go out by the Porta Plocë up the fine road bordering the cloisters of San Giacomo. Look at the giant aloes, the peach and almond trees in full bloom, the pines, oaks, cypresses, palms, the oranges and lemons ripe to pull, and the dense dark dome of the olive groves on yonder island of Iacroma. The sea is beating on the shingle hundreds of feet below the spot on which you stand. A ribbon of fluid emerald with white lace fringe in gentle undulations plays along the edge of each protected cove. A huge rock torn from the side of the mountain in the cataclysm of 1667 is thrust out into the sea to give the tourist—Teuton, Swede, and Finn, but not the absent Englishman—a *herrlicher Ausblick*. At your side is the lofty precipice that trembled under the same shock, with its solid mass humbled into fragments, as if a drayman's jolt might have brought it down any time in the last 270 years. Go on and on till you descry across the Breña Bay the walls of old Ragusa. Then turn back to breast the eddies of the Bora—not glacial here as in vaunted Abbazia, but tempered by latitude and the broad shoulder of Monte Sergio. Put on the pace briskly like a man, and by the time you are back in the hotel you will forget you are a valetudinarian, and will smash the bottle that reminds you there are horrible things in life called liver mixtures.

For those who wish for details of the points about Ragusa, guide-books will do all that. These letters are mere impressionist records, necessarily hurried in a tour crowded with pictures of new lands, new peoples, a new ordering of thought enforced by an objective seen at first hand in the monuments of ancient and medieval story. In my memory the splendid fortifications, the isolated redoubts built up in rectangular blocks of cut Travertine,

like that in St. Peter's, some of them on the top of crags like San Lorenzo springing solitarily from the sea—these occupy the foreground of the picture. Then comes the Stradone or high street, which is really the filling in of an old sea canal that separated the two districts of the city. It is now a street of small shops like diminutive railway arches, churches, cloisters, monumental walls, domed and carved with old-world grotesques, and the famous Palace of the Rectors—not unworthy of being clasped in miniature with the Palace of the Doges.

The vegetable market on a Sunday morning is an entirely novel sight. The garb of the women from the neighbouring villages and islands is extremely handsome. They are covered, not overloaded, with ornament, gold, silver, chains, bracelets, hairpins, a rare blend of colour in bodice, skirt, and apron. Embroidered tulle veils hang from their coquettish little red cavalry caps, and their abundance of fine linen is a credit to their laundry. It was amusing to see these noble-looking Dianas going about the square, one with a fine fat hen under her arm, another with a bag of new laid eggs, waiting for a customer. A Ragūsan goes up to test the plumpness of the hen, and has the insolence to haggle with this gorgeously appparelled queen over a paltry florin.

Ragūsa is rich in the excursions it offers, but the gem of the collection is the fairy island of Lacrōma, which is only half-an-hour's rowing from the harbour. It springs from the sea shaped somewhat like a long saddle, and is not a mere grove, but a dense wood of pine and olive, with a famous grotto, fort, and monastery. The island belonged to the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who also owned Miramar near Trieste, but the emperor's family have made it over to a religious order. Ragūsa is or was intensely Catholic. There is a fine Jesuit church and college at the top of a noble flight of steps crowning the Street of the Jesuits. They have suffered here as elsewhere; for their home with the

monogram of the Order still over the door is occupied by Austrian soldiers. The files of baby seminarians out for a walk, clothed in the dress of some religious order, bring home vividly a picture of the customs of the Church with regard to "vocations" as they penetrated even the nursery before the French Revolution. It is a pity that all the names of the streets are in Slav. Even the excellent plan of the town, purchasable in the hotel, loses nearly all its usefulness by its encumbering Slav mania. Italian sees you through everywhere and German too is useful.

You will be pleased to be reminded that Ragusa gave the Merchant of Venice his sweet name "argosies" (*ragusies*) for his flotilla, dating from the time when the galleys of this stirring little Republic crowded with her commerce all the Eastern Seas.

THE DALMATIAN FJORDS— CATTARO

THERE is nothing in nature along the coast line of the Eastern Adriatic that can compare for spectacular effectiveness with the Bocche¹ di Cattaro. They present at a single glance such an array of scenic contradiction, such weird material for wonder, as is only called forth by a *lusus naturæ*. You behold a grandeur at once savage and sublime, bewitching yet repellent, so idyllic and yet so wild, simple and yet so complex, green and yet so grey, cultivated and yet so barren, modern and yet so primeval, that, as the ship moves through these fjords, you are transported, with little help from the imagination, out of the world of the moment to the chaotic age when a mere crust of pasty conglomerate was the condition of our lump of earth. The very name—the Mouths of Cattaro—seems to enter into the spirit of this cyclopean freak. It is a mere *lucus a non lucendo*, for there are no mouths, as Cattaro is not a river but a town, and geography has not so far enlarged its vocabulary as to make the embouchures or mouths of a town acceptably or intelligibly descriptive.

What, then, are these mouths? They are a series of five bays leading from the Adriatic and opening into one another by narrowing channels and emphatic serpentines till, twenty kilometres from the sea, they end in a blind terminus at the riva on which stands Cattaro, their capital. And what are they like? Take the Lake of Lucerne. Clothe its banks with myrtle, vine, and olive, and all the terraced verdure of the South. Set here and

¹ Pronounced Bokkay.

there, along slope and riviera, old-world towns that date back to the foundations of history, and here and there old forts and castles on commanding crags belonging to the days when Venice was magnificent. Raise your eyes to the snow-topped mountains over all and see that towering precipice that sinks into the sea, grey, withered and entirely sterile as if a segment of mountainous desolation from Arabia Petraea had been thrust into nature's choice conservatory. In other words, blend together Scandinavian fjords, Italian gardens, barren Red Sea precipices, and you will have a fair idea of the Bocche di Cattaro. It is not understood why such disparity of aspect and fertility should be presented on the same spot by the same formation, for while some parts with a southern exposure have not verdure enough to cover a blade of grass, others, though facing north, are enriched with the bounties of nature, so that all the farmer's expectation is reversed.

The first town to which the eye of the traveller is irresistibly drawn on entering the Bocche is Castelnuovo, the pearl of the entire locality. It has the commercial importance of a spot that is the southern terminus of the Bosnia-Herzegovina State Railway, though most of the traffic on this line starts from Gravosa, the port for Ragusa. The situation might have been chosen by a painter who also happened to be a sanitarian, for the claims of health and the picturesque are ideally met. Facing south upon a height the houses stretch up among the "folding rocks in irregular tiers, while the old battlements and castle, lifted up on an isolated crag and bathed in perpetual sunshine, impart a decorative fastidiousness to this gem from nature's studio. The castle, built in 1538, was named the Spagnuolo as a compliment to Spain for helping the Venetians against the Turks.

Teodo, farther on, is the largest of the mouths. It is six kilometres wide with a depth of 100-120 feet and is used as a supplementary store and victualing

base for Pola by the Austrian navy. The strategic importance of this body of waters is so vital that it is encircled on mountain top and hill by a vast reticulation of modern forts and armaments. On proceeding north from Teodo to enter the final bay the channel narrows to a strait known as the Catenæ, where in former times chains were thrown across from side to side to bar the ingress against hostile cruisers. This is the most curious spot in the Bocche, where three peninsulas throw out converging points for three bays to meet. On the left is the Bay of Risāno—from the ancient Rhizon which gave to the Bocche the Roman name of Sinus Rhizonicus. Just here are two islets dear to the Boccheşi, the rocky island of S. Giorgio with its ancient Benedictine abbey, and its twin sister, the smooth disc of land, level with the water, on which, loaded with votive offerings, stands the church of Our Lady of the Scalpello. This island was practically made by the people themselves with material brought from the coast as a shrine for Madonna Mary.

Risāno, at the head of the northern bay, was the centre of the old kingdom of Illyria before it became a Roman province. Looking at it to-day in the peace of its insignificance, it needs an effort to realise that here contending nations met in endless strife for mastery. On through the dark and middle ages Goth gave way to Byzantine, Saracen to Serb, Norman to Bulgarian, till Venice came to set the seal of her enlightenment over her new possession and to stamp the very stones with beauty that made street and church and dwelling-place an expression of renaissance art. The short French occupation ended in 1814 when Austrian sovereignty began. The order which reigns over the entire Riviera of the Bocche and on the mountainous hinterland of Risāno has been bought with much Austrian blood and treasure. The unruly highlanders of the once roadless mountains of Krivosic wedged in between the fighting races of



Photo: Louis J. J. K. A. 1910

PERASIO: IN THE BOCCI DI CATTAR



Photo: Louis J. J. K. A. 1910

Dalmatia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro kept Austrian authority at bay for nearly three generations. Troubles on account of the land and house tax took two years of bloodshed to settle. There was a second rising in 1869 owing to the conscription laws. The country was impracticable for regular warfare, so that after much loss and some humiliation Austria had to be content with a mere formal surrender. Little by little roads were carried through this wild land and then, but not till 1881, was Austria in a position to enforce conscription.

It is sad to note the decadence of the attractive waterside towns in all these bays. The Bocchesi were the finest sailors in the Adriatic and were noted for their prosperity. Every family had at least a smack which they could call their own. Much of the eminence which Venice won was due to the seamanship of the Bocchesi and to the constructive excellence of their shipyards. But they have had to give up the struggle of competition with steam. And now what a melancholy sight Perasto is! This pretty town on the bend of the peninsula between the Risano and Cattaro bays is a scene of desolation. Whole streets of fine houses, solid as fortresses, from which the lieutenants of the Doge and local magnificoes sent their argosies over the known world, are now simply abandoned as if the plague had left them tenantless. Their occupation and their occupants have gone, unable to sustain the fight between coal and canvas. And so the ruthlessness of material progress goes on destroying the homesteads of industrious populations and the landmarks of a civilisation which was probably very much happier than our own.

Hereabouts on emerging from the Catenæ you get the first startling revelation of the features that place the Bocche di Cattaro among the sensational curiosities of nature. For side by side with slopes of vines and olives and orchards you behold a stupendous mountain side several thousand feet high, bare, gloomy, Cimmerian, descending

sheer into the water without one speck of verdure or trace of any living thing. The suddenness and propinquity of these contrasts have such elements of the weird and the unnatural as almost to appal. The town of Cattaro—population, 5400—lies in the bight at the extreme end of these waters most distant from the sea. Mount Lovćen, or Monte Sella, over 5000 feet, robed in wintry whiteness, towers precipitously above it. So narrow is the gorge in which it lies, and the mountains that confine it so steep and lofty, that in the depth of winter the sun does not touch it till after 10 A.M. and disappears at 3 P.M. It was an idea of the ancients, fed by their historians, that the sun shut out by the limestone heights was only seen there at midsummer. At anyrate it makes up then for lost time by blistering the epidermis and half suffocating the inhabitants in a blast of heat. Cattaro is a desirable place to keep out of in summer.

Though Montenegro has seaports of its own in Antivari and Dulcigno, both inconvenient, Austrian Cattaro is the real commercial emporium of that principality. There is a brisk trade between them. The Montenegrin market on the Marina outside the town walls—vegetables, eggs, honey, wax, wool, skins—is a busy and dressy spectacle. I did not notice the sumach wood and leaves, of which Cattaro tanners once made Cordovan shoes and saffron nicknacks for Venetian beauties. Though it takes eight hours for a carriage and pair to reach Cetinje—the Montenegrin capital—by the magnificent new road, the people themselves cover the distance with incredible speed—three and a half hours—by short cuts, partly up the Fiumara ravine and partly along the road with sixty-six serpentine built by Austria in 1844.

In this *al fresco* museum of curiosities, the first thing to attract the eye when the steamer's bow is turned towards Cattaro is the Fort and its fortifications. There is nothing that quite resembles them, for they

climb up and down a tremendous precipice in fantastic zigzags, the masonry, as if fused by the hand of Vulcan, leaping in and out from berg to crag with lightning surprises till it accosts the Fort of San Giovanni, perched, like an eagle in its eyrie, on an isolated aiguille. Needless to say, on this beautiful sample, of medieval defences, as over the city gates, on drawbridge, and portcullis, you can descry the sign manual of Venice, for the only ubiquitous symbol in Dalmatia is the Winged Lion of St. Mark.

THE DALMATIAN ISLANDS

IESINA—LISSA—CURZÖLA

No picture of Dalmatia, however sketchy, would be complete without a glance at its southern archipelago, just as its hinterland, the Western Balkans, draws the traveller on to round off his tour in this fascinating but little known highland. Among the agreeable surprises in store for the stranger is the short distances between points of interest and the speed with which much sight-seeing may be accomplished in a little time. The steamer stops long enough in the principal towns of these Dalmatian islands to allow you to see whatever in nature and art and dress and outdoor life may be worth seeing, and to note whatever is worth putting by in the storehouse of pleasant memories. In thirty-eight hours I saw six of the islands as well as the long peninsula of Sabbioncello and eleven of the towns. This may look very much like seeing new lands from an express train window, but in reality the time is ample. The towns are small, built round the harbours. All the life of the place is gathered there as, if on view to the sound of the "general assembly" from the steamer's whistle. Important show places are mostly within a few steps of the Marina, so that sauntering for an hour or two, often under the kindly guidance of one of the ship's officers, you have time to let your impressions take form, and the short sea passage between the halts gives you time to fix them. It is this moving panorama of new faces, new scenes, new food, new climate, new life outside the pale of travel to which

Englishmen are accustomed, that imparts indescribable refreshment and a charm unknown in the nearer West. You are taken out of the humdrum weariness, the futilities, the cross purposes, the disappointments, the unabashed stupidities that belong to the stock-in-trade of officialism all the world over. You emerge from the clasp of the Iron Virgin of routine and go forth with a sense of emancipation as if you had stepped into another world where foolscap—bless that happy designation!—has no private *entrée* to vitriolise your morning tea. The nomenclature of diseases has a monumental hiatus. It is not liver, nor malaria, nor sun that sends most of our invalids to Europe, but the microbe of officialism, a *Neurasthenia Officinalis*, not mentioned in the books. For such as these there is no medicine like movement, and the distracting stimulus of travel in new and agreeable lands. The race round these islands in a smooth sea, late in March or April, or the corresponding months in autumn under the temperate flood of Adriatic sunshine, is one of man's best restoratives, for it compels you with its stimulating variety to live and delight in the moments as they fly.

The coasting steamers of the Austrian-Lloyd make this welcome concession, that you can sleep on board the night before when your boat leaves early in the morning. So we left Spalato by the Trieste-Cattaro line at 6 A.M. and reached the island of Solta one hour later. A half-hour's passage brought us to Brazza, the largest and most populous of the islands where you will find in the Dominican convent a fine collection of coins going back to the heyday of Greek culture, a Tintoretto, and various remnants of the Venetian period. In an hour and a half you are in the island of Lesina, with an established name as a mild ocean cure. We landed at two of its towns, Città Vecchia on the north, is approached by a fjord-like bay, and once bore an evil reputation as a stronghold of the Narenta pirates. All

kinds of objects have been discovered in the vicinity that show the great antiquity of its first settlement. But Lesina town itself—2600 inhabitants—round the corner in the south-west, partly protected by the little group of the Spalmadore islands and by the island of Lissa out west, is the climatic gem of this archipelago. Originally a Corinthian colony, it passed over to Rome and was long known as the leading fastness of the Illyrian freebooters. Embosomed in its own bay it stretches along the curving riva a picture of unpretentious prosperity.

The business it attracts is scarcely in keeping with its appearance. It must have once been a busy mart, for its piazza is spacious, its loggia one of the best samples of Venetian art to be found in Dalmatia, and it is dominated or guarded by three forts. One of these—the Spagnuolo—at once indicates the vicissitude of its fortunes under many rulers and its date back in the fourteenth century. As an index to its climate, the date palm flourishes and brings its fruit to maturity in Lesina sooner than anywhere else in these latitudes. A comfortable hotel in the nature of a sanitarium is now in working order at rates as low as four florins a day, under seven shillings. The order and cleanliness of all the arrangements were very reassuring. This Lesina retreat is admirably suited to persons who feel best in a mild sea air and can accept the loneliness of an island hermitage for the sake of the tranquillity and rest. I had the good fortune to have on board for much of my tour Mr. Von Vollmar, one of the best known members of the German Reichstag, who with his accomplished wife spent some weeks at Lesina for its reposefulness. They were greatly pleased with the hotel, and found plenty of interest in the humdrum life of the farms to keep *ennui* out of their stay.

Lesina has no field of choice for disturbing attractions. It is deadly slow, but then, "far from the madding

crowd," it is so restful. Alpine honey, delicious as it is, must take rank after that of Lesina. The opulent hedgerows of rosemary make rich nests for the revels of the bees, so that these merry little husbandmen send forth from their distillery a nectar that not only fills the air with its bouquet but titillates the palates with a flavour that never cloy. For those not yet weary of communion with their own thoughts, who, burdened with no remorse, still take delight in making a comrade of nature; who can roam objectless and happy through groves of olives rising out of the sea, brightened with oleander and scented with rosemary; who can enjoy musing reveries on a country stile while the hardy donkeys are bringing home the wine in bulging skins; who can find interest in boating and sea fishing and in the humble employments of the contadini, and share with appetite their merenda of black bread and figs and light sweet wine; for all those, in short, in quest of a Happy Arcadia, far from the bore of full dress civilisation, let them take steamer as soon as they like for this Paradise of the Siesta. For one class of mortal is Lesina especially cut out — those who, perchance, after the emotional disappointments of the season, and disdainful of the cheerful condolence that has a twinkle in its easy tears, seek to assuage in solitude the tempestuous anguish of a temporarily broken heart!

From Lesina to the island of Lissa is only one and a half hour's steam. This is the island that stands out well to sea, and is best known to Anglo-Indians who pass close to it on their passage out or homeward bound from Trieste. It has always been a naval centre. The fleets of Rome rode at anchor in its bays. Here the English destroyed the French battleships on 12th March 1811, and the battle of Lissa of 20th July 1866, between the Austrian and Italian fleets, is one of the finest performances in the annals of Austrian bravery. Like our own Nelson on a memorable day, who looked at the

signal for retreat through his blind eye, Admiral Tegethoff disregarded the court advice to hold off, and making for the enemy with all speed, came out of the battle the idol of his country. Lissa is sometimes called the Malta of the Adriatic, a sufficient indication of its strategic importance. Its south and west coast is rocky and presents a bare precipice to the sea.

There is little of interest to delay the stranger. The fertile valley of Campo Grande is pretty, and the wine, as in most of the islands, is extremely good. I witnessed a theatrical performance by a travelling Croatian company, where I had the honour of a "stall" for a franc. These Slavs were much above the performers in our own travelling booths. I was surprised at the musical rhythm of a language which is generally thought to be only a survival of barbarous times. They were a fine type, some of them—the first lovers—handsome, and with more natural refinement than I have often seen in theatres west of Temple Bar. On the west of Lissa is the little island of Busi, famed in these waters for its "Blue Grotto," reminiscent of Capri. The light effects are wonderful as the shimmer of sunshine penetrates through the portal of a submarine crag. From the town of Lissa we steamed round to Comisa, the next largest town of the island of Lissa, lying in a deep well-protected bay on the west. It was Sunday, so we saw the whole population on their way to and from Mass turned out in their best attire. The church parade was crowded along the quay, where among the black kerchiefs and skirts of the women two or three local signorine spoiled the old-world Venetian picture with their half-and-half touches of the *Maison Boucicaut*. The standard of beauty is not high in Comisa. There can hardly be any runaway marriages there—for love! On a clear day you can see the Italian coast from the Lissa mountains.

I found the town of Curzöla, on the island of Curzöla, the most picturesque of the entire group. It is about

seven hours from Lissa, and whatever it may be to live in, it is a delight to the eye. None of the islands are so rich in remains of the great Venetian mastery. The promenade round the fine fortifications is beautiful. There are whole streets of noble houses that seem quite abandoned—roofs and windows gone, but the walls as solid as bastions. It is a melancholy scene—those palaces of the old nobility with their coat of arms in rich carving on the stone escutcheons over their doors almost entirely gutted. The place abounds in good work from the chisel of sculptors renowned in their own day, balconies, loggias, wellheads, corbels, cills, niches, ecclesiastical traceries and grotesques, with the Lion of St. Mark dominating the ensemble as if asserting the source from which all art feeling flowed. The flights of stone stairs and lobbies up these arcaded lanes, are as pretty as anything in Dalmatia, not excepting Ragusa, and of course Venice itself, the flat, has nothing to compare with these beautiful traits of her hill-bred daughters. It would be a pity to spoil the effect on the memory left by a stroll through the desolate grandeur of Curzōla, so the traveller will not care to linger over the lesser sights of Sabbioncello and island of Melčda, but will be glad when the steamer, speeding through the Calamotta Channel, lands him at the gates of Ragusa, the pearl of the Adriatic.

The language of the islands is Italian and Slav, but German is common too. The tension between the Slav and the Italian element is as keen among the islands as on the coast. The stories you hear of these racial feuds are redolent of the nursery with a population in pinafores. If an Italian artist is advertised to sing, the Slavs will boycott the concert unless the programme is in Slav, and a Croatian Dramatic Company will get no patronage from the Italians unless the programme is according to their liking; and so on down to the pettiest affairs of social life. The water supply of the islands is inadequate and

indifferent. It is mostly the savings of the rain in cisterns. But for travellers, Giesshübler, one of the best natural mineral waters in the world, is easily obtainable and cheap. Artists will thank me for sending them to Curzöla.

AN ISLAND OF THE BLEST— CORFÙ

WHY did the ancients go out of their way to localise their vistas of Paradise by picturing them all amid the fanciful mirages of the Far West? To us of the modern world, spellbound from afar by the fraudulent witchcraft of the Orient, it is remarkable that in the great days of old, no dreams of bliss were rounded by voices from the East a-calling. Those resistless invitations were all creations of the West. It was from the West that the silvern trumpet of the priest's and poet's ecstacy breathed into the ear of piety and hope and wonder the glorious note of immortality rising high above the music of the spheres. It was in the West that Homer placed his Elysian Meadows, and Pindar the Fortunate Isles! And so the musing fancy ever was beguiled towards those Westward halos that gather round the fabled Garden of the Hesperides. And yet neither poet nor pontiff need have gone any farther West than a Greek island in order to realise how near at hand was moored the embodiment of their dreams, the See of all their fond beatitudes. It was not for them to know what we know, how vain were all these glimpses of clairvoyance, these dithyrambs of hope, these seductions of the fancy, this wistful peering of the spirit into the unexplorable spaces of the Beyond, this mood of plumbless search into the mystic deeps of the Hereafter. We can see now that the earthly paradise, had they but known it, full of beatific visions, was already at their very doors in the Ionian Sea. For no tongue can tell nor hath it entered into the Art of man to conceive,

the full miracle of the mystery of beauty that has its temple, during the springtide of the year, in the island of Corfù. For where will you get such celestial harmonies of light and colour over snowy mountain and radiant sea, such play of iridescence where the emerald ripple along the shore is chased by running gleams of lapis-lazuli, such forests—not mere groves—of primeval olive, such islet-studded ports and coves, such myriad indentations of a coast-line broken into the wildest, brightest patterns by the cleavage of the waves? Over, against the Albanian sierra the firmament seems robed all day in some soft texture like the veils from which the rainbows hang, glistening and melting evermore into the new transparencies of transformation, so that the air is filled with a sense of rhapsody, as if the earth beneath these wonders throbbed with exultant melody and rejoiced.

But to greet these moods of nature you must see Corfù in spring. It is too hot in summer, and in autumn the spectacle, though beautiful, is tame. There is then less tender eloquence in the atmosphere, less spirituality, less seraphic softness, less of the hidden music that wakes the deeper senses to sweet consciousness of thrill. In autumn the raiment of the aging year is a bourgeois worldliness with all the lost suggestiveness, the clear hard lines of a well-dressed beauty no longer in her heyday. The skies are no longer charged so bountifully with sacramental messages to the expectant spirit from the throne of the Sublime and the Invisible. The russets are parched and drooped and dusty, and the Albanian highlands across the straits—so wonderful when clad in the vernal vesture of the All-Holy—have lost the magic of the snows. In winter, although far superior to the Riviera as a health resort, it has some of the evil characters of that over-lauded littoral, winds, wet and sudden, chilling variations. But in March and April Corcyra of the ancients is a veritable divan for the gods.

Unlike that season of the year in other countries, now genial, now murderous, always fitful, spring is the reliable feature of the year in Corfù. For those wintering in Egypt, what more convenient and delightful after-cure than the spring season in Corfù, with excursions into Greece just over the narrow water? For those whose broken health makes assiduous care imperative, probably the ideal life is to spend the year round in the bracing shelter of the Alps, reserving only the spring months for Corfù. Because it must never be forgotten that when winter breaks up in the mountains, the sirocco and its thaws became ungovernable and piercing until the full establishment of spring. That is the time for the renovating contrast between Alpine and marine air, the best impulse against stagnation in either. As you cannot live on "partridge always" neither can the automatic functions of the human organism maintain their highest life in climates, however good, that have the set of sameness. Even the individual blood and nerve-cells are very human, and take on the note of torpor unless their pabulum is changed. Hence the value of change that ensures the ventilation of the system by currents of diverse air, now taken from the mountain-tops, now from marine levels, now moist, now dry, now laden with the chlorides, now winged with the fragrance of the pines. All the elements round about you forget their quarrels after winter, and make it up in a benignant conspiracy to bless the spring. Corfù becomes then the very home of the gentle zephyrs, and there is never a sting in their caress. So suave their motion and

"So light they do not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels."

England in an access of generosity handed over the island to Greece in 1863, having governed it to its great advantage for nearly fifty years. Hence the general excellence of the roads and a practical acquaintance

with our language that is noticeable and very dear to the English traveller who is not accomplished in the gift of tongues. Perhaps this survival of English proclivities is responsible for the production of *Charley's Aunt* in the interesting old theatre, built hundreds of years ago during the Venetian mastery, which lasted practically from the Crusades to the French Revolution. *Charley's Aunt* in an Ionian island and a Greek dress, redolent of Homer and the Greek tragedians, touches about the acme of comic incongruity. But after all, a farce on a wide-world tour is a tribute to the cosmopolitanism that works for international understandings, and adds a thread to the silken bonds that draw the brotherhood of men together. The figure of the bucolic Englishman, with his eyeglass stare and his incapacity for humour, has had the Continental stage to itself too long. It was time that something came along to show the foreign groundlings that an Englishman can not only make a good joke—sometimes, but enjoy, without being bored to distraction, the same joke running for over three long years. The paroxysm of laughter that shook the ribs of Britons until the possibility of fracture became a national peril, was one of the phenomena of last century during that unprecedented run. But as a curiosity it hardly exceeded in surprise the production of *The Geisha* in the Balkans, at Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, or the positive furore created in Buda-Pest by an American company in the *Belle of New York*.

The only disagreeable memory I have carried away of my three visits to Corfù is the national money. Its—shall we say politely?—unloveliness is unbelievable to those who have not looked upon it, and who have never had to handle with tremulous misgiving the paper-currency in Eastern bazaars. Who will forget his feelings when for the first time a fistful of this septic garbage was thrust into the hand in exchange for an English sovereign! And Corfù is one of the poetic

dreamlands of the West remember, and not an Eastern sink in the purlieus of Pydhoni. Here, every citizen seems to be his own money-changer. Would you settle a bill of five francs, just tear in twain a ten-franc note. Pay away one-half, and keep the other for the next occasion. For this lacerated money is negotiable in separate bits. Imagine paying an English account for £2, 10s. with the torn half of a Bank of England fiver! The currency unit is a drachma—nominally a franc; it is so depreciated as to have only half value, or, say, sixty centimes. Impar and fluctuating, it affords excellent cover for “doing” the stranger, and so the greenhorn is called upon to pay in francs for what is ordinarily payable in drachmas—in other words, to pay twice over. A tourist agency in Athens charged me twenty francs for the carriage to Eleusis, when I could have got it at the hotel, as I discovered too late, for twenty drachmas, or about half; and a Greek would probably pay half that.

There are only two first-class hotels in Corfù. They are so full in spring that it is wise to engage rooms in advance: the terms are not extravagant—about ten shillings a day. I liked the Belle Venise for its situation, but the food and ensemble at the old-fashioned St. George are more comfortable for our countrymen. Wine of course is cheap, but a bottle of beer and even a bottle of Mattoni—the famous Austrian table-water, which can be had for fivepence on an Austrian-Lloyd steamer on the Bombay run, costs 2 francs 50 in Corfù. I found the arrangements for embarking and disembarking orderly, and the charges settled by the hotel representative quite reasonable, such a contrast with Italian ways and the banditti that used to seize the baggage at Naples or Messina. Those who do not mind the cares of housekeeping and know Italian usefully, could get a *villino* here phenomenally cheap and live for next to nothing. Meat is indifferent, but no worse

than Continental meat to English palates, and it is surprising what toothsome ragouts are made out of unpromising material by servants to the manner born and trained. Passionate adherents of the simple life might find this spot their Zion so great is the profusion of grapes, oranges, lemons, figs, and vegetables galore, harvest after harvest, to say nothing of the lordly olive and that prince of pastas, macaroni, which more than any other food brings health, a pleased satiety, and strength to half the races of South-Eastern Europe.

Though even the hardened traveller can never get entirely used to running the gauntlet of the file of hotel servants who greet his departure with smirking bows and a hungry clamour in their glances, I thought this nuisance in Greece, perhaps I should rather say Athens, had really touched the top. It took some eight persons to put my humble effects into the carriage when leaving for the station, one grave gentleman presenting me with my walking-stick as ceremoniously as if it were a regal orb, but at the back of his smooth brow there was a bandit's intensity of glare that was positively wolfish. I dread to think to what dimensions the procession would have grown had I but a tomtit or a canary among my impedimenta. By all the rules of the game there would have been another suite of servitors to face, to say nothing of the locandiera and the stillroom maid! Pray note that this nuisance was limited to the manners of hotel establishments. As I have been glad to repeatedly point out, I was never molested by beggars in my wanderings among the Greek people.

The olive, considered æsthetically, is an unattractive, disappointing tree—it would hardly be selected for my lady's arbour. The part it takes in husbandry is not for ornament but for use. Seen singly, it does not help the picture. It resembles the women that some men marry,

not for their looks, but for their fruitfulness. It belongs to the class of Mary Janes whom you send into the scullery to do the hard work of the family, not the Angelinas that you lead to the altar to be the decorative mistress of your home. It has no pride in its personal appearance. It can't stand straight, but grows up anyhow, and flops all over. Its pose is hopeless; and it would drive an Irish sergeant mad on the parade ground if he had to teach it anything so elementary as how to hold up its head. Nor can it be said to have any idea of line, for if planted in avenues, it is certain to do its best to cut capers in a zigzag. If one leans to the north, you may be sure the next will nearly break its back in trying to do a somersault in the opposite direction. The stem is full of twists and kinks and bosses, all growing their own sweet way, as if they were not on speaking terms with each other. See a score of them together, and they look for all the world like a bacchanalian party of fauns and dryads who had been having a night out, until some shocked divinity coming along turned the whole sorry crew into an olive tope just as they were—"snapped"—in all their tipsy convolutions. So that whatever their value in the larder, do not expect too much from gardens of olives as a sight—until you see them in Corfu! Your memories of Provence or of the Pisan wolds, or infinite diversity of olive farms in the Near East, do not prepare the eye for the olive park in this central valley. Here the trees have number, and size, and altitude—some over sixty feet. Individually and in line, they have a virile majesty that marks them out as veterans of the plain and monarchs of their order. Theirs too is that subtle aureole of a golden age that diffuses round their venerable presences an irresistible sense of classical antiquity, as if any one of them had but just poured into the lap of the husbandman in bygone days the fruit that nourished Homer and Ulysses. Memorable is the way through the file of these old Druids across the heart of the

island to the western heights of Pelleka, and memorable indeed the commingling of sea and vale and mountain, and the magnificent distances oversea that draw the stranger to the terrace of this tryst. Memorable, too, are the demesne-like involutions of the road leading to the rare wild beauty of the coast by Palæokastrizza. But there is many a traveller who will find it is not the grandiose or the spectacular that haunts his memory longest with the finest charm. It is the day he wandered idly with his Homeric reveries amid Odyssean scenes in this epic homeland of the olive.

The villa of the late Empress of Austria—the Achilleion—attracts many travellers to Corfù. It is not only a thing of beauty in itself, but a symbol of associations that go deep down and reach the kinship of humanity; for it was on this spot that a sorely-tried woman, seeking surcease from sorrow, single-handed and in her own way, fought her battle against the relentlessness of destiny. Even now, abandoned to caretakers, bereft of all the priceless treasures which this Lady of Dolours had gathered into it from all the marts of the rare and the antique, it is still worth the distant pilgrim's while to come and gaze and wonder. Lifted up on the rugged heights of Gastouri, its terraced gardens sloping to the sea are a revel of regal grandeur; for all that the art of man could bring together in shrubs and trees and flowers, in marble balustrades, Greek temples, *bella vistas*, and a concourse of cool glades, in dainty pergolas and gay perspectives, in the vast sweep of noble spectacle across the water reaching up to the wan shadows of the Acroceraunian hills, everything in the picture has been finished and glorified by a profusion of masterpieces from the bronze-founder and the sculptor. The villa takes its name from the marble figure of Achilles on the farthest belvedere above the sea. There the godlike hero is seen struggling in recumbent pain to extract the poisoned arrow from his heel, where alone his immortality avails.



CORRU: ISLAND OF ULASSIN

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not. No traveller, however ardent his memories of Greece, will join in wails over the decay of sculpture, while living hands can present with such transcendent power a monument of dignity and pain and anatomical completeness like the dying god of the Achilleion.

But nature is not banished from this proud domain. The wild luxuriance of her forests comes up to the very doors, creeping in among the crags, and the primeval sanctity of her hills, shattered into myriad rocky precipices in the travail of creation, so qualify the note of artificiality that you hardly know whether nature or art has got the mastery, or whether indeed they are in rivalry at all. How can human language adequately picture the outlook from this imperial cloister, where the scholar's blood moves swift and swifter in presence of the memories that are called together by these Odyssean lands! There beneath your gaze is the ancient harbour, a gallant inlet of sheltered sea—the lagoon of Palæopolis—now shallow from silt, which held the old marine when Corcyra sent her fleet triumphantly to crush the greed of Corinth; where Ulysses was cast ashore as if for dead; where angry Poseidon turned his barque to stone, and moored it at the harbour's mouth; where, full of sweet humanities, the romance began with the king's daughter, which might have ended like the episodes of Circe and Calypso, but—perhaps—did not.

The cost of the Achilleion—over three million pounds sterling—not on a palace, mind you, but a private home, gives some notion of its magnificence, but little indication of its taste; for any common millionaire might spend that sum on a tawdry gewgaw. It was not the glint of bullion that made the Achilleion what it was. There ran through every order given the soul of the chatelaine who chose her artists and directed their plans, that instinct of sensitive refinement that was part of her patrician birthright. Seen from the road the house is not imposing. Half hidden in foliage, it was not built

to catch the eye of the wayfarer, nor to tempt the tourist to strike attitudes of awe. It was the offering of a bruised spirit to the manes of her childhood's day-dreams; from which the smirch of life's realities had swept the purity of their crown of splendour almost before she had ceased to be a child. The empress built this manor out of her own private fortune, and jealously preserved the exclusiveness of her personal rights. Not even princes were admitted to a view of the Achilleion, and the principal staircase was not a gangway even for her suite. There, at any rate, her reserve was to be respected, and she could feel herself at home among her bibelots with the choir invisible half revealed in nature all around her, while hearkening to the note of peace and rest and final understanding of the world's cruel tangle careering softly like a *leitmotif* through all their undersong of solace and high hope. The house is a white rectangular block with roomy balconies borne on Ionic columns, without a single gable or a single garish note. Whatever is done within is rich and noble; there is no suggestion of filigree or make-believe; there are no shrill tones. The general chastity of colour consorts well with the scheme of Byzantine form in fresco and mosaic, in the blending of Pompeian reds and terra-cottas and the marble opulence of the colonnades. The terraces and peristyles, or galleried porticos, are museums of the art of modern hands in spotless Parian marble. I know not where to look for more exquisite models of drapery and hair-dressing in stone. There is nothing nearly so effective in the Acropolis museum to show the ornamental possibilities of chiton and peplum—one under and one over garment—those simple robes of the women of Greece. There were no strings in those days, no whalebones, no falbalas, no tempestuous petticoats, no window-dressing of the human form divine, no guiles of the modiste. Only a length of homespuns, a girdle and a fibula, and so the Saturnian reign of the life of glorious grace.



The people of the locality almost worshipped the empress. She was their providence, and all the deep simplicity of her character—the elemental human nature, present alike in simple folk and gentle—swelled up when she had dealings with the poor. They speak with reverence and a hush of her tireless tramps over the heights of Monte Deca, climbing rocks and tracks, the rougher the better, *sola da sola*, always by herself or, if attended, still alone, as if under the load and goad of some malignant shadow her only rest was found in restlessness, her only repose was in fatigue. The spirit of her race that kept her to herself was not the pride of caste but the pride of honour, an immaculate sensitiveness to what was due not to her rank—for she abandoned courts and ceremonial—but to her own self-respect. The bitterness of disappointments was added to her cup full early, but she drank it every drop—the very lees of gall—down to the day she died. Her only son, the idol of the Austrian people, fell by violent hands—possibly his own—at Meyerling, under circumstances that are best forgotten; her sister, the Duchess d'Alençon, was burned to death in the Paris Charity Bazaar; and her own sad life was ended by the stiletto of an assassin on the shore of the Lake of Geneva. And while you look on this favourite home of hers by the Ionian Sea, a spot intended as a viaticum for the assuagement of life's pain, but doomed to become a very citadel of sorrow, you think of the House of Hapsburg, and wonder whether in all their tragic history of 600 years there are many things more weird and poignant and pathetic than the life and death of Elizabeth of Austria.

THE WESTERN BALKANS

IN MONTENEGRO—CETTINJE

THE Balkan peninsula at the present moment occupies the gravest thought in the Chancellories of Europe. What is happening there receives from the press the emphasis of leading pages, heavy type, and the most careful expression of editorial statesmanship: for this historic battleground of rival races and conflicting creeds is once more in the throes of revolution. Out of the Macedonian conflagration has been tossed a brand into Albania, so that no man can say whither it may spread, how it may end, nor what complications it may breed in the electric jealousies of Europe. It is disquieting to think that these turbulent peoples, with the edge of their fanaticism kept keen by the tension of mutual distrust, by hostility of beliefs, and the traditional memories of mutual slaughter, should hold in their hands the key of the general peace. So delicate an instrument is the machinery that maintains equilibrium in the relations of Eastern Europe, so flimsy the threads that support the poise of Balkan politics in the *status quo*, that a grain of shot in the wrong place, or a mischievous boy's squib, may almost drag the border powers into a general *mêlée* which Russia—~~if~~ we are to believe her—protests she does not want. A writer who is on the spot has, consequently, the advantage of actuality, even when concerned only with that part of the peninsula which adjoins the seat of civil war.

There is abroad a vague general conception that the people of the Balkans taken *en masse* are a bad lot, that disorder is the universal heritage, that a traveller is either a fool or a madman who trusts his

life among them, and that if he is allowed to live, long enough to record his impressions and get away, it is only by the unmerited accident of good fortune. It is not amongst English people only that this wrong notion is prevalent. Ignorance of this entire land is common in general society, even within the very Parliament of Vienna, where I hear of Austrians so ignorant of one of their own provinces, so contemptuous of its wants, and of its state of civilisation, as to call it the Austrian Albania. Yet Dalmatia, the north-western seaboard of the Balkans, and an Austrian possession, has had the advantage of the civilising graces of Venice for hundreds of years. One glance at its artistic towns, one short tour among its inoffensive people, will satisfy any traveller how unjust it is to classify Dalmatians as if they were only a short remove from barbarians and buccaneers. A similar protest is not unnecessary against the general ill-repute which still haunts Bosnia and Herzegovina, the two provinces in Austrian occupation since 1878, as well as the independent principality of Montenegro—all of them parts of the Balkan peninsula, and all of them, especially the last, models of security and public order.

On my way to Corfù I had the good fortune to be able to visit the chief towns on the Albanian coast, and so witness for myself the gruesome effects of Turkish domination as compared with the delightful surprises in store for me on entering Montenegro. No passport was required in crossing the border of this land of liberty, whereas at Durazzo, in Albania, the Turkish officials would not let us pass till the courteous captain of the Austrian-Lloyd steamer—(that company's influence is considerable along this coast)—offered to escort us himself and see us back to the ship. It was well he did so; for, on visiting the historic fortifications that crown the hills of old Dyrrachium, we were accosted, none too civilly, by Turkish soldiers, who warned us back, as we

were plucking a few euphorbias and sprigs of rosemary from this ruined citadel of the Roman Empire. There they were, the poor fellows, in regimental tatters, sprawling on the grass in a luxurious collation of tobacco smoke, near a few small guns mounted on broken sticks, like the jingals familiar to us in Asiatic tribal warfare. These massive ramparts are the town quarry. They are filling up sacks with plundered masonry, which donkeys carry down the slope for a new Turkish barrack. I was taken to see interesting Roman remains which had been unearthed on that site, but they had disappeared into the *ewigkeit*; for no one can tell in this country the private citizen from the bandit. Marble slabs with rilievi are scattered pell-mell upside down like common rubble in the hovel walls and the gateways. Roman columns stuck awry do duty as lamp-posts to throw a grimy halo over the general squalor with the refuse oil of Baku wells—a veritable picture of disorganisation and misrule. And so at Valona, the ancient Apollonia, though something better, it was much the same.

But let us hasten to the land of contrasts and take a breath of freedom, of orderliness, of clean living, and feast our eyes on the majesty of manhood as revealed in the handsome giants of the Black Mountain. Having wired from Antivari, a carriage was in readiness when we reached Cattaro at 5 p.m. It was late to make the ascent into Montenegro, but time pressed and it had to be. Let no one follow my example. The seven hours' drive between Cattaro and Cetinje, the Montenegrin capital, a unique and stimulating experience, should be accomplished by day. Though I returned by the same road and saw everything in the reverse order, I shall always regret the hours lost to me on this night's journey. The memory will well bear recording twice over a series of spectacular landscapes, the like of which few travellers have the good fortune to see.

I had only two hours of partial daylight, and did not

reach Cetinje till half-past twelve. The road you travel, is the finest piece of engineering in that "genre" in Europe. It has a cut-stone parapet, which will soon be completed, so that two roomy carriages can pass each other comfortably without incommoding the wayfarer on foot. It is a maze of zigzags cut into overhanging mountains; for the Lovćen saddle is more than 3000 feet above you, and the precipice in parts is a sheer drop. The first road, built in the forties, had sixty-six zigzags. The new road has much fewer, for the serpentines have a longer stretch and gentler slopes. Looking up from the waters of Cattaro, you see line upon line of ribbon folds of white macadam, as if some son of Vulcan had caught up these gigantic declivities like a potter and moulded their crystallisations into a ladder of terraces for the feet of horse and man. The work is a signal of the friendly relations between Austria and Montenegro, and a credit to their joint outlays. Whatever Austria's shortcomings may be, she can point with satisfaction to the energy, the mastery in technique and, where that quality is called for, the accomplished taste of her Public Works Department. What these officers have done in less than a generation to transform the Balkan provinces of occupation into model states, is a revelation to the traveller and an example to any office of works. No leeway has had to be made up for the errors of mere fussiness. There has been no hurry, and yet it has been so swift and noiseless, for it was well thought out. Roads, bridges, public buildings, waterworks, drainage, electrical installations, railways, barrages, are as obvious and "pukka" successes as if their creators had had a century to work them out. Slow-going Austria is a jeer that is quite out of place in the Western Balkans.

This Cattaro-Cetinje road was the first sample of that spacious activity which can be witnessed so abundantly in Bosnia and the Herzegovina. I was thankful for the comfort of knowing that the gradient was not hard

on the horses, and for the rich harvest of impressions it enabled me to garner in without a jolt while overlooking the precipitous depths beneath me, that weird spectacle of the Bocche di Cattaro, with its primeval wastes, its bays, peninsulas, islets, terraced towns, and screen of fortifications with their dire suggestiveness. A solitary figure on the flanks of the Black Mountain face to face with gathering night, the only sound the champing bits and the monotonous echo of the horses' feet upon the limestone, an abyss alternating at every turn from the right side to the left, what wonder if now and then there came a transient thrill as if some ghostly presence were closing round me, while the young moon shone dim and wan athwart the wintry twilight of the Adriatic.

The natural fastness of Cetinje—population 3000—is a mere *dorf*, situated some 2500 feet above the sea and entirely surrounded by mountains. Barren, bleak, and grey, they raise their multitudinous peaks in a savage grandeur that is singularly imposing, and in places with an effect of lonely desolation that positively appals. You might in twenty minutes at an easy trot ride round this Lilliputian capital, this veritable out work of civilisation, this oasis in a Sahara of rock. It has one wide street, a sort of Mall, into which lesser streets enter at right angles. At the end of it is the unassuming hostelry that is known as the Grand Hotel, where, however, you are decently fed, courteously attended, cleanly lodged, and not fleeced. It is a little world of plain stone cottages, the only hint of possible assistance from the manufacturing world about them being their neat red tiles. The Ministries—how oddly pompous the word sounds—have their arms and designation, much too big for them, above the cottage doors. There are one or two handsome villas in their own grounds in what may be dignified as the “suburbs.” They are manifesting a resolute attempt to establish a toy park around them, but the grass, unaccustomed to such a *milieu*, cannot make up its mind what colour is expected

of it. One noble mansion stands out with a sort of regal aloofness from the rest. Need I say, that it belongs to Russia?

Not even Sam Weller's double-million magnifying-glass could descry the imperial home which Great Britain considers appropriate for her *Chargé d'Affaires* at the court of Prince Nicholas. Short as my stay was, I would have liked to pay my respects to our representative, but in Cettinje the majesty of England is not represented even by a "commodious villa." And the contrast does not flatter us in one sense, though in another it may be highly flattering indeed; for perhaps this modesty is an unrehearsed compliment to the local sovereign. It might be rebukable to tower above this monarch of simple tastes, this genuine patriarch of his people, with any majestic notice-board in cut stone out of his own quarries, a perennial reminder in his morning walks of the puissant magnificence of the foreign representatives and of the undisputed circumstance that he is himself a very small potentate indeed. If such scruples exist, and nice feeling might very well suggest their seemliness under the circumstances, they do not appear to have occurred to Russia, on whom British self-effacement in point of domestic glitter has, as an example, been entirely thrown away. The prince's "palace" continues to be what it always was, a cottage. It is large, of course, but quite simple, with its façade of brown limewash and a double flight of stone steps with a plain iron railing. Like the others, it is situated on the public street without as much front garden as would nourish a buttercup. There are no sentries. A single Montenegrin indistinguishable from his countrymen is in easy waiting on the top of the steps.

This is the race that supplies in all the bravery of their handsome raiment stately kavasses to the embassies, consulates, and offices of opulent companies all over the Levant. What wondrous specimens of manhood greet

you in these Cetinje streets! Where is there to be found a population of such giants, with such attractive features, such frank, fearless, and withal gentle eyes, such high-bred courtesy, such grace of *portamento*, such suavity of approach! It makes one proud of human nature to see the fulness of its majesty so nobly clad moving about this mountain-top in unspoiled simplicity. There is not a look in any face around you that is grovelling or marred by the shuffling meannesses of what is known as civilisation. The very beggars, few as they are, have the dignity of distress about them. You see they are in want: there is no humbug. It does not occur to them to whine. The children in their rags at the top of the pass who toss a nosegay into your carriage are the children of the free: they are not beggars. Life in Montenegro is a paltry bauble, only worth a trigger's touch, unless it can be sustained with the purest air of liberty and the proud consciousness of self-respect. The whole tone of the national character is bracing: it is good for the wanderer to behold it. You soon feel, like the characters in the Transfiguration, that it is good for you to be here. When one sees the utterly poor creatures, the vulgarity of face, the gracelessness of bearing, the shapelessness of form that too often represent the washy blue-blood of the aristocracies I see around me, one feels inclined to hail them with a kind inquiry: "Why, like the King of Italy, don't you go to Montenegro for your wives?"

• The men of Cetinje are distinguished for the picturesqueness of their wardrobes. No dress in the world is comparable with it for effect. Look at those long jack-boots of supple leather and of graceful fit; the Turkish trousers of a dark shade of Austrian blue; the bolero jacket of an amarant-hine cloth, almost a corise, handsomely embroidered with gold cord and a lavish garniture of smart gold buttons; the round military cap of the same material edged with black—in historic re-

membrane of some national sorrow—with the initials of their sovereign on the crown; and then the folds of many coloured silk coiled round the waist in a voluminous sash to support the leathern wallet with its revolver. A dress so striking is carried off with such natural grace, such absence of swagger, such serenity of self-unconsciousness, that it does not savour in the least of the mere theatrical; it is everyday wear, and not put on for the rising of the curtain. Every Montenegrin carries a revolver; it is always in his sash, and it is invariably loaded. The stranger is for a moment disconcerted to notice the schoolmaster with loaded firearms among little boys, and likewise the telegraph operator to whom you hand in your scrip, but the look and bearing of the people instantly disarm misgiving. Possibly the air of simple graciousness about one may be partly attributable to appreciation of the instant dangers that may follow rudeness in word or look.

It does not come upon you with surprise to be informed that Montenegrin morality is high. One can well believe that it is the highest in the world. Nothing can exceed the cleanliness of Cetinje. The barracks for 600 men are a model of soldierly management. The museum is very interesting, where you see banners and all sorts of armament captured from the Turk. It was curious to notice among the trophies gold Crimean medals bestowed by our own sovereign on Turkish officers after that war. The poor fellows subsequently fell in the war against Montenegro, leaving their English medals, an unwilling bequest, to an enemy who love glory better than gold.

Use hardens the traveller to the routine of tipping: it is the tribute exacted by every petty showman for displaying the sights. I shall not forget my surprise at the refusal of the handsome lad who took me round the armoury to accept a honorarium; and how, recognising that I would not willingly hurt his feelings, he was good

enough by his perfect manner to spare mine. Hats off, please, to the gentlemen of the Black Mountain! Since the days of their national hero, Stefan, who died in 1490, Montenegro has been a land of war against the Turks, and with whatever temporary check always victorious in defence of their liberties. Sometimes the Turks got into Cetinje, but they were invariably driven out. In the last fifty years there have been seven wars between them, but Montenegro has not merely kept her own but won new accessions of territory. She has now access to the sea at Antivari the Unbeautiful, and Dulcigno—worthy of its sweet name—the Fair. There are 40,000 fighting men in this little civilisation of a quarter of a million people, but in these impregnable mountains the women are nearly as useful and quite as brave as the men.

Montenegro is a buffer state between Turkish Albania and the Austrian provinces of occupation. She is a bulwark of peace, and so gives good value for the subsidies she receives for her internal development. Austria contributes 30,000 florins, Russia 80,000 roubles, France 50,000 francs. Western Montenegro, which is approached from Cattaro, and in which Cetinje stands, is a miserably poor country—I saw only a few sheep and four cows during my seven hours' drive. In the one expressive word which means so much in Eastern Europe, it is all "Karst"—that is, bleak, barren rock. Little grows here but potatoes, maize, cabbage, in the scanty beds of soil lying in the small pits between the rocks. In the east there are forests in the Alpine district of Brda, and rich Italian fertility in the south around the Lake of Scutari and the thirty odd miles of coast. Here grapes, nuts, figs, mulberries, olives, oranges, and dates luxuriate in the open. The tobacco of Montenegro is renowned. Cetinje may be called the paradise of the cigarette smoker. You can buy a hundred of these delicacies, gold tip and all, for about eighteenpence. The best of them are worth smoking with devotion.

Preference, however, will still be given to the lighter produce of Thessaly, especially when worked up with ever so little of the aromatic but, somewhat heady tobacco of Ephesus.

The religion of the people is Serbo-Orthodox, their language Serb, the Slav tongue written in the Cyrillian or Russian character. I found Italian and German useful. The landlady who took in a Prussian fellow-traveller owing to pressure in the hotel spoke French. English is universally useless in these parts. The currency is Austrian. There are about 5000 Albanian Catholics. Like all Eastern peoples, Montenegrins have one bad fault—they are hard on their women. I saw too many poor drudges carrying produce on their backs to the Cattaro markets down the steep of the Fiumara ravine not to wonder what had become of the men.

And wherefore this name of the Black Mountain? As a matter of fact, the formation is a white limestone. The specimens I examined have nearly as fine a grain as marble. It is the very stone universally employed for decorative architecture along the Eastern Adriatic. It takes a fine porcellanous polish, without the cracks and veining of marble or the bubbles of travertine. But in weathering, the surface has assumed the deep tints of plumbago. You have only to chip off the shell to get the contrast of the white and dark effects. No language can convey the terrific sullen majesty of the rocks along the pass between Cetinje and Rieka, near the head of Scutari Lake. Accompanied by two other men, I went along this road on foot in the brightness of a Sunday morning, and I still seem to shudder at the recollection of these appalling wonders. To go over the same ground again alone and in the twilight is not an adventure to propose to delicate nerves. There is not in any of this rock the smallest hint of the leisureliness of stratification. Nature, in some gigantic mood of tempestuous wrath, whipped these mountains into re-

sponsive fury till they became a sea of towering billows, and in that position ordered them to keep still. This tumbling swelter of rock on rock, this hurricane of the primeval hills, this typhoon in petrification, is set in a frame of absolute solitude, made additionally thrilling by the unbroken gloom of graphite greys. No speck of verdure, no note of bird or hum of cricket, no presence of any living thing comes forth among the crags to redeem the completeness of this stony desolation. There can be surely nothing in Europe to parallel the sensational excesses of nature as she manifests her frenzies in the Montenegrin Alps.

ACROSS HERZEGOVINA

I

WHEN contemplating a run into the Balkans, I found that my sole equipment was a faded memory of *Peoples and Politics of the Near East*, by Miller, which I had once read with interest, and Macmillan's *Eastern Mediterranean*—a guide much too thin and scrappy to be of service when breaking comparatively new ground. I say this with no intention of disparagement; for a little manual centreing in the Mediterranean could not be expected to give fulness to its treatment of the Balkan seaboard along the Eastern Adriatic. I am sure it added greatly to the enjoyment of my tour that I was not loaded up on starting with preconceptions derived from books. It was a solid gain, I think, to have approached these lands in a condition of primitive ignorance as to what lay before me. The dark cameras of the fancy were thus in better plight to receive, unspoiled by foreign medium, the play of experiences flashed in upon them direct from the stirring objectives of nature and art. The impressions I formed, whatever their value, were at least my own, supplemented indeed, but not corrected by subsequent perusal of the casual guides that strayed across my reading. My sole aim had been to rove at large as a humble vagabond with no other fixed plan but to see all that was possible in as short a time as was compatible with seeing it effectively and enjoying it thoroughly. Later, when a modicum of solid information seemed a good thing as ballast for a cargo of such airy nothings as impressions, I was sorry for the sake of those unacquainted with foreign languages that it

could only be collected on the spot from Italian or German mouths and Italian or German books. Possibly there is a good English Baedeker for these parts. I sought, but did not find it. I am inclined to rejoice at my mischance; for, there is a bracing satisfaction in being thrown on one's own resources and being one's own guide, culling from place to place and from the people on the spot all the knowledge needed to make one's project successful. Looking back upon a train of notable experiences, I have reason for thankfulness that so little is due to books and so very much to the uniform courtesy and helpfulness of the new peoples among whom it was a privilege to wander. From the day I left Trieste till the day I bade good-bye to Bosnia and ended my tour in Agram, the handsome capital of Croatia, I had before me a feast of unmingled delight, much of it capable of heating into flame the enthusiasms of the most phlegmatic races.

Those who think, or affect to think, that the proper attitude with which to confront the wonders of the world is a bold front, an eye of steel, and a *nil admirari* indifference, had better keep out of the Balkan Peninsula. A few steps through the sea of Black Mountain above Rieka, near Lake Scutari, a short drive through the romantic fastnesses of the Narenta defile, a single glimpse at Jajce, the pearl of Bosnia, and nature would soon make fun of these simpletons, shattering into fragments the false gods of affectation that are the stock-in-trade of the *poseur*. Casting myself adrift from all tourist agencies, utterly useless in these unfrequented lands, contact with the people enabled me to decide upon my course and alight at those very halts, which had I, to do the journey over again, I would again adopt. Going into the unknown with no settled plan of action, depending entirely on the moment for winnowing out the grains of wisdom from the chaff of varied counsels to which I was treated on the road, I may rejoice in my

good fortune in emerging with but one regret. I ought to have spent another day at Spalato in order to go all the way by carriage to Traù and back, past the ruins of Salona and along the Riviera delle sette Castella. I would advise any one coming after me to deprive themselves on no account of that treat, but otherwise to stick to the line of march traced out in these letters. There is bound to be a rush into the Western Balkans before long. Though I did not meet a single Englishman there, I did meet a highly accomplished family of Finns; so the propaganda of their merits has already reached the extremities of Europe. Now is the time to observe them *au naturel* before they are spoiled by greed, by contact with the chicaneries of civilisation, and while the people have all their native courtesy and straightforwardness and picturesqueness full about them. In a closing chapter I shall sum up those points regarding route, time, expenditure, &c., so as to make what I have written of practical use to those who have honoured these letters with their interest, and who may still further honour the writer with their confidence by following his advice.

My course lay across the heart of Herzegovina from south to north along the line of those attractions that appeal most to the stranger. I took my seat on March 31 in the Bosnia-Herzegovinian State Railway in Gravosa, the port of Ragusa, at 11 A.M., and we reached the Hotel Narenta, in Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, at 7.15 the same evening. The fare for this considerable journey was under ten francs, second class. This exemplifies the cheapness of railway travel in these provinces, as, indeed everywhere over Austria where the railways are in State hands. Those who know Hungary will join me in admiration of the comfort and economy with which the railway there is managed in the interests of the public. It is a matter for surprise to strangers that Austria can tolerate such an anomaly in her railway systems as

The South Austrian Railway—a private company, whose charges are scandalously high when compared with those prevailing over the State lines. I have suffered more inconvenience, with fewer comforts and higher fares, in my various journeys over that railway than on any other in Europe or Asia. The second-class carriages of the Bosnia-Herzegovinian State Railway are central corridors most comfortably upholstered. It is there you come in contact with Austrian officers, to whose friendliness I owe nearly all the reliable knowledge on which my plans were based. They are very fine fellows, though their opinion of smartness has a different standard from ours. The refreshment rooms along the line meet every requirement.

Before crossing the Dalmatian frontier adjoining Herzegovina there is an enchanting view of the loveliest spot belonging to Ragūsa the Beautiful. The Val d'Ombla is one of the sights of Dalmatia, a serene, fertile, entirely gracious valley, an oasis of subduing sweetness in the bleak rocklands of the Karst. As the train turns its back on the Adriatic and rounds the corner of hill that bounds Gravōsa harbour, it rises slowly along a ledge of the middle mountains, so that you can survey from the heights the whole line of the Ombla Valley from the embouchure where its sweet waters coalesce with the Adriatic to the invisible springs where they emerge from the rock. The floor of the valley is a deep, wide, calm inlet of the sea between high hills of unusual verdure. A fine road coasts it all round along the water's edge, and the human note of easy comfort is everywhere vibrant over the rich fields, and the pleasant habitations, artful and yet so artless in the picturesque irregularity with which they make the landscape live. Nature shakes out the cornucopia of her treasures with profuse largess over this pet domain, while all around it, like a stony-hearted stepmother, she gives nothing that is not wrung from

her by the toiler with the sweat of his brow. Here you behold one of her mystifying feats of *legèrdenaîn*, by which she pours into the lap of the valley a broad sheet of eternal foam from some darkling seams in the caverns of the mountain. The train goes round the head of the valley rising all the time towards the higher plateau of the frontier with the slow speed necessitated by the gradients. Now it moves at the back of *Ragūsa*, from which it is separated by the heights of Monte Sergio, and now it emerges at the top of the ridge that looks down upon *Ragūsa Vecchia* and discloses the vast spaces out at sea over the Adriatic waters.

The multitudinous involutions, curves, and doublings of this ascent give a succession of ravishing pictures. The cheerful quality of Italian garden passes gradually out of sight. The spots of verdure become faint and few, so that by the time you reach the frontier at *Uskoplje* you realise too well that you are already in the barren wastes of the *Herzegovina*. This province lies on the Adriatic side of the watershed as *Bosnia* lies on the other, sloping downwards to the Black Sea. It is a typical *Karst* land—bleaker, rockier, and altogether more desolate than the regions of the same character in *Dalmatia*. It is such hard surroundings that bring out all the manhood in the land. For the *Herzegovinian* makes a splendid figure, intelligent, industrious, and forceful, in striking contrast with the indolent, loutish air too common among the peasantry of *Bosnia*. It is to his credit that in spite of the hard lot designed for him by his motherland—it is all she has to give—his devotion to her is pathetic in its tenderness, levian in its strength. He would rather die at forty in his windswept hut among the rocks, the home of his kindred, than take the bribe of gold to die enriched and patriarchal in some palace of the Far West. When I look upon these stalwart shepherds and husbandmen, and take in my hand some of their champion potatoes

weighing nearly 2 kilos, I think of Sydney Smith's humorous definition of my own countrymen, and see its applicability here. If an Irishman of that time could be described as "a six-foot machine for turning potatoes into human nature," the men of Herzegovina must be their first-cousins on the strength of the same fare. The relationship, alas, does not extend to the tubers, for the "praties" of old Ireland since the famine must close their eyes with shame in presence of the lusty giants turned out of their furrows by Balkan farmers. The women sometimes pointed out in the Ragusa markets as belonging to Herzegovina on account of their good looks, the coquetties of their picturesque attire, the fineness of the linen in their coifs, and the spotlessness of their laundry, are really Canalesi women, the channel islanders of the neighbourhood, who have an uninvited strain of French blood from the time when Marmont's revolutionary soldiers had a short hold upon Ragusa.

For six hours the train never left the mountain side. It was one long trail of sinuosities amid utter barrenness, an unredeemed desolation of tempest-torn rock; for the blight of the Bora is over all Karst lands, making fertility impossible. There are spots near Mostar, in private hands, exhibiting redundant vegetation, a full florescent foliage, and a park of oaks. But they are sheltered from the Bora--proof sufficient of the withering effect on nature produced by this scourge of the fields. Valleys lay along our course, but all winter they had been lakes, and were now quite sodden. Every arable patch seemed to be an intermittent morass, quite useless for corn, but apparently good for tobacco: that commodity is a famous harvest and a leading source of revenue. It may surprise Indian smokers to hear that many of the best cigarettes manufactured in Egypt and exported for their consumption are grown in the raw among the mountains of Herzegovina. It is purchasable

all over Austria as *regie* tobacco, the Government keeping this monopoly in their own hands.

I may here sound a note of warning. Never smuggle tobacco, in however small quantities, into Austria. The temptation to take with one a few hundred cigarettes when leaving Montenegro is strong, but it is safer to resist it. You may easily find yourself subjected to considerable inconvenience and the fine of a ten-pound note for the sake of a few cigarettes for personal smoking brought along in good faith. The finance guards on tobacco frontiers are not pleasant people when you are in the wrong. They are not open to the small corruptions that square everything in Italy. There were very few cattle visible along our route, only herds of sheep and goats. The whole country we passed through was practically treeless until we reached the Narenta River about 5 P.M. There we found a wide open plain still partly under water, partly under tobacco. The soil was sandy. There were no rich loams. A few small vineyards, a few watermills on the streams that flew to join the Narenta, the site of an ancient Roman fort, constituted a very prosaic everyday landscape, but for the Moslem note now observable for the first time in passing the station of Caplina. Here were the women, some of them at least not veiled as yet, but with their large skirts caught in at the ankles, the rudimentary Turkish bloomers.

ACROSS HERZEGOVINA

II

THE Hôtel Narenta at Mostar, which we reached in rain by the hotel bus at 7.15 P.M., is a feature of the Austrian administration for which the traveller cannot be too grateful. At important stations, not yet exploited by private hotels of good standing, there are very comfortable hotel buildings put up by the State and run by a contractor under State control. The rates to which he is obliged to adhere are put up in the public rooms for travellers to see: there is a book for complaints. A Government inspector makes random visits to report whether the intentions of the authorities are frankly carried out. German travellers are not at all the people to allow themselves to be imposed upon in the matter of victuals or drink. Having stayed in several of these semi-public hotels, I am able to state that they are creditably managed. What to do without the Hotel Narenta in an oriental town like Mostar is a question not to be faced without various forms of thrill by any civilised imagination. The situation is ideal on the rocky ledge of the gorge through which the river scurries foaming over crag and boulder towards its delta in the Adriatic. My bedroom, with the best view overlooking town and river, was only some two shillings. The restaurant arrangements were excellent. The trout obtainable in these hotels is not to be beaten anywhere. The traveller who knows his way about is sure to start his dinner with "forellen." Constant practice has made the chef's judgment sure, and you may depend on getting your delicacy sent up to perfection. The beer, I think,

was Salvator. At any rate, it had the quality of that *recherché* brew, and the Anglo-Indian liver took its punishment divinely. There is nothing like good beer, as a restorative on the move. It was so excellent both here and in Serajevo that I never drank anything else while I was in the Balkans. Needless to say, in these semi-Turkish provinces, the coffee was a continuous delight. I want my readers to understand that their creature comforts on this trip are taken care of, and that there is much more value to be had for money even in the matter of "gourmandise" than anywhere in Western Europe. Ladies, of course, can do this tour. Rooms should be engaged by telegram. The courtesy you meet with has no business hardness. The "good morning" and the little bow are very hearty. There is no swarm of waiters at the door as you depart to speed you with their blessings or the other thing while their eyes stick into tender cuticle like pins. There is none of the organised mendicinity of "grand" hotels about the attendants. The only place in Europe where I was obliged to send for a hotel servant to bestow my modest tip was in these provinces and the Hôtel Impérial of Ragusa. I feel my spirit bow in an eighteenth-century salute to the wonders of these experiences. I am afraid this particular dodo of good manners is destined soon to die.

The town of Mostar, except for its pretty situation by the mountains, did not interest me much. For travellers unfamiliar with Asia it opens up the first glimpses of the East. Half its population of 12,460 is Turkish, the other half consisting in even proportion of Roman Catholic and Serb. The language is Slav, understood equally by Serb and Croat; the letters are Cyrillian as in Russian. The Moslem women in the streets are perfectly invisible in their wrappings. It is sad to see the poor creatures pumping back into their lungs the poison of rebreathed air. Besides the muffling of the face, a huge black hood, shaped like a gabled roof

—a peculiarity of Mostar—sticks out in front of the face farther than early Victorian poke-bonnet. But Mostar means the “City of the Bridge.” To leave Herzegovina without seeing that would be like leaving Rome without seeing St. Peter’s. What strikes you at once is the beauty of its lines, its slender grace, its lofty span above the river. Its height above water is 19 metres. Its greatest span is 27.3 metres, while the space for traffic is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ metres wide. The builders were Turks of the fifteenth century. Battlemented towers, useless nowadays, protect its flanks. Vehicular traffic is forbidden to cross it. There is a fine iron bridge for that above stream, built since the occupation.

I had heard so much about the sources of the Buna River—Buna-Quelle—as a spectacular treat that I drove out there in one of the two horse that are a credit to the local hackney owners. Our road lay into the mountains past the Austrian barracks, through a vast treeless plain covered with pebble like a sea of shingle. There was little cultivation except on the upper slopes, where the vines were just in bud. Peach, cherry, and almond trees were blooming. Only stone-fruits thrive here. The wine is excellent but strong. The Government vine, wine, and fruit school outside Mostar is a revelation of Austrian methods, and of the good work she is doing to hasten progress in these neglected lands. There is a model farm to explain everything connected with the production of wine, from the planting to the blending, so that the cultivator may get the largest yield with the least wastefulness. There are twelve pupils, who have everything found them by Government. They sleep on the spot and have a half-franc daily pocket-money. The course is one and three years. The school-room was covered with plates and diagrams. Outside was the farm, so the theoretical and practical went on hand in hand. I visited the caves, where the new wine passed from the vats through filters of asbestos. The

invitation to taste the vintages of several seasons will be resisted by any one not wishing to qualify for another year at home; but the temptation is strong in this atmosphere of pure wine, of cleanliness and good management. Cuttings from the best vines free from the phylloxera were there in heaps, destined for the cultivator, who might have them for the asking. The students on passing their examination go out into the villages in the employment of the State, to teach their countrymen how to improve their vineyards.

The Buna-Quelle is a little farther on, only three-quarters of an hour's drive altogether, out of town. It will not disappoint the expectations of the traveller. You approach the side of a lofty mountain. The precipice leans over you in gloom, as if prepared to crush you. It is cloven into bizarre forms, angles, buttresses, holes, ledges, with a half dome roughed out in outline on the top, as if some Cyclops from the mythologies had taken a hand in hewing out a natural cathedral. Stalactites droop in slender threads or dainty pinnacles from crack and cleft, wild doves tower aloft pursuing each other in a maze of curves, as if the firmament were a field of manœuvres. Down below is a beautiful clear pool of azure water without a speck of foam. There is nothing but a few surface lines to betray the noiseless presence of some subterranean eddy. It is not till you look down stream and see the cascades operating on the mill-wheels that you realise how great a volume of water wells up incessantly from the invisible caverns in the depths of the mountains. In this delicious pool the trout in their pink and silvery sheen disport themselves almost under your hands. It is just like a bit out of old Provence. If you wish to see Petrarch's grotto and the fountain of Vaucluse, why, there the picture is revealed before you. A few years ago three British officers encamped here for some days for the fishing. They brought their own tents and

servants. There are chamois here, too, and bear not far away in the Bosnia mountains. . . .

But be very careful to select your time of year. Herzegovina in summer is a wide expanse of hot plate. The heat is terrible, up to 50 degrees Réaumur sometimes. The tale of grilling woe which I got from Austrian officers reminds me of upper Sind. The houses are stone with stone tiles, becoming like hot cinders—*durchglüht*, as it was explained to me, so that all summer—from mid-June to mid-September—there is hardly any sleep. Mosquitoes are a plague. There are lots of scorpions and some poisonous snakes. In winter, except on the watershed, there is practically no snow. The Herzegovinian horses are as sure-footed as goats. It is wonderful to see them pick out their way down trackless steeps that might almost be called precipices. A sound, useful animal may be had for £10. This account has gone to such length that I dare not begin to speak about the Defile of the Narenta. I have seen nothing fit to compare with it in its own "genre" for sheer romantic majesty. The train goes through this stupendous gorge for 30 kilometres till the moment comes to climb on cogs up the Ivan Planina saddle, which gives you your first glimpse of Bosnia among the everlasting snows on peaks 10,000 feet high.

ACROSS BOSNIA

THE distance between Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, and Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, is covered by rail in eight and a half hours, fare about nine francs, second class. Although I have seen perhaps as much of Europe as the majority of English people who seek pastime in travel, I have nowhere come across so much variety of natural "spectacle," so much vivid and thrilling scenic movement compressed into so short a journey. There is one overflowing hour of these experiences after leaving Mostar, when the fancy, at first stimulated, then startled and enthralled with the incessant flash of the grandiose exhibitions of nature, exults as in an intoxication of resuscitated enthusiasms which the long ennui of Indian life do their best to kill. The passage through the Defile of the Neretva—its rapids, cascades, cataracts (where the waters sometimes rise to fifty feet in twenty-four hours), its mountainous precipices, its subsidiary gorges, its infinite sinuosities, its crossings and re-crossings, its railroad and tunnels cut out of rock along the middle heights, its romantic loneliness in the inner penetralia of nature—all this is embowered with a special halo in the shrine of delightful recollections.

Then comes the ascent, necessarily slow, in mazy serpentines up the flanks of the Prenj watershed, the engine forcing the pace with a grip on the cogs that finally lands you on the saddle of the Ivan Planina. Some of the peaks around you are 10,000 feet high, resplendent in their mantle of everlasting snow. In front are the slopes that pour their waters eastward into

the Black Sea. Behind you is Herzegovina, whose torrents are tributaries of the Adriatic. It was snowing hard as we came up over a bleak, sterile wild. Now, with our faces to Bosnia, it is snowing too, with gleams of sunshine, but the hard frost is over. The snow in touching the genial loams of fertile Bosnia dissolves as it falls. Forests now spread out before you. Herds of plump sheep are browsing on the rich greens. The vegetation is worthy of a Surrey picture. All the uplands as you pass are reminiscent of home, with their luxuriant opulence of primroses. And so we reached Serajevo at 6.20 P.M. The situation is beautiful, protected on north, east, and south by an interrupted arc of hills and mountains. On the west it spreads out into a long vast plain of great fertility. Its thirty odd thousand inhabitants are gathered on a plateau some 1600 feet above the sea. You are now in a land where the criticism of contrasts is forced upon you. In Bosnia, benignant nature does everything for the peasant, and he shows his gratitude by doing as little as possible for himself. In Herzegovina the stern mother holds out stone for bread; but the toiler by the miracle of his industry converts the granite into corn and the calcareous water into wine. If she has been hard on him materially, he has his compensations in a plenitude of manly qualities, intelligence, a gift of persevering labour, and the mountaineer's proud spirit that is typical of the Free. There is a sense of brotherhood between the men of Montenegro and Herzegovina that betrays a graft from the same fine stock.

You get little value by going into foreign countries if you lead the life of hotels. There is no royal road to understand the people except by mixing with them, and taking them, so to speak, *en déshabille* in the midst of their amusements. It is worth while after dinner going to one of the cafés which advertise a Zigeuner-Capelle, a gipsy orchestra. There is nothing of the

gipsy in their dress. Their frock-coats knock the pride out of a humble tourist in a Norfolk jacket. To hear their strange music, soft or strepitous, tearful or gay, *adagio assai* or in a mad *allegro*, is a truly novel treat. It is all played from memory, full of expressiveness, with a perfect *ensemble*. In musical genius, at any rate, Hungarian and Bohemian are the spoilt darlings of the gods. Even trite and trivial melodies are invested with a new charm by the oddly interposed silences, the rapid, abrupt endings, and the originality of the *tempo*. Possibly out of compliment to a visitor from the Far West, I was startled by a medley which sandwiched in "Santa Lucia" between "When Johnny comes marching home", and "After the Ball," played beautifully with a distinction of phrase characteristic of Hungarian music. Offenbach's *Blue Beard* was given by a good German company in the handsome theatre devoted to public entertainments. It was almost as surprising to see *The Geisha* advertised for a few days later as it was to see *Charley's Aunt* advertised in Greek at Corfu. Austrian officers are now allowed to have their families with them. Like other nations, except our own, they bear exile badly. The occupied provinces cannot have been a bed of roses for people without an Englishman's resource for making the best of a hard lot. But it would take a good deal more than the home-sickness of the Balkans to instil a flavour of acidity into the genial Austrian character. They are universally such pleasant folk to meet. The Balkan volcano is always ready to explode, and hope springs eternal in the soldier's breast, so the frontier is a good spot for seeing what glory can be got out of the fortunes of a conflict.

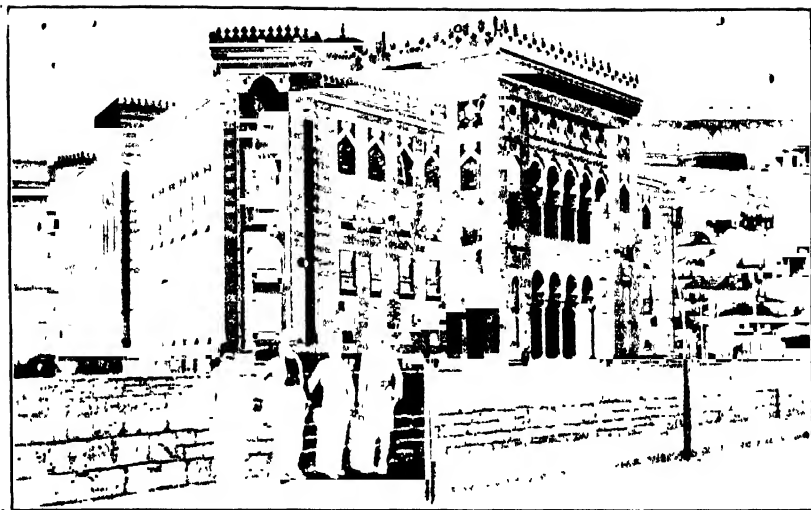
You can see in Serajevo at a glance the nature and extent of the work which Austria has set her hand to do so fruitfully. When you look out upon these lines of handsome buildings, these quays, like boulevards for fashionable loafing, built along embankments of cut

stone, these well-kept streets in asphalt and macadam, the settled air of orderliness and security obvious in the march of business and the very faces of the crowd, it is not easy to realise that these lands of chronic rapine and bloodshed under ages of misrule only came into Austrian occupation in August, 1878 by the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty. There is an excellent sewerage system, water supply, electric installation for light and tramways, workshops for the encouragement of native art, a fine civil hospital, and the apparatus of municipal government modulated, possibly over-restricted, by the Landesregierung; but, judging by its fruits, entirely suited to the wants of this unaccustomed civic life. The admirable network of cross-country roads is sure to arrest the attention of a visitor from India, where our roads and bridges are among the finest monuments of our public works. In Serajevo there seems to be in the Municipium some jealousy and irritation at Government interference. One malcontent elector informed me that the body of the people take little interest in local affairs, for in any clash of opinion the administration insists on having its own way. In Banjalūka, the next town of importance in Bosnia, co-operation seems more harmonious.

Their municipal system differs, I believe, from ours in a very remarkable way. They have an inflexible rule for the proportionate representation of minorities, so as to prevent the franchise being manipulated and the electors' votes being captured in the interests of any single pushful sect. In Banjalūka, with a population of some 16,000, there are 8000 Turks, 3000 or 4000 Serbs, 3000 Roman Catholics, and 600 Jews. The Turks have eight seats; the Serbs, of next importance, have six; Roman Catholics three; and Jews one. The electors are free to choose whom they like, but they must respect the Cadro. Such an understanding might be valuable on the other side of the Indian Ocean. The burgomaster is always a Turk, as representative of the largest numerical interests. In

Banjalūka, owing to troubles with the Turks, whose nerves are on the strain during the Macedonian rising, there is no burgomaster at present. His duties are performed by the two deputy-burgomasters, a Serb and a Roman Catholic. Whatever the faults of the Turkish régime, it had one valuable asset in the estimation of the people. The taxes, I was told, were light. It is hardly to be expected that the population of the transition period, brought up under the old ways, will speak of the new ways—which include regular payment of taxes,—with effusive adulation, but there is a hum of vibrant activities, the bazaars are full of business, and every day must bear it in upon the dullest that their contributions come back to them in peace. Under the surface contentment there goes on probably some quiet ebullition in the consciousness of Turkish conservatism. The tension caused by the Balkan troubles next door may nourish some vague and foolish hope that out of the cauldron may emerge some broth of diplomatic witchcraft to poison the new order, to expel the giaour and restore the patri-mony of Islam.

A visit to the Landesmuseum will show how the archæological spirit too has the countenance of the Administration. An attempt is made to preserve what is valuable in the artistic life of the provinces. Several rooms are devoted to the display of the various national costumes clothing wax figures, a veritable Bosnian Tus-saud. With characteristic thoroughness, there is no charge for admission. The art workshops, maintained by the State, are doing fine work in preserving the old forms and maintaining the highest standards. The carpet factory is not very large, but the work is up to our best Indian models. The designs are Bosnian. The yarn is treated with the old-time vegetable dyes. There are no anilines. I have before me an extremely effective design, No. 131, which costs £4 for 300 by 62 centimetres. I did not see any Turkish girls at the looms.



KIYAO, THE TOWN HALL



Photo. by S. B. K. 11-1911

TAKE IN BOSCH

They seemed to be all local Christians. I thought the prices for objects of art quite sufficiently high. The day for bargains in Bosnia has set. The State ateliers for working in metal are most interesting, and the work is first rate. The inlays of gold and silver in wood and various metals, the engraving and incrustations, are really fine, and the designs uncommon.

It was altogether a very pleasant picture to see the fair, open faces of these Bosnian boys, with their large, soft brown eyes, bent over their lathes and chisels. They might have been the sons of pashas in their picturesque dress, the Turkish trousers tight from the knee down, the silk sash in a sheen of bright colour, and the bolero jacket smartened up all over with an embroidery of fine braid. Add to this good looks, the soft, engaging Turkish manner, the uncopiable artlessness, the gazelle-like gentleness of glance, and you will easily believe yourself to have strayed into some temple of the Muses with young Levites in gracious rivalry to produce a masterpiece worthy of the shrine of art. Civilisation has its drawbacks and discords. It is not without a shock that you notice some Bosnians hiding their own handsome dress in a topcoat from some hand-me-down shop, possibly imported from the purlieus of the Borough or Ratcliffe Highway. As for the dress of the Turkish women, they are absolutely invisible, swathed from head to boot with as many bandages as an Italian bambino. The only visible portion of their attire, of a startling brilliancy, is the canary-coloured highlows into which they plunge their feet, slippers and all. The Christian women of the people hardly differ in dress from our own factory hands.

The civil hospital on a hill outside the town has eight blocks on the pavilion system. Those German doctors have tremendous industry. If our countrymen had half as much, they would make their labours twice as fruitful, for, after all, this universal plodding, except in the case of a few first-class minds, has evolved no pro-

portionate results. Austria is terribly backward in all that concerns nursing. Her infirmarians belong to the undestroyable Order of the Gamps. The leprosy studies at the hospital interest India most. There were seventeen leper in-patients. Though in a ward by themselves, they were in the same block as other sick, a deplorable arrangement. The absence of proper accommodation is not the fault of the doctors. Will no one give the authorities a quiet nudge to do the right thing?

The inconsistency of permitting intercommunication between the sick and their attendants throughout that block is striking, because the theory of contagiousness is very strong, and rightly very strong, in the minds of the able men who devote themselves so thoroughly to the sick there. The director was good enough to give me a sight of the graphic map which shows in coloured circles where every single case of leprosy is to be found in these provinces. They are under the observation of medical officers on the spot, and a careful watch is kept over every case discovered. Where the provinces are continuous with Turkey the circles are in crowds. In fact, the nearer the East, the greater the number of lepers. As you go West and North towards realms of improved hygiene they tend to disappear. The medieval fish theory of causation recently revived is derided here. Leprosy occurs in the mountains of Bosnia, where even smoked or salted fish is too dear, and it is never eaten. The Orthodox fasts are very strict, and do not, like Catholic fasts, allow fish in Lent—another nail in the coffin of the fish bogey, which ought to be buried without mourning or benefit of clergy.

The following fact is a very extraordinary one, which might pardonably be met with rather incredulous surprise. There are five Austrian garrisons stationed in Turkish territory in the Sandschak of Novi Bazar. The names of these towns are Visegrad, Priepolje, Plevlje, Sjenica Bielopolje. The town of Novi Bazar is not so



ACROSS BOSNIA

garrisoned. Side by side with Austrian generals and Austrian troops in the self-same town, crossing each other daily in the same street, are Turkish generals and Turkish troops—and their mutual politeness in this state of scarcely veiled aggression is remarkable. One hardly knows which party to admire most for observance of the civilities. If Prussians or Russians were in Austria's shoes, God help peace in the Balkans! When the Ottoman break-up comes, Europe may be reconciled to seeing Austria's dream accomplished by a stretch of new dominion down to Salonica, to redress the balance of disturbance caused by Russia on the Dardanelles.

No writer could possibly dismiss Bosnia without a note of admiration for Jajce (pronounced Ya-itse). Its "sight" is the picture it gives in little of Niagara. There is a meeting and a clashing of the mountain waters. The line of the Pliva falls tumbling over a cavern from a chain of crags into the rapids of the Urbas Defile one hundred feet below, leaving a wraith of iridescent mist above the waves of confluence, is a truly splendid picture. But its glory would be dimmed without the setting in its landscape frame. There is the steep town dominated by the venerable Castell; the stern Turkish walls and gateways; the spectre of the rifled Lucas tower, old beyond tradition; the wooden gables of the dwellings built on masonry plinths, lifted one above another in irregular galleries, and clinging, as if they feared to fall, to the sharp skirts of the mountain; the park of young pines across the gorge with zigzag paths from which visitors standing in the kiosk can look at the falls through every shade of coloured window. No wonder travellers make a nine hours' detour by rail from Serajevo to look for once upon the pearl of Bosnia.

The roads on Sunday were gay with people carrying palms festooned with violets. In this old Turkish stronghold it was curious to note how Moslem customs had grafted themselves in indifferent ways on Catholic

worship. Some of the men with rosaries of the Madonna in their hands had shaven heads. They brought in their bit of carpet to kneel on, took off their shoes and held their arms apart in prayer. The women go unveiled, and have a cross tattooed on their arms as an indelible pledge to hold on to the old faith and make them traceable should a Turk decoy them to his harem. The diligence journey of seven hours from Jajce to Banjalūka through the Urbas Defile is one of the most delightful excursions in the world. If it is less wild and primeval than the Narenta Defile, it is only because of the forests and its rich tracts of verdure. Parts of Bosnia abound in timber. There are bear and chamois for the hunter.

All the post and telegraph offices are in military hands. Soldiers hand you your letters from the *Poste Restante*. The railway up to Banjalūka is under civil administration. Its gauge is 0.706 metre. The normal gauge of the general Austrian system is taken up at Banjalūka, where the section on to Doberlin on the Croatian frontier is in military hands. Every employé, stoker, guard, ticket-taker, station-master, is a soldier belonging to the Railway Regiment. It is an odd fact that my first real experience of discomfort—dawdling trains, indifferent refreshments, the presence of loud, ill-bred Serbs—'Arry on 'oliday—began when I crossed into "civilisation" in Croatia. Any decently conducted wheelbarrow might have raced my train. Agram, the handsome capital of Croatia, promised well; but let me warn off travellers at the end of a tiring day from dining at the Orpheum. Attracted by the prospect of having musical performances with our food we went there to dine. I can confidently recommend that musical restaurant for the complete success with which it is competent to provide a meal of appropriate toughness for savages.

It is a worn old joke, still current in North Germany, to twit Austria on her *gemütlichkeit*, that indescribable,

genial, easy-going friendliness that no language can translate. Europe has reason to be thankful that there has been no Prussian hardness to keep glowing the embers of discontent in a nation of fanatics. The smoothness with which such swift progress has been made is the product of this *gemüthlichkeit*. It is a fine performance. It has exalted, in a way unknown before, the reputation of Austria as an administrator in countries where her hands are free. Looking back now from beyond the frontier of a land so fertile to me in many memorable associations and very many a glad surprise, I lift my hat in token of grateful acknowledgments and add my mite of humble felicitations, saying, •

“FLOREAT AUSTRIA!”

ON WAYS AND MEANS

A TOUR that embraced the whole of the western coast-line of the Balkan Peninsula, from Zara to Santi Quaranta, opposite Corfù, as well as the North-Western Provinces of its hinterland, is a good deal out of the common way. The project of seeing Dalmatia with its several archipelagoes, Albania, Montenegro, Herzegovina, and Bosnia, may seem to readers unacquainted with Eastern Europe a long, troublesome, costly, and somewhat adventurous enterprise. It was with some such idea that I took a plunge into the unknown, not counting the cost, for I had no standard of expenditure to guide me, and prepared for a good deal of trouble in countries associated in our Western minds with conditions of barbarism, where there are no tourist agencies to direct the traveller from halt to halt. The greatest of my surprises is the ease, the comfort, the speed, and the moderation of outlay with which these new and enchanting lands may be made the patrimony of treasured memories. Ladies, of course, can go over all the ground, if they will consent to go lightly equipped, for baggage is a burden on the diligence journeys into the Black Mountain and through the Urbas Defile in Bosnia. Anything but a single portmanteau or overland trunk, a bundle of rugs, with pillow and an ulster, is out of place and an encumbrance. The whole tour may be carried through without rusing, in six weeks. I should think the cost of a fortnight on the Riviera or St. Moritz, or any fashionable spa, would more than cover a month's holiday in the Balkans. And what a difference in charm! A totally new world is being continually unrolled before your eyes. The picture is for

ever changing, I might very well say for ever improving, because, on the line I suggest, you move along a path of crescendo surprises, and the gladdest of all surprises is the magical invigoration it brings into the health. Why is not the gospel of travel more widely preached? When will ailing mortals realise that there is more potency for good in well-chosen journeys than in all the spas and pharmacopœias of the world? This spa fetish is wildly overdone. It is the ruin of many a fine constitution.

Anglo-Indians, already, Heaven knows, sufficiently "reduced" by climate, are put through a course of reducing waters, and when they have reached the goal of ultimate limpness they are passed on to get better to the mercies of an "after-cure." No one raises a voice at the sorry ritual of a procession of both sexes in the public street sipping their nauseous doses from the town pump, and carrying off the game without the humours of the Augurs, for at least these ancient priests of humbug, on seeing each other laughed. People of our race returning from India do not stand well the Germanisation of their livers by an inundation of foreign waters. When the medical men of India give up confiding in the authority of books, and learn at first hand for themselves the value of residence in the Alps away from lakes—for we need dry bracing—or a tour in the Balkans, sufferers will be sent on to them direct to work off their congestions, and not *via* some halfway Curt-Ort in a German valley, where every gland turns sickly from its drenching with alkalis or Glauber's salts. Try it, all ye victims of malaria or liver or "nerves," insomnia or sheer weariness, and you will see with what speed the malarial parasite is knocked out in a tussle with the red blood that draws its oxygen from the European highlands, and how the unstrung nerves get set, assuming their fine responsive wiriness again. Try ten days of March in Serajevo, and ask your friends in Carlsbad or Homburg whether with all their waters they know anything of the resilience of

step and the frank, abounding appetite that like a benignant genius accompanied your wanderings in these Balkan hills.

Remember, Trieste is the most suitable starting-place for the round traced in this book.

First, as to cost. If you look at your map you can measure up the distance between your station of entrance to Herzegovina at Gravōsa, which is the port for Ragusa, and the frontier town Doberlīn, in the north-west of Bosnia, where you emerge from the Balkans into Croatia. Let me take you from Gravōsa to Mostar, capital of the Herzegovina, distance by rail eight and a quarter hours, fare, second-class, nine kronen twenty-six heller, that is, about eight shillings. Excellent refreshments on the way. From Mostar to Serajevo, capital of Bosnia, distance a little less, fare under seven shillings. From Serajevo to Jajce (pronounced Ya-itse), the Pearl of Bosnia, about eight shillings. From Jajce to Banjalūka, nearly eight hours in a victoria behind a pair of spanking Hungarian horses, only five shillings each person, through the wonderful road of the Urbas Defile. From Banjalūka to Doberlīn, five shillings. Thus for £2 you can cross the very heart of Herzegovina and Bosnia and see its choicest sights. In previous chapters I have spoken of the comfort and excellence of the table, especially in Mostar and Serajevo, and of the reasonable charges. I have nothing on that score to add. It is better to wire for a room to the Hôtel Narenta, Mostar. I forgot to wire to the Hôtel Europe at Serajevo, and found myself crowded out when I arrived. This contretemps was a stroke of luck, for I was much more comfortable and better fed at the Hotel Central, where I had a beautiful first-floor front room. I can strongly recommend it. I have elsewhere spoken of the great courtesy that is universal in these provinces. The only station where the refreshments call for improvement is at Laşva, on the way to Jajce. The coffee, beer, and

bread, as usual, were excellent, but in this land of appetite more substantial fare is needed, so a luncheon basket should be taken in the train from Serajevo. The shortcomings at the Lasva station are all the more notable because the food is so good at quite small places. Travellers on the long stimulating drive between Jajce and Banjaluka will ever remember with thankfulness the good soup and succulent omelette, and the little quarter litre of delicious white wine placed before them at the first halt while watering the horses. I think the name of this little wayside inn at Bočac (pronounced Boshatz) merits honourable mention in addition to its humble two franc bill. I hope I have made it clear that this trip is well within the means of the average Anglo-Indian.

There is a right way and a wrong one for planning out the route. As it is a land and water tour, you may come into Bosnia from Hungary *via* Buda-Pest, or Croatia *via* Agram, and work your way down overland to Ragusa, returning to Trieste along the Eastern Adriatic, taking in Dalmatia, or you may reverse the order. On the nursery principle that it is pleasantest to keep the *bonne bouche* for the last, there can be no question that it is best to do the Adriatic sea-line first and finish in Croatia after touring through the Balkan provinces of occupation. First sea, then land, that is my recommendation. You start, therefore, from Trieste in one of the weekly coasting steamers of the Austrian-Lloyd Company. Get their table of sailings first, and note well the time at your disposal for visiting the ports *en route*. I do not think there is any need to break your journey anywhere up to Spalato. Put up at the Hôtel Troccoli there, and see that you get a room on the Piazza dei Signori. Spalato wants three full days, not merely to see the Palace of Diocletian, but the museums, &c. On no account miss examining the beautiful illustrated volume of the *Ruins of the Palace of Diocletian*, by R. Adam, F.R.S., F.S.A., Architect to

the King and Queen, published in 1764, which lies on a reading-desk in the Spalato Museum. Nothing can give you so clear an idea of these ruins and their fine state of preservation down to 150 years ago compared with their condition now. The ruins of the buried city of Salōna, four miles off, will take a full afternoon. Those unfamiliar with German or Italian will miss the help of the custodian who knows neither English nor French. But the naked eye is not a bad interpreter. By all means devote a day to the drive *viâ* Salōna round the Riviera delle sette Castella to one of the sweetest spots in the Adriatic, Traù the forsaken. Fare there and back, 6 florins, or 10s.

What is the best season for this trip? The spring for choice, then autumn, but winter is not bad: summer is prohibitive. In fair weather nothing can exceed the pleasure of threading the maze of the Dalmatian islands. But like other seas, the Adriatic is not always in an angelic temper. A mermaid in a tantrum is a poor figure of these waters when lashed into fury by the Bora. If you are a poor sailor, you will wait for blue water; if a good one, you will get as much acrobatic exercise as you want. But the good days are so full of fascination that they are well worth waiting for. You can get from Trieste to Ragūsa by express steamer in twenty-four hours for £1. 7s. first class, food, extra, as required. There you will stay at the Hôtel Impérial, having secured a room in advance. Dine at the Hôtel de la Ville in the town sometimes for a change. If you know Italian, it will open the door to much pleasant intercourse with a very genial people, and give you many insights into the state of tension between Italian and Slav. The German waiter having made some mistake about a dish that I had ordered in Italian, my neighbour, a fine type of the Ragūsan gentleman, could not conceal his wrath, and, turning to me, said: "You see, sir, what we have come to in Ragūsa. A pretty pass, per Bacco!

that we Ragūsans in our own city must give orders for our dinner in a foreign tongue." The menus in the Dalmatian hotels are in German and Italian, so with the help of a guide-book no traveller need starve.

Montenegro is an excursion by itself. It can be entered from Cattaro by the famous mountain Road which in eight hours brings you to the capital, Cetinje (pronounced Shettinye), or you can go up the river Bojana that separates the Principality from Albania. Part of the Bojana is navigable by steamer, but the upper reaches are by boat that lands you at Lake Scutari. Some prefer entering Montenegro this way, because you first get a sight of its fertile districts around this lovely lake which at the south or Scutari end is Turkish. Then come the stupendous contrasts of unrelieved appalling barrenness when, leaving the Vaporetto at the northern end, you pass Rieka through the tempestuous billows of gloomy rock that encircle and protect Cetinje. But I recommend the order suggested in my Introductory Note on the route because of its practical convenience. Though I was never asked for a passport in any part of my travels except at Durazzo, in Turkish Albania, it is better to have one available.

Austrian money is current everywhere, and so is English gold. The Austrian custom-house is extremely strict, especially at the points where you leave Montenegro. The temptation to bring away from Cetinje a few boxes of delicious cigarettes, which cost about a shilling a hundred, is not worth indulging: you may lose your boat while being subjected to penalty. Agram, the capital of Croatia, is a very handsome city well worth a visit. The anti-Hungarian spirit there is intermittently at blood-heat. The Croatian railway service is slow and inconvenient, not because the people are not alive to it, but because the predominant partner, Hungary, hinders progress for the purpose of diverting traffic to the Hungarian lines. It must be said for Hungary that

her railways are excellent and marvels of cheapness, at any rate on the lines that lead to or from the capital. On leaving Bosnia the traveller will regret not going home by Buda-Pest, perhaps the most wonderful city in Europe as a sample of lavish municipal enterprise. The hot feeling and perennial riots in Croatia become intelligible, if not excusable, in view of Hungarian selfishness in thwarting the commerce of her neighbour.

I do not know of any guide in English, dealing with this tour. At Spalato and Salona a brief account of these most interesting antiquities is very much needed in English. The brochure of the Spalato Museum was in Italian. *Travels and Politics in the Near East*, by Millér, is an excellent book concerned with these parts. Those who know German will like *Dinarische Wanderungen*, by Hoerne; also *Durch Bosnien - Herzegovina; Kreuz und Quer*, by Henner. For Dalmatia, the large *Führer durch Dalmatien* is indispensable for those who like their information complete.

Before closing this series may I add a word about the Venetian influence that is the most dominant note throughout Dalmatia? Let no man think that he can realise from books the greatness of old Venice till he has seen Dalmatia. From Trieste to Corfu, and doubtless farther still, as witness Candia, you see all about you cut into marble frames the sign manual of the Republic, the Lion on Wings. Read if you will, as of course you must, *The Stones of Venice*; but, to understand her history truly, pass out of the lagoons, cross over the Adriatic waters, take even the hasty survey permissible during the few hours the steamer waits at every port on coast and island, and you will come back enchanted with those other sculptured Stones of Venice with which she beautified her colonial seaboard. Let the Slavs pull down in paltry petulance Italian names from the street corners; let them discourse to you in mean whispers of the long intrigue of Venetian villainy—how she starved her artists,

or kept them alive only, with the thong in her hand, to make them work for nothing; how her monuments and fortifications so admirable to behold were constructed by the *corvée*, and how the Dalmatian forests were devastated to provide timber for her ships.¹ But though your ears are open, your soul is shut to the sadnesses of medieval story: the times were out of joint. But till the Slavs destroy the monuments of Venice, that cover their land with imperishable glory, they would figure better in foreign opinion to let Venice alone. After a sight of so much to thrill the Dalmatian people of Italian stock with pride of ancestry, no wonder they should hold on to perhaps impossible ideals, and look upon Dalmatia in the way the Triestines look upon Trieste, as of right the heritage of unransomed Italy—*Italia Irredenta*.

Truly they know little of Venice who only Venice know!

¹ It is taught in Austrian schools that the piles which keep Venice above water are all Dalmatian timber.

THE END

